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INTERESTING  
ANECDOTES,  
*Memoirs, Allegories, Essays,*  
AND  
POETICAL FRAGMENTS:  
TENDING  
TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE  
MORALITY.

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By Mr. ADDISON.

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SECOND EDITION.

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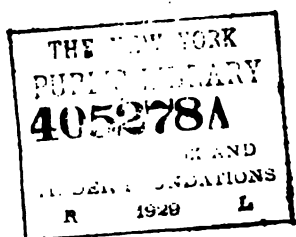
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A  
COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

*Anecdotes, Essays, &c.*



ANECDOTE  
OF  
DR. GOLDSMITH.

THOSE in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that œconomy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the Doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef-d'œuvre*

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once

once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made! "How so, Jack?" says the Doctor,— "Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The Doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him.—But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, "that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The Doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and

and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half-guinea from him on his death bed, which the Doctor very generously sent him.



## THE WHIMSICAL INTERVIEW.

A GENUINE STORY.

**S**IR James Freelove is a person of very considerable property in the funds, besides being in possession of a landed estate of near ten thousand a year. He nevertheless makes no saving, nor ever thinks of improving his estate, or racking his tenants. The sole object of his life is pleasure, and as he entertains that erroneous opinion in common with many debauchees, that every female has her price, he has relinquished all thoughts of matrimony, and looks upon the beautiful part of the whole sex as his sultanas.—In this opinion he frequently expends very considerable sums in chimerical pursuits, and is often the dupe of his own vanity.

He has a trusty valet who possesses those talents that justly entitle him to be stiled an excellent pimp; indeed his genius is very fertile in negociations of this kind. As he has a smattering of poetry, and writes tolerable English, he is Sir James's laureat and secretary in all his amorous correspondence, as well as his personal negociator upon these occasions. It is true this is frequently a business of danger; but he has courage enough to brave it, and as he is *un homme à tout faire*, he sticks at nothing that will promote the business.

As a specimen of his abilities in this line, we shall mention a few anecdotes that have come to our knowledge, which will tend to illustrate the character of this trusty valet, master Martin. It may be necessary to premise that he is about thirty, genteel in his person, and possesses a volubility of speech, which never fails him.—Some months since he had intelligence of a very pretty farmer's daughter near Hertford; he went down *incog.* (for strange as it may appear, a valet may be *incog.*) and passed for a rich farmer in the North of England. He was equipped at all points to support the deception, and among other requisites a bag, with a considerable sum in it was not omitted. He soon found out

out the public house the farmer frequented in the neighbourhood, and failed not to resort thither.

A bowl of punch is very apt to declare the secrets of the mind, and among other things he informed Martin that he had a very handsome daughter, and if he could but fix her marriage, his heart would be at ease, and all his troubles in this world would be at an end.

It is very common for old men to dwell upon favourite subjects, and the former failed not to expatiate upon his daughter's virtues and excellencies; nay, he went farther, he invited Martin to go home with him, taste his ale, and see his daughter. The invitation it may easily be imagined, was readily accepted, and they set forth, the one to exhibit, the other to reconnoitre the young gentlewoman's charms.—Martin was amazingly struck with her beauty, he was almost inclined to make love to her in earnest, in behalf of his own dear person; but interest prevailed over his passion, and he was resolved to act as a faithful servant. He wrote to his master that very night, giving him a description of Miss P——, and requesting his immediate presence to have ocular proof of  
his

his judicious choice. The Baronet immediately attended, and was enamoured with the charming simplicity of Miss P——. Martin now exhausted his imagination for an expedient to carry her off, but Old Argus was too attentive. The farmer had more than sufficient reason to suspect his design, and after Martin had paid Miss P—— several visits, in which he paid the most ardent declaration of his passion in a stile superior to that of a rustic, and to which her father had often listened, the latter came to this short explanation, “if he meant honourably to declare himself at once.” A categorical answer was required immediately, and Martin found himself so circumstanced, that he must either give up his prize, or submit to the hard terms prescribed. He boldly accepted, and they were actually married.

They set out to consummate their nuptials at Hertford, where Sir James was planted.— After supper the bride and bridegroom retired to rest, and when the candles were extinguished, the Baronet came forward from his retreat in an adjacent room, and supplied Martin’s place.— The deluded fair one found too late the deception. Martin decamped early in the morning, and left his master in possession of his prey.—

Terrified

Terrified and ashamed at her situation, overwhelmed with sorrow, she had not fortitude to resist the tempting offers the Baronet made her, and yielded to his proposal of retiring to a pleasant villa he had in that neighbourhood.

Martin was not always successful in these infamous pursuits, as the following story will prove. Miss M——, a beautiful young lady, had not long been married to Mr. D——n, a gentleman of small fortune, whose chief expectations were founded on levee dangling, hitherto without success. Sir James thought he should find an easy conquest in Mrs. D——n, and having written a passionate epistle to her, in which he gave her a *carte blanche*, Martin was dispatched with it to attend her. By dint of bribery he gained admission in the absence of her husband and brother. Mrs. D——n was at first greatly astonished at the contents of the letter; but having recovered her presence of mind, bid him return in an hour, when she would give him an answer. Martin highly elated at this imaginary success, flew to his master with the joyful tidings, and returned most punctually at the time appointed. A trusty servant in the house was admitted into the secret, and Martin was introduced to the lady  
in



in the presence of her husband and brother.—  
 “ Sir,” said she to Martin, who was greatly confounded, pointing to her husband, “ this is my secretary, with whom I entrust all my secrets, and he will give you a proper answer.” Mr. D——n now produced the letter, and asked him if he had not delivered that paper to his wife. Martin instantly fell upon his knees, and implored mercy, declared he was ignorant of the contents of the billet, or he would certainly never have brought it; but this palliation had no effect, the servants were called, and he received a proper chastisement for his insolence and villainy, which now confines him to his bed, where he may probably remain some weeks; and Mr. D——n is in search of Sir James, in order to bestow a similar reward on him.

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## CRUELTY.

- **A**LEXANDER LEIGHTON, a Doctor of Divinity, a Scotchman, and a zealous Puritan, by desire of some of his friends had written and published a book, entitled, “ Zion’s Plea against Prelacy.” It contained some warm imprudent invectives against the prelates, and the  
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the conduct of those in power. Soon after the publication of the work, without an information upon oath, or legal proof who was the author, Leighton, as he was coming from church, was arrested by two high commissioned pursuivants. They dragged him to the house of Laud, where he was kept till seven in the evening without food. Laud returning at this time in great pomp and state, with Corbet, Bishop of Oxford, Leighton demanded to be heard. The haughty Laud did not deign to see him, but sent him to Newgate. He was clapped into irons, and confined in an uninhabitable apartment, where, notwithstanding the weather was cold, and snow and rain beat in, there was no convenient place to make a fire. From Tuesday night to Thursday noon he was unsupplied with food, and in this infernal dwelling was kept fifteen weeks, without any friend, not even his wife being suffered to come near him. His own house was in the mean time rifled by the officers of the high-commissioned court, his wife and children treated by these ruffians with great barbarity, himself denied a copy of the commitment, and the Sheriffs of London refused to bail him, at his wife's petition. At the end of fifteen weeks he was served with a subpœna. Keath, the Attorney General, on an assurance that he should

come off well, extorted a confession from him that he was the author of the book. An information was immediately lodged against him in the star-chamber, by Heath. He confessed the writing of the book, but with no such intention as the information suggested. He pleaded, that his aim was to remonstrate against certain grievances in church and state, under which the people suffered, to the end that the parliament might take them into consideration, and give such redress, as might be for the honour of the King, the quiet of the people, and the peace of the church. This answer not being admitted as satisfactory, the following cruel sentence was, by this tyrannical court, pronounced against him, though sick and absent, viz.

“ That he should pay a fine of ten thousand pounds to his majesty’s use ; and in respect that the defendant had heretofore entered into the ministry, and the court of star-chamber did not use to inflict any corporal or ignominious punishment upon any person so long as they continued in orders, the court referred him to the high commission, there to be degraded of his ministry ; that done, for farther punishment, and example to others, the delinquent to be brought to the pillory at Westminster (the  
court

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court sitting) there whipped; after his whipping, to be set in the pillory for some convenient space; to have his ears cut off, his nose slit, and to be brandished in the face with S. S. for a sower of sedition; then to be carried to the Fleet prison; and at some convenient time afterwards to be carried to the pillory at Cheapside upon a market day, to be there likewise whipped, then set in the pillory, have his other ear cut off, and then be carried back to the prison of the Fleet, there to remain during life, unless his majesty be graciously pleased to enlarge him."

On Friday, November the 16th, part of his sentence was put in execution in this manner: in the New Palace-Yard at Westminster, in term time, he was severely whipped, then put in the pillory, where he had one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, brandished on the cheek with a red-hot iron, with the letters S. S. and afterwards carried back to the Fleet, to be kept in close custody. On that day seven-night, his sores upon his back, ears, nose, and face, not being cured, he was whipped again at the pillory, in Cheapside, and there had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him, by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of the nose, and brandishing the other cheek.

Dr.

Dr. Leighton, in his own account of this horrid execution, adds, that the hangman was made half drunk, and enjoined to perform his office with ferocity; that he stood, after receiving the punishment of the lash, almost two hours in the pillory, exposed to frost and snow, and there suffered the rest: that being with these miseries disabled from walking, he was denied the benefit of a coach, and carried back to prison by water, to the farther endangering his life.



## A N E C D O T E

OF

*VOLTAIRE.*

WHEN Voltaire was in England, some years ago, Lord Chesterfield (who was extremely fond of his company, and who corresponded with that bard till his death) invited him to dinner, which invitation he accepted, but finding the *vails* he was obliged to give the servants much more than would have paid for a dinner at a tavern, he declined the second, and even the third invitation, being always previously engaged; when Lord Chesterfield meet-  
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ing him one day in the Park, he pressed him strongly to come and eat soup with him, but Voltaire still declined it, saying, "Upon my word, my Lord, I cannot afford it." His lordship was astonished at first, but an explanation taking place, Lord Chesterfield ordered, on pain of losing their places, all his servants to refuse taking of vails. This was the first example given for reforming this evil, which has been followed by most of the nobility, who make a proper allowance to their domestics in lieu of this perquisite.

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## DRUSILLA;

### OR, THE FATE OF HAROLD.

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

**W**HILE yet the hardy sons of Britain groaned beneath the Danish yoke; long ere the immortal Alfred rose, like the resplendent God of Day, to animate this drooping nation, and warm each patriotic bosom with ardour, to seek the emancipation of it's country; on an elevated and advantageous spot, near which the majestick Frome now winds its way through  
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the fertile Dorsetian meadows, Harold, a potent and ambitious Dane, held a strong and well-fortified castle; and stretched over all the adjacent country the iron rod of unfeeling despotism.— In the plenitude of unopposed power, he became notorious for those acts of violence and oppression, which rendered his unhappy vassals ever uneasy and insecure, even in possession of the simple rights of nature.

On the verge of his ample dominions, in the most distant and intricate recess of an extensive and gloomy forest, the oppressed Edmund, though descended from a long race of worthy Britons, fixed his humble residence, removed as far as possible from the vicinage of his imperious Lord, to whom he failed not to pay due homage, and customary tribute. But tyranny is ever the same; restless and insatiable; not content with wresting from its victims their rightful possessions, and dearest privileges, it is ever ill at ease, while they enjoy the least, the meanest domestick comfort, or consolation!

Among the peasants, who preferred this retirement with Edmund, was his only brother Edgar, a youth of the most manly figure, and engaging deportment. Harold had selected all  
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the finest youth of his domains, of whom were composed the guards of his castle. Edgar, therefore was enrolled in the number; and, with the greatest reluctance, doomed to waste his prime, confined within the fortress, subservient to the mandates of the wretch he despised. The aroused indignation of the honest plebeians was scarcely restrained from bursting forth into action, by the whispers of caution, or the admonitions of prudence. Yet cruel destiny waited to inflict a deeper wound on the peace of Edmund! Drusilla, the adorned partner of his bed, was confessedly one of the most lovely women of her day; in her, to a beautiful face, an intelligent mind, and a sweet disposition, were united a superiority of figure, and most exact symmetry of features.

*" Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,  
 " In every gesture, dignity and love!"*

The fame of this accomplished female could not fail to reach and interest the ear of such a voluptuary as Harold. By his authoritative command, the fair victim was torn from the arms of her distracted husband, in order to gratify the lawless appetite of that tyrant. On her arrival at the castle, the beauties of her person,  
 and



and the firmness of her behaviour, impressed a kind of reverential awe and astonishment on all who saw her. Such dauntless and intrepid virtue confounded even Harold himself; who sought in vain, to win her to his desires, by the most specious arts, and seductive promises; determining if possible, to conciliate her favour by kind and gentle means, rather than force her inclination by austerity and violence. Day after day, he repeated his interviews, and redoubled his fruitless solicitations; during which time she experienced the greatest marks of respect, and was allowed every indulgence, save that of liberty, and the society of a beloved husband, whose dear idea was ever present to her mind, and whose fate she mourned with inconsolable anguish.

Meanwhile, the generous Edwin, unknown to Drusilla, with great difficulty and danger, had found means to give information to Edmund and concert a scheme for the delivery of the fair captive. Many of the guard were in his interest; and, as their Lord was held in equal detestation, many others waited only for an opportunity to do justice to themselves, their friends, and their country, by launching the bolt of vengeance on the devoted head of the common enemy.

Edmund was much esteemed by the little circle of his friends; and, fired with resentment for the injuries he had sustained, they vowed to espouse his cause and assist his enterprize.

Things at the castle now began to wear a more serious aspect. Impatient of repeated repulses in his illicit pursuit, Harold, growing irritated and enraged, commanded Drusilla to be confined to the dungeon, with a view to enforce that compliance, which kindness and artifice had attempted in vain; and she was given to understand, that he had fixed a time, beyond which his forbearance would be no longer dallied with.

The important day, destined for the sacrifice of virtue, at length arrived. Drusilla had prepared herself for the issue. She had concealed, under her flowing robe, a dagger, which she had fortunately secured, and resolved to have recourse to, if reduced to such an exigence, in defence of her honour.

The evening closed dark and tempestuous; the country was hushed to rest; not a sound was heard, save that of the driving storm, howling through the surrounding elms, and beating against the gloomy battlements, when she re-

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ceived the dreaded, though not unexpected, summons. She was conducted, in respectful silence, to the great hall of the castle, where the haughty chieftain waited to receive her.— He was seated on a throne of state; and the apartment was hung around with all the pompous insignia of war, the victorious trophies of his conquering ancestors. Every appearance seemed adapted to impress terror, and demand submission.

The guards were ordered to withdraw; when, with his own hand, he bolted the massy folding-doors, while his eyes sparkled with libidinous triumph.

As the long pursued stag, after having forded the rapid river, scaled the lofty cliff, and penetrated the thickest wood, finding every expedient ineffectual, stands at bay, and fiercely turns his antled front on his blood-thirsty foes, so stood the dauntless heroine, alone, collecting all her fortitude to oppose the assailant of her virtue.

“Rash and inconsiderate fair one!” cried Harold, “you are not unacquainted with the purport of this interview. You have hitherto  
expe-

experienced my clemency only; consider me now no more in the character of an amorous suppliant, but of an absolute Lord. I will be no longer the dupe of equivocation: if you judiciously yield to my wishes, you and your family shall share my protection, and taste my bounty; but, if you remain inflexible, take the consequences of your folly! this night your boasted virtue expires; and, before to-morrow's sun has run his course, the solitudes of your beloved Edmund shall cease for ever! "Tyrant!" exclaimed the fearless female, "I despise thy threats, as I scorn thy favours! let sordid souls strike at thy specious lure, bid thy slaves tremble at thy frown: know, I have a mind superior to either! "I dare—" "enough, bold woman!" interrupted Harold, "power and opportunity are mine: by the gods, I will no longer abuse them!" he said; and, rushing forwards to seize her, she snatched the fatal weapon from beneath her robe, and plunged it into his bosom. He recoiled a few paces; planted his hands on the wound; sunk down, and, with a deep groan, expired. As stood the patriotick Brutus over the murdered body of the mighty Cæsar, on Rome's ever memorable day; so stood the well avenged Drusilla over her prostrate enemy, from whose mortal wound the crimson tide yet freely flowed:

for

*" True fortitude is seen in great exploits,  
 " That justice warrants, and due vengeance guides*

She had scarcely leisure to reflect on her critical situation, before her ears were assailed with sounds of tumult and confusion; from which she immediately conjectured, that the catastrophe was by some means discovered, as she expected no less than to be dragged to instantaneous execution. The sounds approached still nearer; the doors were violently agitated and, in a moment flew open. A number of armed men rushed in. With an exultant mien and a mind superior to dread, she exclaimed: " Vassals of a tyrant! behold your Lord! My triumph is complete! Here—here, wreak your rage! But spare my Edmund! Spare—" " Best, and bravest of women," cried Edmund rushing forward, and clasping her to his breast: " spare thy solitudes; even in this place thou art safe. These, all these, are our common friends; they are no longer the panders of vice but the protectors of virtue: to these I owe my introduction to this impregnable fortress: Edwin's courage and conduct inspired them with ardour to let down the draw-bridge, and force these strong doors; and, had not thy valorous hand anticipated the deed, even now thou wast a

tyrant

tyrant had fallen, amidst his own guards, by the arms of those on whom he relied for protection. This very spot is now become the seat of Liberty! On these walls we fix her flowing banners!"

Mutual joy, congratulations, and unfeigned vows of eternal concord and amity, concluded the scene; when, loaded with spoils, and exulting in their recovered freedom, the united bands sought the impenetrable recesses of the forest; and, in defiance of every opposition, long enjoyed the blessings which their heroism had so nobly procured. So may the hand of Providence ever interpose in the cause of oppressed virtue and injured innocence.

*"Thus perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow,*

*"At other's good, nor melt at others woe;*

*"So, unlamented, pass the proud away,*

*"The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!"*

**ANEC.**

A N E C D O T E  
OF  
*MARSHAL TALLARD.*

**W**HEN Marshal Tallard was confined a prisoner of war at Nottingham, he gave several balls to the ladies in the neighbourhood, and danced one evening with a young lady, who was a parson's daughter. She was extremely amiable, and made a great impression upon the Marshal.

His secretary, who was a man of easy morals, and had observed his master's agitation of mind, and the cause of it, thinking to recommend himself to the Marshal's favour, threw out several hints, that there would be no great difficulty of obtaining the young lady upon his own terms; but the Marshal replied, with magnanimity of soul that did him the greatest honour, "Sir, if I were one-and-twenty, and of the same religion as the lady, I should think it no discredit to offer her my hand in an honourable manner; but to ruin a virtuous young woman, for a momentary gratification, I should think it a far greater dishonour, than to be defeated and taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough."

*GENUINE*

**GENUINE ANECDOTE.**

**A**T the commencement of the late war, when the French appeared inclined to take part with the Americans, but had not openly declared themselves, Sir Joseph Yorke, then our Ambassador at the Hague, meeting the French Ambassador, censured his court for interfering in the dispute, and taking so ungenerous a part. “ You have been guilty, said he, of a dishonourable act, no less than that of *debauching* our daughter.” I am sorry, replied the French Ambassador, that your Excellency should put so severe a construction on the matter.—She made the first advances, and absolutely threw herself into our arms; but rather than forfeit your friendship, if matrimony will make any atonement, we are ready to act honourably, and to *marry your daughter.*”

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**ANECDOTE**  
OF  
**LORD HALLIFAX.**

**A**T the beginning of the revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously serviceable



serviceable in bringing about this event, but who at the same time had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments under government; when the Earl of Halifax being consulted on the propriety of admitting those claims—"I remember," said his Lordship, "to have read in history, that Rome was saved by the *Geese*, but do not recollect that those geese were made *Consuls*."



## THE HISTORY

### OF THE

### *SIEUR D'ANGLADE.*

THE Count of Montgomery rented part of an hotel in the Rue Royale at Paris. The ground floor and first floor were occupied by him; the second and third by the *Sieur d'Anglade*. The Count and Countess de Montgomery had an establishment suitable to their rank; they kept an almoner, and several male and female servants, and their horses and equipage were numerous in proportion: Monsieur d'Anglade (who was a gentleman, though of inferior rank to the Count) and his wife lived with less splendour, but

but yet with elegance and decency suitable to their situation in life. They had a carriage and were admitted into the best companies, where probably d'Anglade increased his income by play; but, on the strictest enquiry, it did not appear that any dishonourable actions could be imputed to him. The Count and Countess de Montgomery lived on a footing of neighbourly civility with Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade; and without being very intimate, were always on friendly terms. Some time in September 1687, the Count and Countess proposed passing a few days at Villebousin, one of their country houses; they informed Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade of their design, and invited them to be of the party, they accepted it; but the evening before they were to go, they for some reason or other (probably, because Madame d'Anglade was not very well) begged leave to decline the honour, and the Count and Countess set out without them, leaving in their lodgings one of the Countess's women, four girls whom she employed to work for her in embroidery, and a boy who was kept to help the footman. They took with them the priest Father Gagnard, who was their almoner, and all their other servants.

The Count pretended that a strange presenti-

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ment of impending evil hung over him, and determined him to return to Paris a day sooner than he intended. Certain it is, that instead of staying till Thursday, as they proposed, they came back on Wednesday evening. On their coming to their hotel a few moments before their servants (who followed them on horse-back) they observed that the door of a room on the ground floor, where their men servants slept, was ajar, though the almoner, who always kept the key, had double-locked it when he went away. Monsieur d'Anglade, who was out when they came home, returned to his lodgings about eleven o'clock, bringing with him two friends, with whom he had supped at the President Roberts's. On entering, he was told that the Count and Countess were returned, at which, it is said, he seemed much surprized.—However, he went into the apartment where they were, to pay his compliments. They desired him to sit down, and sent to beg Madame d'Anglade would join them; she did so, and they passed some time in conversation, after which they parted.

The next morning the Count de Montgomery discovered that the lock of his strong box had been opened by a false key, from which had  
been

been taken thirteen small sacks, each containing a thousand livres in silver; eleven thousand five hundred livres in gold, being double pistoles, and an hundred louis d'ors, of a new coinage called *au Cordon*, together with a pearl necklace, worth four thousand livres.

The Count as soon as he made the discovery, went to the Police and preferred his complaint, describing the sums taken from him, and the species in which those sums were. The Lieutenant of the Police went directly to the hotel; where, from some circumstances it clearly appeared, that the robbery must have been committed by some one who belonged to the house. Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade earnestly desired to have their apartments and their servants examined; and from some observations he then made, or some prejudice he had before entertained against Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, the Lieutenant of the Police seems to have conceived the most disadvantageous opinion of them, and to have been so far prepossessed with an idea of their guilt, that he did not sufficiently investigate the looks and the conduct of others. In pursuance, however, of their desire to have their rooms searched, he followed them thither, and looked narrowly into their drawers, closets,

and boxes; unmade the beds, and searched the mattresses and the paillasses. On the floor they themselves inhabited, nothing was found: he then proposed ascending to the attic story, to which Monsieur d'Anglade readily consented. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from attending, saying that she was ill and weak. However her husband went up with the officer of justice, and all was readily submitted to his inspection. In looking into an old trunk, filled with clothes, remnants, and parchments, he found a rouleau of seventy louis d'ors, *au C'ordon*, wrapt in a printed paper, which paper was a genealogical table, which the Count said was his.

This seems to have been the circumstance which so far confirmed the before groundless and slight suspicions of the Lieutenant of the Police, that it occasioned the ruin of these unfortunate people.

As soon as these seventy louis d'ors were brought to light, the Count de Montgomery insisted upon it that they were his; though, as they were in common circulation, it was as impossible for him to swear to *them* as to any other coin. He declared, however, that he had no doubt

doubt but that Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade had robbed him ; and said that he would answer for the honesty of all his own people, and that on this occasion he could not but recollect that the Sieur Grimaudet, who had before occupied this hotel, which Monsieur d'Anglade had inhabited at the same time, had lost a valuable piece of plate. It was therefore, the Count said, very probable that d'Anglade had been guilty of both the robberies, which had happened in the same place while he inhabited it.

On this rouleau of seventy louis d'ors, the Lieutenant of the Police seized. He bid Monsieur d'Anglade count them ; he did so, but terrified at the imputation of guilt, and of the fatal consequence which in France often follows the imputation only, his hand trembled as he did it ; he was sensible of it, and said—" I tremble." This emotion, so natural even to innocence appeared, in the eyes of the Count and the Lieutenant, a corroboration of his guilt.

After this examination, they descended to the ground floor, where the almoner, the page, and the valet de chambre were accustomed to sleep together, in a small room. Madame d'Anglade desired the officer of the Police to  
remark

remark, that the door of this apartment had been left open, and that the valet de chambre probably knew why; of whom, therefore, enquiry should be made. Nothing was more natural than this observation, yet to minds already prepossessed with an opinion of the guilt of d'Anglade and his wife, this remark seemed to confirm it: when in a corner of this room, where the wall formed a little recess, five of the sacks were discovered, which the Count had lost; in each of which was a thousand livres; and a sack, from which upwards of two hundred had been taken.

After this no farther enquiry was made, nor any of the servants examined. The guilt of Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade was ascertained, in the opinion of the Lieutenant of the Police and the Count de Montgomery; and, on no stronger grounds than the circumstance of finding the seventy louis d'ors, the emotion shewn by d'Anglade while he counted them, and the remark made by his wife, were these unfortunate people committed to prison. Their effects were seized. Monsieur d'Anglade was thrown into a dungeon in the Chatelet; and his wife who was with child, and her little girl about four years old, were sent to l'Eveque; while  
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the strictest orders were given that no person whatever should be admitted to speak to them. The prosecution now commenced, and the Lieutenant of the Police, who had committed the unhappy man, was to be his judge.—D'Anglade appealed, and attempted to institute a suit against him, and make him a party, in order to prevent his being competent to give judgment; but this attempt failed, and served only to add personal animosity to the prejudice this officer had before taken against d'Anglade.—Witnesses were examined, but, far from their being heard with impartiality, their evidence was twisted to the purpose of those, who desired to prove guilty the man they were determined to believe so. The almoner, Francis Gagnard, who was the really guilty person, was among those whose evidence was now admitted against d'Anglade: and this wretch had effrontery enough to conceal the emotions of his soul, and to perform a mass, which the Count ordered to be said at St. Esprit, for the discovery of the culprits.

The Lieutenant of the Police, elated with his triumph over the miserable prisoner, pushed on the prosecution with all the avidity which malice and revenge could inspire in a vindictive spirit.

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In spite, however, of all he could do, the proofs were insufficient; therefore he determined to have him put to the torture, in hopes of bringing him to confess the crime; d'Anglade appealed, but the parliament confirmed the order, and the poor man underwent the question ordinary and extraordinary; when, notwithstanding his acute sufferings, he continued firmly to protest his innocence, till, covered with wounds, his limbs dislocated, and his mind enduring yet more than his body, he was carried back to his dungeon. Disgrace and ruin overwhelmed him, his fortune and effects were sold for less than a tenth of their value, as it is always the case where law presses with its iron hand, his character was blasted, his health was ruined. Not naturally robust, and always accustomed, not only to the comforts, but the elegances of life, a long confinement in a noisome and unwholesome dungeon had reduced him to the lowest state of weakness. In such a situation he was dragged forth to torture, and then plunged again into the damp and dark cavern from whence he came, without food, medicine, or assistance of any kind, though it is usual for those who suffer the torture to have medical help and refreshment after it. This excess of severity could be imputed only to the malignant influence of the officer of justice, in whose power he now was.

From the same influence it happened, that the *Sieur d'Anglade*, amidst the most dreadful pains, had steadily protested his innocence—and though the evidence against him was extremely defective, sentence was given to this effect:—That *d'Anglade* should be condemned to serve in the galleys for nine years; that his wife should for the like term be banished from Paris, and its jurisdiction; that they should pay three thousand livres reparation to the Count de Montgomery as damages, and make restitution of twenty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-three livres, and either return the pearl necklace, or pay four thousand livres more.

From this sum the five thousand seven hundred and eighty livres, found in the sacks in the servants' room, were to be deducted, together with the seventy louis d'ors found in the box, of which the officer of justice had taken possession, and also a double Spanish pistole, and seventeen louis d'ors, found on the person of *d'Anglade*, which was his own money.

Severe as this sentence was, and founded on slight presumption, it was put immediately into execution. *D'Anglade*, whose constitution was already sinking under the heavy pressure of his

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misfortunes, whose limbs were contracted by the dampness of his prison, and who had undergone the most excruciating tortures, was sent to the tower of Montgomery, there to remain, without assistance or consolation, till the convicts condemned to the galleys were ready to go. He was then chained with them; a situation how dreadful! for a gentleman, whose sensibility of mind was extreme, and who had never suffered the least hardship or difficulty till then; when he was plunged at once into the lowest abyss of misery, chained among felons, and condemned to the most hopeless confinement and the severest labour, without any support, but what he could procure from the pity of those who saw him; for of his own he had now nothing! Yet, dreadful as these evils were, he supported them with patient firmness, which nothing but conscious innocence could have produced. Reduced to the extreme of human wretchedness, he felt not for himself; but when he reflected on the situation of his wife, and infant daughter, his fortitude forsook him. A fever had, from his first confinement, preyed on his frame; its progress grew more rapid, and he felt his death inevitable.—When the galley slaves being collected to depart, he besought leave to see his wife, and to give his last blessing to his child—  
but

but it was denied him!—He submitted, and prepared to go; but being too weak to stand, he was put into a waggon, whence he was lifted off at night, when they stopped, and laid on straw, in a barn or out-house, and the next morning carried again between two men to the waggon to continue his journey. In this manner, and believing every hour would be his last, the unhappy man arrived at Marseilles.

It was asserted, but for the honour of human nature should not be believed, that the Count de Montgomery pressed his departure, notwithstanding the deplorable condition he was in, and even waited on the road to see him pass, and enjoy the horrid spectacle of his sufferings. The unhappy wife of this injured man had not been treated with more humanity. She had been dragged to prison, separate from that of her husband, and confined in a dungeon. She was with child, and the terror she had undergone occasioned her to miscarry.—Long fainting fits succeeded; and she had no help but that of her little girl, who, young as she was, endeavoured to recall her dying mother by bathing her temples, and by making her smell to bread dipped in wine. But as she believed that every fainting fit would be her last, she implored the

jailor to allow her a confessor: after much delay he sent one; and by his means the poor woman received succour and sustenance: but while she slowly gathered strength her little girl grew ill. The noisome damp, the want of proper food, and of fresh air, overcame the tender frame of the poor child; and then it was that the distraction and despair of the mother was at its height. In the middle of a rigorous winter, they were in a cavern, where no air could enter, and where the damp only lined the walls; a little charcoal, in an earthen pot, was all the fire they had, and the smoke was so offensive and dangerous, that it increased rather than diminished their sufferings. In this dismal place the mother saw her child sinking under a disease for which she had no remedies. Cold sweats accompanied it, and she had neither clean linen for her, or fire to warm her; and as even her food depended on charity, and they were not allowed to see any body, they had no relief but what the priest from time to time procured them. At length, and as a great favour, they were removed to a place less damp, to which there was a little window; but the window was stopped, and the fumes of the charcoal were as noxious here as in the cavern they had left. Here they remained, however, (Providence

vidence having prolonged their lives) for four or five months.

Monsieur d'Anglade, not being in a condition to be chained to the oar, was sent to the hospital of the convicts, at Marseilles; his disease still preyed on the poor remains of a ruined constitution, but his sufferings were lengthened out beyond what his weaknesses seemed to promise. It was near four months after his arrival at Marseilles, that being totally exhausted, he felt his last moments approach, and desired to receive the sacraments.—Before they were administered to him, he solemnly declared, as he hoped to be received into the presence of the Searcher of Hearts, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that he forgave his inexorable prosecutor, and his partial judge, and felt no other regret in quitting the world, than that of leaving his wife and his child exposed to the miseries of poverty, and the disgrace of his imputed crime; but he trusted his vindication to God, who had, he said, lent him fortitude to endure the sufferings he had not deserved: and then after having received the Eucharist with piety and composure, he expired; a martyr to unjust suspicion, and hasty or malicious judgment.

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He had been dead only a few weeks, when several persons who had known him, received anonymous letters.—The letters signified that the person who wrote them, was on the point of hiding himself in a convent for the rest of his life; but before he did so, his conscience obliged him to inform whom it might concern that the *Sieur d'Anglade* was innocent of the robbery committed in the apartments of the Count de Montgomery; that the perpetrators were one Vincent Belestre, the son of a tanner at Mans, and a priest named Gagnard, a native also of Mans, who had been the Count's assassin.—The letters added, that a woman of the name of De la Comble could give light into the whole affair.

One of these letters was sent to the Countess de Montgomery, who however had not generosity enough to shew it; but the *Sieur Loysson*, and some others, who had received at the same time the same kind of letters, determined to enquire into the affair; while the friends of the Count de Montgomery, who began to apprehend that he would be disagreeably situated if his prosecution of d'Anglade should be found unjust, pretended to discover that these letters were dictated by Madame d'Anglade  
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who hoped by that artifice to deliver her husband's memory from the odium that rested on it, and herself and her child from the dungeon in which they were still confined.

An enquiry was set on foot after Belestre and Gagnard, who had some time before quitted the Count's service. It was found that Belestre was a consummate villain, who had, in the early part of his life been engaged in an assassination, for which he was obliged to fly from his native place; that he had been a soldier, had killed his serjeant in a quarrel, and deserted; then returning to his native country, had been a wandering vagabond, going by different names, and practising every species of roguery;—that he had sometimes been a beggar, and sometimes a bully, about the streets of Paris, but always much acquainted and connected with Gagnard, his countryman; and that suddenly, from the lowest indigence, he had appeared to be in affluence; he had bought himself rich cloaths, had shewn various sums of money, and had purchased an estate near Mans, for which he had paid between nine and ten thousand livres.

Gagnard, who was the son of the jailor at Mans, had come to Paris without either cloaths  
or



or money, and had subsisted on charity, or by saying masses at St. Esprit, by which he hardly gained enough to keep him alive, when the Count de Montgomery took him. It was impossible what he got in his service, as wages, could enrich him, yet, immediately after quitting it, he was seen cloathed neatly in his clerical habit; his expences for his entertainment were excessive; he had plenty of money in his pocket; and had taken a woman out of the street, whom he had established in handsome lodgings, and cloathed with the greatest profusion of finery. These observations alone, had they been made in time, were sufficient to have opened the way to a discovery which might have saved the life, and redeemed the honour of the unfortunate d'Anglade. Late as it was, justice was now ready to overtake them, and the hand of Providence itself seemed to assist. Gagnard being in a tavern, in the street St. Andre des Ares, was present at a quarrel wherein a man was killed, he was sent to prison, with the rest of the people in the house; and about the same time, a man who had been robbed and cheated by Belestre, near three years before, met him, watched him to his lodgings, and put him into the hands of the Marechaussee. These two wretches being thus in the hands of justice for other crimes, underwent

went an examination relative to the robbery of the Count de Montgomery; they betrayed themselves by inconsistent answers. Their accomplices were apprehended, and the whole affair appeared so clear, that it was only astonishing how the criminals could ever have been mistaken. The guardians of Constantia Guillemot, the daughter of d'Anglade, now desired to be admitted parties in the suit, on behalf of their ward; that the guilt of Belastre and Gagnard might be proved, and the memory of Monsieur d'Anglade, and the character of his widow justified; as well as that she might, by fixing the guilt on those who were really culpable, obtain restitution of her father's effects, and amends from the Count de Montgomery. She became, through her guardians, prosecutrix of the two villains; the principal witness against whom was a man called the Abbe de Fontpierre, who had belonged to the association of thieves of which Belastre was a member. This man said that he had written the anonymous letters which had led to the discovery: for that after the death of d'Anglade, his conscience reproached him with being privy to so enormous a crime. He swore that Belastre had obtained from Gagnard the impression of the Count's keys in wax, by which means he had others made that opened the locks. He said,

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that soon after the condemnation of d'Anglade to the galleys, he was in a room adjoining to one where Belastre and Gagnard were drinking and feasting; that he heard the former say to the latter, " Come, my friend, let us drink and enjoy ourselves while this fine fellow the Marquis d'Anglade is at the galleys."—To which Gagnard replied with a sigh, " Poor man, I cannot help being sorry for him; he was a good kind of a man, and always very civil and obliging to me." Belastre then exclaimed with a laugh, " Sorry! what sorry for a man who has secured us from suspicion, and made our fortune?"—Much other discourse of the same kind he repeated. And De la Comble deposed that Belsatre had shewn her great sums of money, and a beautiful pearl necklace; and when she asked him where he got all this? he answered that he had won it at play. These and many other circumstances related by this woman, confirmed his guilt beyond all doubt. In his pocket were found a Gazette of Holland, in which he had (it was supposed) caused to be inserted, that the men who had been guilty of the robbery, for which the Sieur d'Anglade had been condemned, were executed for some other crime at Orleans, hoping by this means to stop any farther enquiry. A letter was also found on him from

Gagnard,

Gagnard, which advised him of the rumours which were spread from the anonymous letters; and desiring him to find some means to quiet or get rid of the Abbe Fontpierre.

The proof of the criminality of these two men being fully established, they were condemned to death; and, being previously made to undergo the question ordinary and extraordinary, they confessed, Gagnard upon the rack, and Belastre at the place of execution, that they had committed the robbery. Gagnard declared, that if the Lieutenant of the Police had pressed him with questions the day d'Anglade and his wife were taken up, he was in such confusion, he should have confessed all.

These infamous men having suffered the punishment of their crime, Constantia Guillemot d'Anglade continued to prosecute the suit against the Count de Montgomery, for the unjust accusation he had made; who endeavoured by the chicane his fortune gave him the power to command to evade the restitution: at length, after a very long process, the Court decided—“That the Count de Montgomery should restore to the widow and daughter of d'Anglade, the sum which their effects, and all the property that was seized, had produced—that he should farther pay them a certain sum, as amends for

the damages and injuries they had sustained, and that their condemnation should be erased, and their honours restored; which, though it was all the reparation that could now be made them, could not bind up the incurable wounds they had suffered in this unjust and cruel prosecution."

Mademoiselle d'Anglade, whose destiny excited universal commiseration, was taken into the protection of some generous persons about the Court, who raised for her a subscription, which at length amounted to an hundred thousand livres; which, together with the restitution of her father's effects, made a handsome provision for her: and she was married to Monsieur des Essarts, a Counsellor of Parliament.

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### HEROIC FRIENDSHIP.

A MORAL TALE.

**W**E now and then, even in these degenerate days, meet with male and female friendships which could not be excelled by the most exalted ones which we read of in the heroic ages. Such friendships, indeed, are not common; but they are sufficient to make us give credit.

credit to the ancient historians, (and poets too, though professed dealers in fiction) for the striking and captivating pictures they have drawn of the most affectionate attachments between two persons of the same sex. Such attachments are to be found in modern times, and whenever they are found, they make human nature appear in the most amiable light.

Prompted by a strong desire to distinguish himself by military achievements, Monsieur Brisac, a sprightly young fellow, threw himself into the army, though possessed of a very handsome paternal estate. Not into the service of his own monarch, however, did he enter as a soldier, as he happened at that time to have no employment for his heroism; he went to fight under a foreign standard; and under that standard he fought with redoubled ardour, as religion and honour combined to push him on to the performance of valorous exploits: he was a Christian, and he drew his sword against the Turks. By the exertion of his courage he proved himself a brave man; but having been nursed in the lap of superstition, his exultations on every advantage gained over his turbaned adversaries, did not mark him for a good one. However, as his triumphs were only the triumphs of a weak, and not a wicked mind, they

they were venial; and the gallant behaviour of the intrepid warrior, sufficiently apologized for the uncharitable effusions of the rigid religionist. He had certainly, with all his failings, many virtues: as a relation, as a friend, as a master, he shone. In the character of a friend, indeed, he appeared with a particular lustre.

Brisac, soon after his entrance into the Russian service, was pleased to find a young countryman of his in the same corps. With him, as he seemed to be of the same disposition, as well as age, he soon contracted an acquaintance, and in consequence of the similitude between their years, and ways of thinking, they were linked closer and closer to each other by the ties of friendship: they were in a short time taken notice of by their mutual attachment, and by all who had ever felt the pleasures arising from a reciprocal regard, highly esteemed.

The young officer, in whose favour Brisac felt such strong prepossessions, on his first becoming acquainted with him, and who improved upon him every hour, was Monsieur Dumonton, a gentleman of a very good family, and extremely well connected.

Dumonton had been in several engagements before Brisac's arrival, and had always acquitted himself

himself much to the satisfaction of his commander, both by his courage and his conduct.

Damontou, though he received great pleasure from his increasing connection with his friend, could not help appearing now and then exceedingly dejected. Brisac, feeling himself too deeply interested in his dejection to see it unconcerned, intreated him one day (after having several times denied himself the indulgence of his curiosity, to avoid the imputation of impertinence) to inform him of the cause : his intreaty produced an immediate compliance, and his friend opened his heart to him in the following manner.

“ I am not in the least surprised, my dear Brisac, at your curiosity, with regard to the dejection with which you see me oppressed : I will hasten to gratify it. Know then that my dejection chiefly results from the ill success I have met with since my appearing in a military character.

“ How ! ” cried Brisac, interrupting him : “ ill success ! have you not been fortunate in all your manœuvres, and gained a considerable deal of glory.”

“ Tis true my dear friend, my little efforts have raised my reputation here, but as I never marched against the enemy without wishing to  
fall



fall in battle, I have been I think, particularly unfortunate in escaping that death which I could have met. You look full of wonder to hear me talk in this strain; but your wonder will, perhaps, be accompanied with pity, before I have finished my narrative. It was a severe disappointment in love which occasioned my entering into this way of life; a disappointment not arising from the behaviour of the amiable girl with whom I was desperately enamoured: she returned my passion with all the fervor I could desire: but from the cruel behaviour of an inexorable father who, in order to prevent our union, moved suddenly with her one night, and they have not been heard of since by any of their friends in the place where I first knew them. Poor Louis but it is to no purpose to complain! existence became a burthen to me, yet I shuddered at the idea of suicide. In hopes of being snatched from a world in which all my happiness was at an end I earnestly requested an uncle, who was also my guardian, to let me enter into the Russian service, a service which I chose entirely because it promised to be an active one. Active, indeed I have been, since my arrival in this country but the supreme wish of my heart is not yet accomplished: I live."

"Long may you live, my dear friend," said

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Brisac, really concerned at his eagerness to be slain, " and ——

Here he was hindered from proceeding by the arrival of a messenger, who informed the two friends that the General desired to see them both immediately in his tent.

To that tent they repaired without delay, and in consequence of their interview with the General, they were entrusted with commissions which would have been every way agreeable to them, had they not required a separation. They readily, however, undertook the business pointed out to them, and after having taken leave of each other in the most affectionate manner, in language too nearly similar to that in the parting scene between Brutus and Cassius, in Shakespear's Julius Cæsar, they set out upon their respective expeditions.

The two friends were equally brave; but Dumontou being thoroughly weary of his life, often exposed his person with an impetuosity bordering upon rashness. In every engagement with the enemy, he fought with a furor not to be described, without receiving the decisive blow: he still lived.

While his friend was performing the most heroic exploits on the spot to which he was dispatched, Brisac discovered as much prowess on

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his side. Upon his taking possession of a town, which, though small, was a town of importance by its situation, he had a singular opportunity to shew his humanity as well as his gallantry. It was midnight when his men were completely victorious over their opponents, and they were so intoxicated with their success, having met with an obstinate resistance, that they were, in spite of all their commander's severe prohibitions, guilty of the most wanton intemperance. Brisac, not being able to check their lawless career, was obliged to let them give an unlimited indulgence to all the passions which the different scenes before them excited; but he thought himself particularly happy in rescuing a lovely female from the rough embraces of one of his own soldiers.

The lady whom Brisac delivered from the hands of her ravisher, was in a Turkish dress; but she proved to be a French lady, and on a nearer view, she appeared doubly beautiful: her beauty charmed his eye, her distressed appearance melted his soul. As soon as he had conveyed her safely to the house which he had chosen for his temporary residence, he begged to be acquainted with her story.

His curiosity was sufficiently gratified by her compliance with his request, but her narrative  
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gave him, upon the whole, more disquietude than delight, as he found that she was the long-lost mistress of his much-loved friend.

In a few days afterwards he received the news of his friend's death.

This intelligence at first shocked him extremely; but when he began to consider that Louisa, though sincerely affected by it, might be prevailed on to substitute him in her deceased lover's room, he gradually consoled himself, and determined to take every method in his power to supply Dumonton's place in her gentle heart.

Unwearied were his endeavours to make her listen to his addresses; but though they were unsuccessful, she had no reason to believe them dishonourable: she was indeed highly flattered by them. She thought him, in every shape, deserving of her esteem, (to her gratitude he was incontestibly entitled) yet she could not look upon him with the eyes of love. Dumonton had first won her affections, and she felt no tender prepossessions in favour of any other man.

Brisac, having executed the commission with which he had been entrusted, very much to his General's satisfaction, returned to the main army, more and more pleased with the conver-

sation of his fair companion; but with small hopes of inspiring her breast with feelings similar to those in his. Soon after he had joined it, he received a letter from France, which rendered his appearance there absolutely necessary, as the person whom he had left to superintend his affairs during his absence, had greatly abused the confidence reposed in him. He was not at all willing to quit the paths leading to military glory, in which he had so brilliantly distinguished himself; but fond as he was of that glory, he did not by any means chuse to have his paternal estate treacherously wrested from him; he, therefore, having easily procured his dismissal, set out for his native country, accompanied by the amiable Louisa.

By his unexpected arrival, he considerably disconcerted his perfidious agent: by his immediate procedures, equally spirited and prudent, he defeated all his infamous machinations, and saw him punished in the manner he deserved for his iniquitous actions.

When Brisac had turned his affairs into their proper channel again, he renewed his assiduities to Louisa, but still remained in a hopeless situation. The impression which her first lover had made upon her tender heart was too deep to be erased by the most vigorous efforts of a second. She was inflexible.

Louisa, though she could not love Brisaë, felt the truest regard for him. She felt herself under indelible obligations to him, as her deliverer, her protector, and even sighed sometimes because she could not reward him for his most generous behaviour to her in the way he wished. Impatience and anxiety preyed upon his spirits, and injured his health. She beheld the change in his person occasioned by her inflexibility, with a real concern, and strove, by a thousand little soothing arts, to restore him to his usual appearance, but all her little arts were ineffectual; he drooped, and by his increasing dejection, made her apprehensive of his falling into an immoveable melancholy.—Agitated by such an apprehension, she pressed him perpetually to go to public places, and to amuse his mind by a succession of new objects. Ever ready to close with all her friendly and well-meant proposals, he attended her to crowded scenes, yet without gaining any relief from the remedies recommended to him.—Instead of being diverted by the various entertainments which Paris afforded, he was a frigid spectator of them; and the most comic piece had no power to exhilarate his countenance.

While he was walking home slowly one evening, from the opera, (he lived at a small distance

tance from the Opera-House) with Louisa, after having been more pleased than he had been for some time, as there were several pathetic passages in the composition which coincided with his own feelings, two men, disguised, suddenly separated him from his companion, and then attempted to force her away from him: they were obliged, however, to retire without her, and one of them with a wound in his side from Brisac's active sword.

Louisa was exceedingly terrified at being rudely torn from the side of her generous benefactor; she was not much less so when she found herself again in his protecting arms; she could hardly believe him, when he assured her that he was not in the least hurt, as she saw blood upon his linen and cloaths: she was not quite at ease about his safety, till she, at home, by a more accurate employment of her eyes, was convinced that he had not been wounded in her defence.

The next morning, when Brisac went to the coffee-house which he frequented, he heard the whole room engaged in a conversation about the rencountre of the preceding evening. Finding that nobody there suspected him of having been an actor in it, he listened with great avidity, and was informed by the first person of whom  
he

he enquired after particulars, that the wounded assailant proved to be a French officer, in the Russian service, just arrived from Constantinople, having been taken prisoner by the Turks, in one of their most capital battles.

This intelligence raised his attention still more, and he immediately asked his informer if he knew the officer's name. His name he could not learn, but he was directed to his apartments. To them he went, without delay, impelled by some flattering hopes of seeing again the very man of whose death he had received an account several months before, as he had dreamt often of his being alive, and was superstitious enough to be influenced by the visions of the night.

As soon as he entered the apartment to which he was introduced, he beheld Dumontou sitting in a chair, attended by several gentlemen. He started, and, for a moment, stood rooted to the floor in astonishment. Then springing forwards, he fell on his knees before him, and in that attitude, while he expressed the joy he felt at seeing him again, he declared also in the most forcible terms, the anguish he endured on having been provoked to draw his sword against the man whose life was as dear to him as his own.

Dumontou, prompted by the strong feelings



of friendship, stirring at that instant in his generous bosom, attempted to get up, but the pain occasioned by the wound in his side would not permit him to quit his seat. He, therefore, leaning forward a little, intreated his friend to rise, and to make himself quite easy with regard to the wound he had given him.

"I was entirely to blame, my dear Brisac," continued he. "Flushed with the wine I had drank, I was stimulated by one of my companions, in consequence of a considerable wager, to sally forth, masked, with him, and to carry off in triumph the first woman we met with in our walks. I am now heartily ashamed of my folly, I heartily repent of it, and will take care never to set out again upon so mad an adventure."

"You attempted then to carry off my companion, without knowing who she was?" said Brisac.

"I certainly did."

"Had you known her, you would have acted in a different manner, I imagine. Should you not be surprised to hear that the woman whom you forced from my arms last night, was your Louisa?"

"Louisa!" exclaimed he, "Louisa! Is it possible?" added he, falling back in his chair. Soon recovering himself, "do you not deceive me?" said he.

" I do not indeed."

The rest of the dialogue between the two friends, it may be supposed, was highly interesting. Brisac concluded it in the following manner: " Louisa is the most amiable of her sex. Various were the misfortunes which she met with, according to her own distressful narrative, before she fell into my hands: I have done every thing in my power to render her new situation agreeable to her, and shall with the greatest pleasure put her under your protection. I have been a father to her, a guardian, and a friend."

With the last word he would not add lover, because he would not give his friend any pain by seeming to do a violence to his inclination in the surrender of Louisa; he took his leave, assuring him that he should soon be completely blessed in the possession of her, whose gentle heart throbbed only for him.

Brisac, on his return home, acquainted Louisa with the important discovery he had made; but though he communicated his unexpected, his extraordinary intelligence, with the greatest address, it affected her spirits so much that she fainted in his arms.

Her recovery was attended with the happiest consequences; but she was almost ready to sink under the weight of her gratitude, when her

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amiable deliverer, whom she could not love, presented her a very handsome fortune on the day of her marriage with his friend.



## ANECDOTE

OF

### LORD CHANCELLOR NORTHINGTON AND A QUAKER.

**W**HILE the late Lord Chancellor Northington continued at the Bar, he went the Western Circuit; and being of lively parts, and a warm temper, he was like some other lawyers, too apt to take indecent liberties in examining witnesses. An extraordinary instance of this kind happened at Bristol. In a cause of some consequence, Mr. Reeve, a considerable merchant, and one of the people called Quakers, was cross-examined by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr. Reeve complained of it at the time, and when the Court had adjourned, and the lawyers were altogether at the White-Lion, Mr. Reeve sent one of the waiters to let Mr. Henley know, that a gentleman wanted to speak to him in a room adjoining. As soon as Mr.  
Henley

Henley had entered the room, Mr. Reeve locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. ' Friend Henley,' said he, ' I cannot call thee; for thou hast used me most scurrilously. Thou mightest think, perhaps, that a Quaker might be insulted with impunity; but I am a man of spirit, and am come to demand satisfaction. Here are two swords; here are two pistols: choose thy weapons, or fight me at fist-cuffs if thou hadst rather; for fight me thou shalt before thou leavest the room, or beg my pardon.' Mr. Henley pleaded in excuse, " that it was nothing more than the usual language of the Bar, that what was said in Court should not be questioned out of Court: lawyers sometimes advanced things to serve their client, perhaps beyond the truth; but such speeches died in speaking: he was so far from intending any insult or injury, that he had really forgotten what he had said, and hoped the other would not remember it: upon his word and honour he never meant to give the least offence; but if, undesignedly, he had offended him, he was sorry for it, and was ready to beg his pardon, which was a gentleman's satisfaction." ' Well,' said Mr. Reeve, as the affront was public, the reparation must be so too. If thou wilt not fight, but beg my pardon, thou must beg my pardon before the company in the next room.'

Mr. Henley, after some difficulty and some delay, submitted to the condition; and thus the fray ended.

No farther notice was taken on either side, till, after some years, the Lord Chancellor wrote a letter to Mr. Reeve, informing him that such a ship was coming into the port of Bristol, with a couple of pipes of madeira on board, consigned to him. He therefore begged Mr. Reeve to pay the freight and duty, and cause the casks to be put into a waggon, and sent to the Grange; and he would take the first opportunity of defraying all charges, and should think himself infinitely obliged to him.

All this was done as desired; and the winter following, when Mr. Reeve was in town, he dined at the Chancellor's, with several of the nobility and gentry. After dinner, the Chancellor related the whole story of his first acquaintance with his friend Reeve, and of every particular that had passed between them, with great good-humour and pleasantry, and to the no small diversion of the company.

ON

*HUMAN LIFE.*

**O**NE eve as by myself alone,  
In melancholy mood,  
I musing sate of life below,  
And ev'ry mutual good.

In infancy, thought I, we're pleas'd  
With ev'ry trifling toy;  
And things as small, which come across,  
As soon damp all our joy.

The froward youth thinks he'd be blest,  
If he could 'scape from school;  
But little dreams of woes to come,  
When he himself doth rule.

But when arriv'd at man's estate,  
He cannot flee from sorrow;  
Still hope suggests (though not to day)  
He shall be blest to-morrow.

The miser's happiness is all  
In heaps of gold enshrin'd;  
But wrinkled care, and pallid fear,  
Destroy his peace of mind.

The soldier seeks thro' war and toils,  
To gain a deathless name;

**But**

But finds, too late, that heart-felt joy,  
Is not dispens'd by fame.

The drunkard fancies ev'ry good,  
And ev'ry joy in drinking;  
To him the greatest punishment,  
Is soberness and thinking.

The wild and thoughtless libertine,  
Tho' he is ever changing,  
Still finds variety will cloy,  
And he's fatigu'd with ranging.

'Tis pleasure then with ev'ry one  
By diff'rent paths pursue,  
But yet, alas! how few they are  
Who find the bliss that's true.

Would you be happy? then on heav'n  
Let all your hopes depend;  
And be assur'd the gracious pow'r  
Will ev'ry blessing send.

Is calm content the thing you seek?  
Be not to vice inclin'd;  
But cultivate fair piety,  
And purity of mind.

The virtuous man can bear, unmov'd,  
The storms of adverse fate;  
He knows that happiness does not  
On human beings wait.

That

That perfect bliss is not bestow'd  
 On any here below;  
 Therefore to heav'n his wishes point,  
 Far from the reach of woe.

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### A N E C D O T E.

**A** Person, remarkable for riding a fine horse in a nobleman's land, excited his lordship to enquire who he was; when being informed he was a miller, and rented a mill of his lordship, desired his steward to raise his rent, urging, if he could afford to ride such a horse, he must have a good bargain of the mill. The miller, however, rode as usual; when the nobleman enquired of his steward if he had obeyed his orders; on being answered in the affirmative, he told him to double his rent.—Still the miller hunted. When some accidental circumstance brought the parties in conversation, his lordship mentioned, that he was informed, that he rented a mill of him, and believed that his steward had raised his rent twice lately. “Yes, and please your lordship, pretty handsomely.” “Well, and can you afford to pay so much?” “O yes, my Lord, it makes no odds to me, it is your tenants



tenants pay for it." "How so!" "Why, when your steward first raised my rent, I took a little more toll from them, and when he doubled it, I did the same." "O, if that's the case, answer'd his lordship, pray take the mill at the old rent."



ANECDOTE  
OF  
*DEAN SWIFT.*

**M**R. Sheridan relates a remarkable incident, occasioned by Wood's halfpence, which he says was communicated to him by Mr. Hoff-sleger, a native of Germany, then a resident merchant of some eminence in Dublin, who was present when it happened. The day after the proclamation was issued out against the author (Dean Swift) of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, there was a full levee at the castle.—The Lord Lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the croud, never stopped till he got within the circle; where, with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the Lord Lieutenant with  
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the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, "So, my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shop-keeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government.—I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you, for this service done to Wood." He then went on, for a long time, inveighing in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displaying, in the strongest colours all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder, at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves, and vassals of power, felt, and shrunk into their own littleness, in the presence of this man of virtue. He stood super-eminent among them, like his own Gulliver amid a circle of Lilliputians. For some time a profound silence ensued: when Lord Cartaret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's:

*' Res duræ, & regni novitas me talia cogunt  
' Moliri.'*

*' Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign,  
' compel me to such measures.'*

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The whole assembly was struck with the beauty of this quotation, and the lejee broke up in good humour, some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant's answer.



AN ESSAY  
ON  
THE PASSIONS.

**T**WO or three days ago I dined at a village a few miles from London, and in the evening walked to town with a gentleman, between whom and myself a strong friendship has subsisted ever since we went to school together; and, I doubt not will subsist through life, as we are exactly of the same turn of mind. The evening was fine, and the agreeable conversation related to the use and abuse of the passions.—When I sat down in my study, what had passed between my friend and me, suggested the following reflections.

The various passions implanted in the human mind, were given for the greatest and most exalted purposes, by the great Creator, whose  
sole

sole aim in forming man, and giving him these passions, was to render him happy, wise, and good. The passions, when properly used, lead us to every good and laudable action; they excite us to excel others in virtue, and make us emulous to surpass the rest of our fellow-creatures: when abused, they ruin our constitution, impair our health and intellects, and from being the most noble of nature's works, degrade and render us inferior to the brute creation.

It is evident, therefore, that what was intended for our use and advantage, is often prevented and abused, even by the best and most virtuous men; for all have abused them in some measure. Since this is the case, it is the duty of every man to govern and restrain his passions with the utmost care and diligence, to keep them under as tight a rein as possible, which he will find no easy task. For the passions may be well compared to a wild and fiery steed, which, if not restrained, will fly to the top of a precipice, and plunge the horseman into destruction; but if kept under by a skilful rider, will carry him to the wished for goal in safety.—Thus the passions, when unskilfully guided, lead a man into the paths of misery and ruin; but when directed by reason and virtue, carry him safely through the rocks and shallows of a troublesome

blesome life, and bear him to the eternal haven, crowned with peace, honour, and happiness.

It may be said, since it is so difficult a task to restrain and govern our passions, it would be better for us, if they had never been planted in our breasts: but it is far otherwise; for the passions are the greatest blessings of life, and though they act so different upon different men, yet without them our lives would be mere blanks, as we should never be impelled to perform any good or virtuous action. We have instances of very opposite passions actuating the same men by turns; but if we could govern our own passions, the whole world, and every thing in it, would move calmly and uniformly before our eyes.

The best way to govern them is, by following the dictates of reason and virtue, calling to our aid perseverance and fortitude. Reason, when we apply to her, will point out the way to the temple of virtue, who will open her arms wide to receive us; when we once begin our journey, fortitude and resolution will kindly grant their assistance, if we solicit it, and are desirous of accepting it. We often display great constancy in order to compass trifling pleasures, and insignificant pursuits; why can we not then exert the same resolution to attain what will conduce  
to

to our comfort, ease, and happiness here; and will enable us to quit this bustling stage with heart-felt satisfaction?

I can assure you these are not the sentiments of an enthusiast, but one who would wish to be servicable to his fellow-creatures.



## ANECDOTES

OF

### *FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

**T**HE Commissioners of Excise had condemned a common soldier to pay a fine of ten thousand crowns for smuggling, and this sentence, according to the usual mode of procedure, having been laid before the King, his Majesty wrote in the margin—"Before I confirm this sentence, I wish to know how it will be possible to make a common soldier pay ten thousand crowns!!"

Soon after another soldier of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was accused and condemned for robbing an image of the *Virgin Mary* of some of its costly decorations.—The poor soldier uniformly maintained, that the *Virgin*, in consideration

deration of his poverty and devotion, had made him a present of the articles in question; and this defence was delivered into the King with his sentence. His Majesty immediately summoned the principal professors of that religion, and asked them if the allegations of the poor soldier was possible. They returned for answer, that it was certainly very unusual, but not impossible. On this Frederick pronounced that as the chiefs of his religion had considered his plea as possible, he should reverse his sentence of condemnation for this time; but he cautioned him against accepting presents in future from the *Virgin Mary*, or any other virgin, in that clandestine manner.



## ANECDOTE

OF

### KING WILLIAM.

**H**ONOUR is so essential to a man of quality, that by our constitution, no stronger avowment is required of him, than *upon his honour*. But who would trust the *honour* of a man, who has basely forfeited the reputation of his

his integrity, and confidence, by receiving a bribe?

King William having insisted on Lord H—— giving him his *honour* not to fight a man who had given him a *box on the ear*, his Lordship was obliged seemingly to comply; but as soon as he was out of the King's presence, he fought the man. The King was, at first, highly incensed at his breaking his word with him, and asked him, "How he came to do so, when he had just given him his *honour*?"

"Sire," replied my Lord, "you was in the wrong to take such a pledge, for at the time I gave it you, I had no *honour* to give."

## ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN

AND A

### CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

**W**HEN Doctor Franklin and a certain noble Lord were playing the supposed *political* game of chess, which made so much noise, in a letter from Cato to Catiline, and was re-echoed by his Lordship within the walls of St. Stephen's chapel, his Lordship *moved*  
king



*king guarded*—"Why then, said the Doctor, *cbeck*."—"No, said his Lordship, you must first *electrify* the whole Congress, and all Washington's army, to make good that move."

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### REPARTEE OF JOHN W—S.

UPON the death of this Gentleman's mother, a particular friend of his congratulated him upon the bequest made him in that lady's will, and concluded, that "Johnny might now think himself quite snug." "Not at all, replied W—, for since I endeavoured to hum the French taylor's widow, there is not another in all Europe who will trust me with a suit of mourning to laugh in my sleeve."

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### FALSE PRIDE:

OR

### THE HISTORY OF HARRIOT WHITTON.

A MORAL TALE.

MRS. Whitton having been accustomed to live in a genteel style during her husband's

band's life, who had a good place under government, but who was of too extravagant a turn to lay up any thing for his family out of the emoluments arising from it, found herself in very strait circumstances at his death, having only the interest upon a few thousands in the funds for her own and her daughter's subsistence. Being too proud, however, to lessen her appearance in the world, she made numberless contemptible shifts at home in order to keep up her consequences abroad; and was even ridiculous enough to throw out pretty strong hints that she could live in a very different manner, if she did not think it more prudent to encrease her daughter's fortune. Harriot Whitton was extremely agreeable in her person, without being a perfect beauty, or having any thing remarkable enough to make a minute description of it necessary; and as she was a sensible girl, had been genteely educated, and had mixed a good deal in the polite world, her manners were sufficiently elegant for the first circle in the kingdom. Harriot, however having been early taught by her mother to have a high opinion of herself, and to make the most of the advantage which she had received from nature and from art, listened but too attentively, and adhered but too closely to the instructions almost

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daily

daily repeated to her, for she grew up so conceited and so proud that her behaviour generally repelled those whom her pleasing exterior attracted. If proud people would consider a little how very despicable they make themselves as well as disagreeable by the haughtiness of their behaviour, they would, I am willing to believe, take pains to acquire an affable carriage, which is so universally bewitching in the fair sex in particular, who fall under this censure. I would earnestly recommend the carriage of the highest lady in the nation, who is allowed by all to be as much distinguished for her affability as for her rank.

It is no easy matter to say whether the mother or the daughter had the greater share of pride; but of the two the former made herself rather a more ridiculous character by the airs of importance which she assumed, because though she was the widow of a gentleman by birth as well as by his employment, she was the daughter of a shopkeeper not far from the Royal Exchange, and discovered on almost every occasion the vulgarisms which she had contracted at a cheap and plebeian boarding school: vulgarisms by which she never would have recommended herself to Mr. Whitton; but the truth is, he was very young when he made his addresses to her,  
having

having fallen in love with her at a lord mayor's ball. He had only a small place in the office in which he afterwards rose by seniority, to a lucrative post, when he asked her father's consent to marry her; but as Mr. Minikin had vanity enough to be flattered with the addresses of a gentleman to his Kitty, he gave his consent very readily, and with it, a pretty fortune.—Mrs. Whitton, when she was removed from Cornhill to Whitehall, soon became a different creature, shook off all her city acquaintance, and could hardly bring herself to visit even her father while he lived. Such a sort of woman was Mrs. Whitton; and Harriot though in a more elegant style, was not less deserving of laughter and the scorn which her behaviour excited.

Mrs. Whitton and Harriot being one night in the front boxes, (they would not have appeared either in the pit or the gallery upon any account,) an agreeable young gentleman, but in a plain dress took his seat behind them.

Harriot, though she thought him a pleasing figure, and genteel in his carriage, was not struck at the sight of him, because his companion, by the richness of his cloaths, outshone him. However, as the plain dressed gentleman seemed extremely attentive to *her*, and the other was quite otherwise, she was naturally

induced to direct her eyes to him, whenever she turned about, and she contrived frequently to throw them upon a level with *bis*.

When the play was over, Mrs. Whitton sat till few people remained in the house, and nobody in the box she was in but her daughter and the gentleman who had been so much struck with her. After having looked frequently towards the door, as if she waited for her servant, but really from being ashamed to leave her seat without the appearance of an attendant, the gentleman very politely asked her if she would permit him to wait on her to her carriage.—This question embarrassed her a little; however, she soon recovered herself, and told him that she and her daughter came in chairs.

“ I will then, Madam, if you please, as your servant has disappointed you, supply his place.”

Mrs. Whitton was too proud to undeceive him about the servant; but however, he insisted upon walking home with them, to their great mortification, as their lodgings were rather shabby. When they were set down, he was in hopes of introducing himself into the house, but as Mrs. Whitton only wished him a good night, with a ceremonious civility, he had nothing to do but to take his leave, which he did in the politest manner.

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When Mrs. Whitton and Harriot were by themselves, they naturally talked of the behaviour of the gentleman who had accompanied their chairs.—“ If he is really as much struck with you, Harriot,” said Mrs. Whitton, “ as I think he is, he will certainly contrive to make us a visit soon; and if he should prove to be a man of character and fortune, for notwithstanding the plainness of his dress, he has very much the air of a man of fashion, he will be worthy of your attention.”

“ If he is a man of fortune, Madam,” replied Harriot, “ he certainly will merit my attention, for I am quite sick of living in this puddling way; one may as well be out of the world as make no figure in it.”

The sentiments of half the fair sex are, perhaps, contained in that speech.

“ Well, my dear—I wish you success, and shall be very glad to live in another style myself.”

In such kind of chat they passed the time till they retired to rest.

The gentleman who was so charmed with Miss Whitton, was a Mr. Bromley, the son of an eminent grocer in the Borough, and in partnership with his father. As he was walking home he felt somebody clap him on the shoulder, and turning round, saw an intimate acquaintance

quaintance of his, who had been also at the play and at the same house.

"So, Bromley," said he, "you are thinking of Harriet Whitton, I suppose."

"Who is she?" replied Bromley.

"The girl who attracted your attention so much this evening in one of the front boxes at Covent-Garden. She is a fine creature, faithful and if you are disposed to marry without standing upon a fortune, for I know you are too sober a fellow to keep a girl, you may have a charming companion, *morning, noon, and night*, whenever you please; for Harriet seems to be as much taken with you as you are with her; and will be very ready to make rather more *flax* than she can at present afford to do."

Bromley, after having received some farther information concerning Mrs. Whitton and her daughter, determined to wait on them the next day.—He did so, and was immediately admitted.

After he had paid a few visits, having no reason to expect a refusal from the young lady, or to meet with the disapprobation of the old one, he made his proposals, which were accepted.—He then left them in order to give instructions to his lawyer.

Soon after his departure, a very high-bred girl, with whom Harriet was intimately acquainted

quainted, one of her *dear friends*, but who had as small pretensions to high airs as herself, called upon her, and with a malicious satisfaction wished her joy on having made so capital a conquest.

Harriot's eyes glistened with pleasure, but she chose affectedly to conceal her joy, by saying "Shu! my dear!"

"Nay, my dear," added her *friend*, "Mr. Bromley is actually reckoned the prettiest fellow in the Borough."

"In the Borough!" said Harriot, staring, full of astonishment.

"Ay, child; and when his father dies he will, perhaps, be the richest grocer in London.—But I can't stay any longer now—I have fifty places to call at, and so *bon jour*."

Mrs. Whitton and Harriot sat for some moments after Miss Fletcher had quitted the room, looking at each other without speaking a word. At last the former exclaimed, "a grocer!" with a contemptuous tone, to which the latter echoed, "a grocer!" with a voice equally expressive of the haughtiness of her heart.—"However, madam," said Harriot, "disappointed as I own I am, by this intelligence, it gives me at the same time no small satisfaction, for I would rather die than be the wife of a tradesman."

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"I commend you child," said Mrs. Whitton; "I should be extremely sorry to see you in so vulgar a light." Never were two people more surprised; for they had concluded, from his generous behaviour, that he was a gentleman of fortune, and did not care to affront him by a close enquiry into his situation in life.

When Mr. Bromley came the next day he was admitted, indeed; but the reception that he met with was very unexpected.

Mrs. Whitton, only, made her appearance. Harriot was so much mortified at her disappointment, that she would not come down to him. "Well, madam, said Bromley, with lively accents, I have put things in a train, and I hope Miss Whitton will hurry matters on as much on her side, as I shall on mine."

"She is in no hurry, Sir, to be the wife of a tradesman," answered she, swelling with false pride, "I must therefore desire you not to give yourself the trouble of coming here again."

With these words she flounced out of the room with an inflamed countenance, leaving Mr. Bromley to find his way out of the house by himself: and he quitted it full of indignation at the treatment which he had received, but long before he reached the Borough, he considered his dismissal as an event rather to be remembered with pleasure than with pain.

Willing, however, after having calmly reflected upon his dismissal, to know whether Harriot was so ridiculously proud as to reject him merely on account of his being concerned in trade, or whether Mrs. Whitton had not answered too precipitately for her daughter, because she was herself offended, he dispatched his servant with a note to Miss Whitton, in order to have the unexpected procedure of the foregoing day thoroughly cleared up.

The answer to this note was short but decisive.

“ Sir,

“ My mother told you the truth when she said I was in no hurry to be married to a tradesman.”  
“ Harriot Whitton.”

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ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES THE SECOND.

IN a conversation between Gourville and Charles the Second, Gourville observed, “ that a King of England, who was content to be the man of his people, was the greatest man in the  
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world; but that if he endeavoured to be more, he was nothing."—"Then I (returned Charles) will be 'the man of the people.'" A King of England who is beloved, may indeed justly pretend to such a qualification; but it is surely the highest degree of presumption in any private individual, either to assume it himself, or suffer it to be applied to him by another.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

### THE LATE LORD HEATHFIELD.

THE late Lord Heathfield paid so great a regard to military discipline, as even to enforce its observance in the person of his footman, who was always noticed by the spectators to be remarkably uniform in the manner of holding out his arm, while assisting the veteran from his carriage, the footstep of which hung three down. The man usually called out, in a military tone—*one—two—three—the ground.*

A SIN-

A SINGULAR INSTANCE  
OF  
GENEROSITY IN A BROTHER.

**M**R. Bailly, late wine-merchant to the Queen of France, who was long celebrated for his oeconomy and industry, by which he had acquired a very capital fortune, is lately dead.— Being taken suddenly ill, he declared that he was not married to the lady who lived with him, and whom the world always thought to have been his wife: in consequence of which, the two children he had by her were not his heirs, and his wealth returned into his family; but he left by his will to the lady an annuity of twenty thousand livres, and to each of his children twelve thousand; particularly entreating the Chevalier Bailly, his brother, who is a Knight of the order of St. Lewis, not to oppose this part of his testament.

The Chevalier was shocked at this disposal of the fortune, and felt the strongest sensations of the future shame that must be fixed on his brother's memory, if he left without the name and fortune those whom the world esteemed as his brother's wife and children, and whom he always

loved with the affection of a brother and an uncle. He remonstrated to his brother on the injustice of depriving them of his wealth, and assured him that he should look upon himself as a robber, if he, by the laws of succession, took any part of the property from them. He intreated him to alter his resolution; told him there was sufficient time betwixt that and death to repair his fault, by immediately marrying her, which the Chevalier very solemnly and earnestly entreated him to do; but Mr. Bailly would not listen to these remonstrances.

The Chevalier would not give up this point: he continually urged his brother to an act of honour and justice. Mrs. Bailly, his mother, who could not leave her house, wrote to him the most pressing letters, begging of him, in the most supplicating manner, not to give so great a stab to her delicacy, as to let a woman and her children live in dishonour, who hitherto had been always respected and esteemed, and pressed him to consider that the children were his.

Mrs. Bailly, the supposed wife, was desired by her friends to unite with their's her personal entreaties. "Me!" replied this lady, "I should be sorry so to do, as it would give him more trouble; he has enough now on his mind; he is already but too ill, and this would make him  
more

more so." Mr. Bailly at last gave way to the prayers of his brother; the time required dispatch. The Chevalier repaired to the Archbishop, who, on hearing the story, said, " Mr. Bailly has lived in a state of concubinage. It is only his illness that induces him to repent of this crime, and he must expect the event."—" But (said the Chevalier) the illness hastily increases; tomorrow my brother will be dead, and then cannot make any atonement." The Archbishop was inflexible, though Mr. Bailly had consented.

Death being near at hand, the Chevalier went and again importuned the Archbishop, who by his solicitations, joined to the importunities of the Chevalier's friends, granted a dispensation for the marriage, and a permission for the Chevalier to divest himself of the immense wealth left him by his brother. The marriage was immediately performed, and Mr. Bailly died the same day. The other relations and legatees, who took no part in the praise-worthy action of the Chevalier, attacked the marriage by a suit at law, pretending it was not legal, and declaring themselves Mr. Bailly's inheritors.

These further embarrassments for the Chevalier gave him more occasion for the display of the magnanimity of his soul. He solicited  
the

the judges; he spared neither pains nor expence, and discovered as much warmth and zeal to deprive himself of riches, as his opponents took to possess themselves of it. Mr. Bailly's mother also, with equal zeal, seconded the defence of her son the Chevalier. These proceedings had the desired effect; a verdict was obtained in favour of Mrs. Bailly, the widow, and the demands of the pretended claimants set aside.

The Chevalier, replete with a joy that sublime virtue only can inspire, was the bearer of this determination to his sister: he informed her that her marriage was declared valid, and that she was mistress of three millions two hundred thousand livres—(one hundred and fifty thousand pounds English.)

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#### ROYAL ANECDOTE.

THE real merit of the rulers of nations is best estimated by their benevolent actions. "It is not," says the philosopher Rousseau, speaking of his present Majesty, "the great monarch whom I reverence, but the good husband, the good father, the virtuous, the benevolent man." How well his Majesty deserves this eulogium

name of Delany, said to have been an acquaintance of Dr. Swift, lived for years with the Dutchess of Portland as a companion. On the decease of her Grace, Delany was at the age of eighty-four, left entirely destitute, the only legacy bequeathed to her being a few curiosities. The Dutchess having frequently seen Mrs. Delany on her visits to the Dutchess, and knowing her talents, took an opportunity of mentioning her case before the Queen, who, with that generous heart for which she has always been distinguished, immediately laid the matter before the King, when his Majesty readily consented to give her a small house in Windsor Park; and being represented by lady Harcourt, that nothing more was requisite to enable the old woman to pass the evening of her days in

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WRITTEN AT AN INN.

I.

**F**ROM much lov'd friends, whene'er I  
A pensive sadness fills my heart;  
Past scenes my fancy wanders o'er,  
And sighs to think they are no more.

II.

Along the road I musing go,  
O'er many a deep and miry slough;  
The shrouded moon withdraws her light,  
And leaves me to the gloomy night.

III.

An Inn receives me, where unknown,  
I solitary sit me down;  
Many I hear, and some I see,  
I nought to them, they nought to me.

IV

Thus in the regions of the dead,  
A pilgrim's wand'ring life I lead,  
And still at every step declare,  
I've no abiding city here.

V.

For very far from hence I dwell,  
And therefore bid the world farewell;  
Finding of all the joys it gives,  
A sad remembrance only lives.

VI.

Rough stumb'ling-stones my steps o'erthrow,  
And lay a wand'ring sinner low;  
Yet still my course to heaven I steer,  
Tho' neither moon nor stars appear.

VII.

The world is like an Inn; for there  
Men call, and storm, and drink, and swear;  
While undisturb'd a Christian waits,  
And reads, and writes, and meditates.

VIII.

Tho' in the dark oft-times I stray,  
The Lord shall light me on the way;  
And to the city of the sun,  
Conduct me, when my journey's done.

IX.

There by these eyes shall he be seen,  
Who sojourn'd for me in an Inn;  
On Sion's hill I those shall hail,  
From whom I parted in the vale.

X.

Why am I heavy then and sad,  
When thoughts like these should make me glad;  
Muse then no more on things below,  
Arise my soul, and let us go.

## A N E C D O T E.

A party of friends in South Wales went to a boarding-school to see their children, accompanied by a lady, who, when they arrived at the school, proposed by way of reward to each of the boys, that should write the best piece of poetry during their stay, that he should have a piece of money or coin called an Angel, in consequence of which, they whose inclinations led them, had liberty to begin, and to write as fancy directed. When the hour came for recreation, those that did not chuse to try their skill that way, went out to play as usual: among the rest the youngest boy in the school went with his companions to marbles; but after they had been out sometime, he of a sudden left his playmates, and going into the school-room, desired one of his schoolfellows to lend him a pen, who did, but asked him what he was going to do with it? when he replied, why to write to be sure, and taking a slip of paper, wrote a few words, put the paper in his pocket and went to his play again; a little while, previous to the parties leaving the school, the boys who had wrote were called upon to produce their pieces, beginning with the eldest, when those who had any claim to merit were put by themselves, till such time the whole should

should be read over; but when they came to see what the youngest had written, the coin was instantly decreed to be his property; for he had said,

If Angels do in Heaven dwell,  
Your pocket's Heaven mine is Hell.

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### ON GENTLENESS.

**T**RUE gentleness, the most amiable of human qualities, ought carefully to be distinguished from passive tameness of spirit, and also from unlimited compliance with the manners of others. That passive tameness which submits, without struggle, to every encroachment of the violent and assuming, forms no part of moral duty; but is, on the contrary, destructive of general happiness and order: and that unlimited compliance, which, on every occasion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others, is so far from being a virtue, that it is itself a vice, and the parent of many vices. It is impossible to support the purity and dignity of morals, without opposing the world on various occasions, even though we should stand

alone. That gentleness that belongs to virtue and which alone deserves the name, is therefore equally distinct from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear, it gives up no important truth from flattery : it is, indeed, not only connected with a firm mind, but necessarily requires a manly spirit, and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value. Gentleness stands opposed, not to the most determined regard to virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppression. It is properly that part of the great virtue of charity, which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our fellow-men. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants ; forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries ; meekness restrains our angry passions, candour our severe judgments ; and gentleness corrects, by a constant train of humane attentions, whatever is offensive in our manners, and studies to alleviate the miseries of life. Its office, therefore, is extensive ; it is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies, but is continually in action, while we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour. This  
amiable

amiable virtue, however, must not be confounded with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that may at least carry its appearance. Virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted, where the substance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art, and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity. But that gentleness, which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a  
gentle

gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier. True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our feelings and wants, and from just views of the condition, and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents, which feels for every thing that is human, and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, confers favours with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradiction, and still slower to blame, but prompt to allay dissension, and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to sooth at least the grieving heart.

Gentle-

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment, as well as a principle ingredient in general happiness. Amid the strife of contending parties, and interfering interests, it tempers the violence of competition, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony: it softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man a refreshment to man.

Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where the subterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where serpents hiss, and beast of the forest howl, would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men.

Besides its social effects, the influence of this virtue on our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful. That inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the first requisite to every pleasurable feeling: it is the calm and clear atmosphere, the serenity and sunshine of the mind. When benignity and gentleness reign within, we are always least in hazard of being ruffled from without: every person, and every occurrence, is beheld in the most favourable light. But let some  
clouds



clouds of disgust and ill humour gather on the mind, and immediately the scene changes; nature seems transformed, and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view.

The gentle mind is like the smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours. The violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken, and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation.

Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle spirit will feel what human nature feels; and will defend and resent, as his duty allows him. But to those slight provocations and frivolous offences, which are the most frequent causes of disquiet, he is happily superior. Hence his days flow in a far more placid tenour than those of others—exempted from the numberless discomposures which agitate vulgar minds; inspired with higher sentiments; taught to regard, with an indulgent eye, the frailties of men,—the omissions of the careless, the follies of the imprudent, and the levities of the fickle he retreats into the calmness of his spirit, and into an undisturbed sanctuary, and quietly allows the usual current of life to hold its course.

## ANECDOTE OF BROUWER,

(A CONTEMPORARY OF REUBENS.)

**B**ROUWER, going to Antwerp, was taken up as a spy, and imprisoned in the same place where the Duke d'Arenberg was confined. That nobleman had an intimate friendship with Reubens, who often went to visit him in his confinement. The Duke having observed the genius of Brouwer, (by some slight sketches which he drew with black lead) without knowing who he was, desired Reubens to bring with him, at his own request, a pallet and pencils, for a painter who was in custody with him.

The materials requisite for painting were given to Brouwer, who took for his subject a groupe of soldiers, who were playing at cards in a corner of the prison. When the picture was finished, and shewn to Reubens, he cried out, it was painted by Brouwer, whose works he had often seen, and as often admired. The Duke delighted with the discovery, set a proper value on the performance; and though Reubens offered six hundred guilders for it, the Duke would by no means part with it, but presented the painter with a much larger sum.

O

Reubens

1712.26

Reubens immediately exerted all his inter to obtain the enlargement of Brouwer, and p cured it by becoming his surety. He took h into his own house, cloathed and maintained hi and took pains to make the world more acquaint ed with his merit. But the levity of Brouwe temper would not suffer him to continue lo with his benefactor; nor would he consider situation in any other light than as a state confinement. He, therefore, quitted Reube and died not long afterwards, destroyed by a d solute course of life.

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#### INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

**P**ORSENNA, the most potent King then Italy, having under taken to restore the T quins to the throne of Rome, from which th had been banished for their cruelty and oppr sion, sent proposals to the Senate for that p pose; but finding they were rejected with sco he advanced towards Rome in a confident p suasion that he should easily reduce it.

When he came to the bridge, and saw t Romans drawn up in order of battle before t river, he was surprized at their resolution, a

not doubting but he should overpower them with numbers, prepared to fight.

The two armies being engaged, fought with great bravery, and long contended for victory. After a great slaughter on both sides, the Romans began to give way, and were quickly put to flight. All fled into the city over the bridge, which at the same time would have afforded a passage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, in the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulwark as strong as the highest walls. Publius Horatius was the man, surnamed Cocles, because he had but one eye, having lost the other in a battle. He was the strongest and most undaunted of all the Romans. He used every method to stop the flying army; but perceiving that neither entreaties nor exhortations could overcome their fear, he resolved, however badly supported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge, till it was demolished behind. On the success of this depended the preservation of the city. Only two Romans followed his example, and partook of his danger; nay, when he saw but a few planks of the bridge remaining, he obliged them to retire, and to save themselves. Standing alone against a whole army, but preserving his intrepidity, he even dared to insult his numerous enemies, and

cast terrible looks upon the principal Hetrurians one while challenging them to a single combat and then bitterly reproached them all. "slaves that you are," said he, "not satisfied being unmindful of your own, ye are come to deprive others of their liberty who have had courage to assume it." Covered with his blood, he sustained a shower of darts; and at length when they were all preparing to rush upon him the bridge was entirely demolished, and Cato throwing himself with his arms into the Tyber safely swam over; having performed an action, says Livy, that will command the admiration more than the faith of posterity. He was received as in triumph by the Romans: the people erected him a brazen statue in arms in the most conspicuous part of the forum: so much land was given him as he could surmount with a plough in a day. All the inhabitants both men and women, contributed to his reward and in the midst of a dreadful scarcity, almost every person in the city, depriving themselves of a part of their substance, made him a present of provisions.

AN

ANECDOTE  
OF  
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

ON Doctor Johnson's return from Scotland, a particular friend of his was saying, that now he had a view of the country, he was in hopes it would cure him of many prejudices against that nation, particularly in respect to the fruits: " why yes, Sir, I have found out that gooseberries will grow there against a south wall, but the skins are so tough, that it is death to the man who swallows one of them."

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ANECDOTE.

A Harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman who had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn; when the assizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way: Well, says the fellow, I am resolved I will go up to town, and the King shall know it. The King know it, says his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what

what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? Why, Sir, says the poor fellow, *I have heard you say that the King could make a man a Peer at any time.*

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HYMN TO VIRTUE.

**H**AIL heaven-born Virtue! hail supremely fair!

Best lov'd, and noblest object of my care!

Inspire with wisdom in the tempting hour,

To spurn at pleasure, and confess thy power,

Thy power, which mocks the world's united force,

And, tho' oppos'd, maintains a steady course:

In vain loud tempests, with oppressive weight,

Strive, envious, to retard thy growing height,

The more their force obstructs thy spreading

root,

The wider still thy vig'rous branches shoot.

Thy beams play unresisted on the soul,

Banish each fear, and each vain thought controul;

Content, and health, and joys sweet smiling train

Wait on thy steps, and flourish in thy reign.

We envy not the splendor of a throne,

But thee possessing, deem it all our own;

Warm'd

Warm'd by the sun-shine, poverty looks gay,  
And wealth enjoys an everlasting day;  
Blest with thy friendship, all around us bloom,  
And comfort beams thro' death's Egyptian gloom;  
The storms of passion at thy presence cease,  
And all is temperance—and all is peace;  
When better ages knew their good to prize,  
None then were honour'd, but who first were wise;  
Titles and fame from thee alone could flow,  
And what is heaven above—was heaven below;  
By worth superior monarchs shone express'd,  
And he was King who most thy pow'r confess'd.  
Happy the man who feels thy sacred fires!  
Thrice happy he whom all thy pow'r inspires!  
Supremely blest who thy command obeys,  
Grows to thy shrine, and ever sings thy praise;  
Thy guidance waits, thy constant smile implores,  
And as he knows the more, still more adores!  
Could earth afford a nature so refin'd,  
Or shew such features in a human mind,  
Angels would look with admiration down,  
And by such virtue learn to frame their own.

THE



## THE MILITARY MENDICANT,

OR BENEVOLENCE REPAID.

“ **I** Wish thee success,” said a clergyman, putting something into an old soldier’s hand—  
 “ adieu!”—“ Heaven return it thee!” exclaimed the soldier, with a look that spoke more to the heart than all the expressions of gratitude that ever were uttered. His wife courtied. “ God bless you both!” said the good divine, and rode on. The veteran fixed his eyes on him in silence, till he turned out of sight. “ What is it?” enquired the soldier’s wife. “ A guinea!” replied the soldier, wrapping it up carefully in a paper, and putting it into a greasy vellum pocket-book, the repository of his humble treasures. It had been his companion in all adventures from childhood, and a faithful one. He esteemed it as a friend, and, unlike modern friends, it kept every secret with which it was entrusted inviolate.—It contained the pride of his heart, a memorial, in his own hand-writing, of all the battles he had fought, the wounds he had received; up to that day on which the ruthless ball tore away the very arm which had so often wielded the instruments of vengeance against the enemies of his country  
 from

from his scarred body. Here the heroic narrative was deficient, but the remaining stump vouched for him—how much more impressively! Through this misfortune he obtained his discharge; that, too, was preserved, a companion to his memorial, to which it was affixed, signed by all his officers, a testimony of his *honourable* conduct.

It was the consciousness of having merited this, that transfused a gleam of happiness over all his despondencies: over these faithful memorials he frequently shed a tear, which sweetened the hour of distress, and bestowed a consolation only to be imbibed by minds attuned to the delicate harmony of sensibility, at the refined touch of virtue.

Grant, Almighty Disposer of Events! that *my* heart may ever be awake to the still voice of honour; that the season of calamity may not be fendered more irksome by the inquietudes of conscience!

“A guinea!” said the soldier. “A guinea! “God bless him for it!” uttered his wife.—  
“Amen!” rejoined the soldier. Would to Heaven that so hearty an *Amen* closed the prayers of the whole world. “There are *some* good people left in the world,” observed the wife.—  
“Heaven forbid there should not!” answered the  
P husband

husband—and on they jogged, till an humble house of entertainment presented to them a welcome sight; they approached it joyfully; and turned to satisfy their moderate wants, and rest their wearied limbs.

The weather was cold; but they placed themselves, modestly, at a distance from the fire, though it was not quite taken up. A piper lad kindly offered his seat: the veteran thankfully declined it; but was drawing nearer, when the landlord entered, who muttered something about *vagrants* and *passes*!

The soldier heard, but noticed not: he knew the power of money, and accompanied his enquiry for refreshment with a wish to have change for a guinea. The word *guinea* operated as a magic charm: a clean cloth was instantly spread; a steak put on the fire; and the landlord insisted that the chimney corner should be resigned for his military guest, who begged no one might be disturbed for him. The landlord was positive; forced both him and his wife on to the bench, swore every one ought to have a proper respect for the *King's cloth*; drank both *that* and his *Majesty*, out of a brimmer which was just brought for the soldier; and assured the company, that he had once carried arms himself; but having an opportunity to settle, he  
thought

thought it best to sleep in a whole skin, and so bought his discharge.

This was all just—for any thing the company knew to the contrary: certain it was he had been a private in a marching regiment; but respecting the manner in which he left it, he had made a small mistake—perhaps, his memory was bad, —perhaps, he wished to keep his own secret—or, perhaps, he had told this story so often, that he himself began to be persuaded of its verity. Reader, he was *drummed* out! “For what?” askest thou. Peace, untoward spirit of curiosity! seek not to bring to light the misdeeds of thy brother, which time has kindly left in oblivion! Alas! I am guiltier than thyself. I set thee an example. How frail is man! how vain his reasoning!

The two travellers began their little repast. The landlord joined them. The soldier smiled him a cheerful welcome. The mug was twice filled, and the table soon cleared. They all gathered close around the fire; and the soldier related the adventure of the clergyman and the *guinea*.

The landlord *dare said*, beside that guinea, the parson had not above another in the world. “*Gemmen*,” for they were all strangers, “it is the curate of our parish, and a more *worthier*

soul never lived! He has a wife and four children; and has but fifty pound a year to maintain them, though the rectorship is worth five times as much. But the old rector died yesterday; and so the curate came here to hire one of my horses.—I keeps two, gemmen—to go to the Squire's to beg for the living; and he has all the parish's good words and prayers with him.”—“Heaven grant he may succeed!” emphatically interrupted the soldier. “So says I!” rejoined mine host; accompanying the hearty affirmation with as hearty a tug at the soldier's ale.—“But, nevertheless, gemmen, I fears as how he won't; for his honour the Squire, though they says something as how the estate i'n't rightfully his—but I wouldn't have it known I spoke of it—I scorns to meddle with other folk's affairs—besides, he might take away my licence, and times are hard—but Mr. Martin, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, knows all about it.—And so, as I was a saying, gemmen, the Squire has often's the time being heard to say that he would sell the *parsonatation*; and I am sure Dr. Kind can't buy it: for, as I said, he is but poor—and that was the reason I wouldn't take any thing of him for the lent of my horse—and he had the best too—though he doesn't buy two noggins of ale of me in a month. But then, to be sure, he

is

is parson of the parish, and doesn't get drunk. Here's his health, gemmen!" seizing a pot that stood next to him, and calling his wife to replenish the soldier's, which was empty.

When the ale was drawn, the soldier produced his guinea for change. Boniface, and his rib, having both rummaged their pockets for the amount, found they were seven shillings deficient. "What the devil hast done with all thy silver?" cried Boniface. "Why, my dear," replied she meekly, "didn't I give it to Dr. Kind out of the half guinea for the hire of the horse?" This rather confused our *disinterested* host: but, not being easily put out of countenance, and thinking silence best, he took no other notice of the circumstances than to bid her go and get change; winking to her very significantly, at the same time, to withdraw.

The company had sat for some time, enjoying themselves in silence, here and there interrupted by a trite observation, when the piper offered to play them a tune. A dance was accordingly proposed, but objected to, at first, by Boniface, who observed as how it spoiled good company. However, finding it necessary to conform to the humour of his customers, he determined to lose nothing by the temporary suspension from drinking; and, having emptied  
the

the only mug that had liquor in it, ordered his wife—who now returned with “she couldn’t get change, though she had been at a dozen places!”—to fill all again, and stood up with the rest.—The piper began, and at it they went, if not with skill, at least with glee.

How fragile is the tenure of joy! The piper had scarcely thrice repeated his strain, when in came the landlady, and informed her spouse, that Mr. Martin was come for his horse, which they had lent the Doctor in the morning. She was followed by the gentleman. *Scorum* was again confused; and stammered out, that as how it had wanted shoeing, and so he had sent it to town. But Mr. Martin, who had overheard all the wife had said, taxed the delinquent with his guilt. He now begged ten thousand pardons; and while the owner assured him that had he lent it to any one else, he would never have excused him, the divine entered. The landlord swore for joy, and ran out to receive the horse; and the Doctor and Mr. Martin shook hands, and were retiring into the parlour, when the former espied the objects of his benevolence; and, apologizing to his friend, requested their company also. Thinking it their duty not to refuse, they modestly obeyed; and a chearful bowl being instantly filled, they all sat down to enjoy it.

The soldier was agitated concerning the success of his benefactor: it was not busy solicitude, but the anxiety of gratitude. The Doctor was silent on the subject; and the soldier, persuaded of his success by the uniform cheerfulness of his manners, set his own heart at rest. Distress generally excites *curiosity*—seldom any thing farther. The appearance of the veteran excited that of Martin: but he was a humane man: and it was a laudable motive that induced him to hint, in a delicate manner, a desire of being acquainted with his history. The soldier readily gratified him.

His name, he said, was Roach, his father bore arms. He was born at Carrickfergus, in Ireland; and, when but two years old, his father being ordered abroad, his mother took him with her to follow the fortunes of her husband. At fourteen, he lost his mother; and at sixteen, his father. He fought by his side; saw him fall; and had the pleasure of revenging him on the man who slew him. His life had been literally a continual warfare—but he had been raised only to a halbert.

Mr. Martin expressed surprise—merit is ever modest. “I deserved no more,” was the reply. He proceeded—he had been thrice imprisoned in France, once in Spain, and once in Holland.

“But



"But I trusted in God!" said the hero. "And he delivered thee," returned the divine.—During an interval between the two last imprisonments he had suffered, for the second time since he was two years of age, he saw England. He then married; and his wife had been his constant companion in all his succeeding troubles. At fifty, he lost his arm in the lamentable war that separated England and America: at Bunker's Hill he received the fatal shot; and, with the united testimony of all his officers concerning his fidelity and bravery, was sent to finish his days in the mother country. He applied for the pension. Merit is not always successful: he was modest; and had not a friend at court. He applied in vain!

His wife had a relation in Wales, a creditable, though not a rich, farmer: to him they went, and lived with him, labouring for their maintenance, four years. He then died; and, being ignorant of any other relations, left them his all. They were industrious, they were frugal: but prosperity is not always the reward of industry, and the frugal are sometimes sparing in vain. The hand of Providence seemed against them; but the ways of heaven are inscrutable. Their cattle died; their crops failed! Their all was nearly gone; when the honest pair called  
thei

creditors together, and surrendered to them the little that remained; and taking an affectionate farewell of their neighbours, who all pitied, but were too poor materially to assist them, set off for London, to sue once more for the pension; fearing, at the same time, that they had deferred the application too long.

They had travelled four days cheerfully; when they had lost the purse which held the pittance they had to support them on their journey!—But they were resigned: they had begged through the fifth; and on the sixth, they were met by the charitable curate. Here the narrator repeated his thanks; and the clergyman insisted they were not due, having done nothing more than his duty. Mr. Martin, apologizing, enquired of the soldier where his father fell?—“At Dettingen!” “Had he no relation living.” None, that he knew of. He had once a brother, christened Leonard, after his father; who, when he went abroad, was left with an aunt at Carrickfergus, and was then five years old. He addressed to him an account of his father’s fate; but did not himself see Ireland till six years afterwards. He then heard that his aunt was dead; but from all the enquiries he could make, had never been able to learn what became of his brother, or whether he received the letter concerning,

cerning his father. "He ~~did~~!" interrupted Martin. The clergyman, the soldier, and his wife, all fixed their eyes on him. "Heavens! is he alive?" eagerly exclaimed the sergeant.— "No!" deeply sighed Mr. Martin. "He was my intimate friend. About six months after the receipt of your letter, he quitted Ireland; and, in the service of a foreign merchant, thrice travelled over the continent of Europe. His fidelity and zeal so attached him to his employer, who now settled in England, that he entertained him no longer as a servant, but made him his companion and confidant; and, dying about eight years since, bequeathed him an estate in this country, amounting to eight hundred per annum, together with the presentation of the parish living."

Here the clergyman seemed rather discomposed. The soldier observed it. Mr. Martin went on——

"About this time, I became acquainted with your brother. He imparted to me every circumstance of his life. I assisted him in perpetual enquiries after you, but in vain; and accidentally discovering a cousin of your aunt's, out of gratitude to her, at his death, about four years since, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds a year to me, he made him his sole heir, with

with a proviso, that if ever you could be found, the whole estate was to be your own, on condition of your allowing him two hundred pounds per annum.

Nothing, then, remains, Sir, but to make the requisite proofs before the proper persons, which we will do without delay. Indeed, the strong resemblance you bear to your dear brother, is testimony enough for me: but there are others to be satisfied."

"Praised be heaven!" exclaimed the good Doctor. The soldier's wife was transported—she wept for joy.

The soldier bore his good fortune with admirable serenity. "I should have received more pleasure from this news," said he, "had not my cousin forestalled me in the wish of my heart, and prevented me from expressing my gratitude to that generous gentleman, in a proper manner, by giving him the living."—"Give you the living, Dr. Kind?" exclaimed Mr. Martin. "He bargained for it with Dr. Double."—"He has not broken the contract, I can assure you," replied Doctor Kind. "Is it not your's, then?" hastily cried the soldier. "But it shall, it shall be!" And he took several turns, or rather quick marches, across the room. His heart was full—a tear relieved him.

In a few weeks his register from Ireland, and every necessary voucher for his identity, were procured. He asserted his claim; every one was satisfied with its equity, except his cousin; he took possession; solicited Mr. Martin, in vain, to accept a reward for his exertions; and in presenting the rectory to the benevolent Doctor, experienced the sublimest gratification of a noble heart, from the consciousness of having, by promoting the independence of virtue, discharged the obligations of gratitude.



## ANECDOTE

OF

*DR. JOHNSON.*

ON the night before the publication of his first edition of Shakespeare, he supped with some friends in the Temple, who kept him up, "nothing loth," till past five o'clock in the morning. Much pleasantry passed on the subject of commentatorship, when all of a sudden the Doctor, looking at his watch, cried out,— "This may be sport to you, gentlemen, but you don't consider there are but two hours between me and criticism,"

## THE SPIRITED LOVER.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

**D**URING the civil wars in Italy, of which the celebrated historian Guicciardini has given us so lively and so interesting an account, there happened within the territories of Naples, an event which no historian has mentioned, but which is not undeserving of a place in a miscellaneous work, in which pieces of history have been so well received.

In the reign of **Alphonso**, King of Naples, **Lorenzo**, (so he is called in the manuscript from which the following narrative is copied) a gentleman of fortune, and possessed of some lucrative employments under the government, had also in his possession as valuable a wife and daughter as ever fell to the lot of any human being: these jewels, however, he knew not how to estimate as he ought, for he was unreasonably jealous of the former, and threatened the latter with perpetual imprisonment in a convent, if she did not marry the man whom he had designed for her husband.

By a very slight sketch of these two characters, that is, of **Isabella** and her intended bridegroom, the reader will easily perceive that they were

were extremely ill suited to each other, and that no happiness could be possibly expected from such an hymenial connexion.

Isabella, in the bloom of youth, had an attractive person, and a cultivated understanding; she had also a disposition which rendered her beloved by all who were acquainted with her, and gave equal satisfaction by the solidity of her conversation, and the propriety of her whole deportment. She was the most dutiful, as well as the most affectionate of daughters, and till she became marriageable had no reason to complain of her father's behaviour to her.

Barbello, on the wrong side of sixty, had, with that disproportion in opposition to nineteen, a constitution much broken by original weaknesses, and irregular living. He had, indeed, some infirmities which made him a very disgusting object to the fair sex. Deformed in his person, and crooked in his mind, he had also a temper the most unamiable to be conceived.— He had nothing, in short, but his title and his fortune to recommend him.

Presuming upon his fortune and his rank, Barbello made his addresses to Isabella, and was rejected. Piqued at her refusal, he repaired immediately to her father, and, with an additional presumption, demanded her of him in marriage

marriage; displaying, at the same time, the numerous and substantial advantages which he would himself reap from an alliance with his house.

Dazzled with the brilliancy of such an alliance, Lorenzo overlooked all his personal, all his mental imperfections, and assured him, that he should marry his daughter whenever he pleased, without once reflecting on the irreparable injury he was doing his amiable daughter, who had never, designedly, offended him, by devoting her to a life of misery with the man of her abhorrence, by sacrificing her, in all her youthful charms, at the altar of Plutus.

The moment she saw Barbello leave the house, after having been closeted with her father, in consequence of her repelling carriage, Isabella hurried to him, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, intreated him not to be angry with her for having refused a man, with whom she could not be happy; to whom, indeed, she could not give her hand without dooming herself to absolute wretchedness for the remainder of her life.

"You must marry Barbello," said her resolute father, with an unusual sternness in his features, with an unusual exaltation of his voice, "you must marry Barbello," continued he,



he, "or spend the rest of your days in a convent."

These words stunned her, and she retired to her own apartment in a condition not to be described, but truly to be compassionated. There she gave vent to a fresh shower of tears, and loudly lamented the singular misery of her situation: condemned as she was to a marriage of detestation, or a life of seclusion from the world. Which ever way she turned her eyes her distress was extreme, and the more she reflected upon the cause of it, the less able was she to know in what manner to procure its removal.

In this melancholy and truly pitiable state she was found soon afterwards by her mother, who sincerely felt her affliction from sympathy, and made haste to administer consolation. Fondly attached to her, she hung over her in a manner which sufficiently proved that her maternal compassion was equal to her maternal affection, and in the tenderest accents assured her that she would leave nothing in her power undone to break off a match which she could not herself by any means encourage for numberless reasons, setting aside the real regard she had for her.

Isabella, whose heart was ever alive to gratitude, poured out the warmest acknowledgments to

to her considerate, her indulgent mother, for her assurances, and offered up a short prayer, from the bottom of her heart, for her success.

It will now be necessary, for the introduction of a new character, to acquaint the readers of this tale, a very considerable part of Isabella's distress arose from her prepossessions in favour of a man who was as happily formed by nature to charm her sex, as Barbello was unhappily formed by nature to shock them with his appearance.

The name of this captivating man was Detour, a Frenchman, of a good family, very genteely connected, and greatly countenanced by Charles VIII. who, when he meditated the conquest of Naples, charged him with a secret commission to a Neapolitan nobleman in his interest.—This young Frenchman seeing Isabella at one of the churches in a few days after his arrival, fell in love with her, but was not a little chagrined to find, upon a minute enquiry about her, that she was the daughter of a man who had too much of the anti-gallican spirit in his composition to encourage him to make his addresses to her. However, as he saw, or thought he saw, in the behaviour of Isabella, during the performance of her religious duties, that she looked at him frequently by stolen glances, with no unfavourable eyes,

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he told the nobleman at whose house he resided that he would give the world to be assured his conjectures were not ill grounded.

Sebastian in reply said, that as Lorenzo and he were different parties there were no friendly communications between them.—“ But I will endeavour,” added he, (after a short pause) “ to hit upon a method for the gratification of your curiosity.”

With this promise Detour was very well satisfied, and waited, with as much patience as lovers generally are possessed of, for the performance of it. But there is no describing his feelings when he heard that she was on the point of being married to Barbello.

When Julia, in consequence of her assurance to her daughter, went in search of her husband she met him in the passage which led to his library, and requesting him to return to it, as she had something of the utmost importance to communicate to him.

Lorenzo having just been reading some papers which had been sent to him from an unknown hand concerning some great revolution in the state, and containing some dark hints about his own safety, if he continued to favour the cause of Alphonso, hastily asked her if what she had to impart related to him.

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Upon her answering in the affirmative, he went back to the apartment he had quitted a few minutes before, inexpressibly eager to learn what his wife had to disclose, especially as her answer was delivered with an uncommon gravity and firmness.

As soon as they were seated, Julia proceeded in the following manner :

"I have told you, Lorenzo, that my business relates immediately to yourself, and I think you cannot but feel yourself deeply interested in it when I tell you it relates also to your daughter."

"My daughter!" exclaimed he, starting from his chair, extremely disappointed, "what of her. She is to be married in a few days to Barbello."

"If she lives."

"Lives!" said he, "she shall live—I have set my heart upon this marriage, and nothing shall hinder it."

Julia finding it impossible to go on while her husband was in so irrational a humour, rose up to retire, saying, "I will communicate what I have to say concerning Isabella when you are in a more composed frame of mind. I shall only add, at present, that you may, perhaps, have reason to repent of your attachment to Barbello."

Lorenzo, stopped in his career by the equivocal conclusion of this reply, desired Julia to re-

sume her seat, and to make full discoveries, assured her that he would hear what she had to say without giving her any interruption.

Julia then acquainted him with the unhappy situation of her daughter, and by describing it in the most pathetic language she could adopt upon the occasion, endeavoured to rouse his parental sensibility, laying a particular stress upon the great disproportion in point of years between Barbello and Isabella, and enlarging, with equal energy, on the many imperfections, external and internal, by which the former was distinguished. She closed her address by returning to the situation into which his severity had thrown the latter, and declared it to be her opinion that she would not live to be the wife of the man to whom he was going to make her the victim, as the anguish of her mind would certainly bring on a train of fatal disorders.

Lorenzo, agreeably to his promise, kept his temper during the first part of the above speech, but the last words threw him again into the old channel, and his impetuosity was no longer to be curbed.—“ She shall be married to-morrow,” said the inflexible father. She will live till then, I suppose:” and flung out of the room without waiting for an answer.

While Lorenzo and his family were thus situated;

situated; and three persons could not well be more wretched in different ways, Detour was studying how to get an interview with the dear object of his wishes, and he was the more eager to come to a conversation with Isabella, as he had no doubts, from some manœuvres under the direction of the nobleman with whom he lived, with respect to a mutual prepossession. Thoroughly satisfied that Isabella beheld him with the eyes of partiality, he was prepared, in the true spirit of gallantry, to run any hazards for the accomplishment of his desires; but his friend, who had been taught wisdom by experience, earnestly advised him to act with the nicest circumspection, and to employ stratagem rather than force in the execution of his designs.

To these admonitions Detour listened with attention, and induced his monitor to believe that he would square his conduct by the golden rule of discretion.—But where shall we find discretion and love inhabitants of the same bosom! Are they ever associated? Detour was certainly a stranger to the former, and yet by a happy rashness he gained the very summit of his wishes.—His success, however, ought not by any means to govern the conduct of other adventurers in similar pursuits, for his temerity might have proved of the highest dis-service to him,

him, if a revolution in the political principles of Lorenzo had not produced a change in his ideas of patriotism. In consequence of this resolution, and this change, he rendered two amiable people completely happy, and at the same time gained a considerable addition of riches and power; though he gained them with a far greater diminution of his patriotic merit, and gratitude to the man to whom he was under obligations never to be effaced—to Alphonso.

Detour, the moment he heard that the day was fixed for the union between Barbello and Isabella, was determined to have an engagement with the former, and to make him either relinquish his pretensions to the latter, or take his leave of the world; not doubting but that he should, being an excellent swordsman, oblige him in a short time to give up the lady, or give up his life.

Inflamed with this idea, he set out early on the destined morning in order to intercept Barbello in his progress to Lorenzo's palace, and meeting him upon the road with a couple of attendants, attacked him with great vivacity and very galling language, for his going to marry a lady with whom he was himself passionately enamoured, and whom he was resolved to marry. •

“ I must desire you, therefore, Sir,” continued he,

he, while his eyes sparkled with the fire which love had kindled in them, "I must desire you to withdraw yourself immediately, or dispute with me your passage to the altar."

No sooner had he delivered these words than he drew his sword, which glittered in the sun, and so dazzled the eyes of the servants who attended the old baron, that they hurried on to Lorenzo's palace, really believing that some madman had broke loose from his keepers, and not choosing to have any thing more to do with him till they had got more people to assist them.

When the servants of Barbello had reached Lorenzo's palace, they were met at the top of the avenue leading to it by one of his domestics, who had a letter to deliver into the baron's own hands.

In this letter Lorenzo informed his intended son-in-law that he had altered his mind, and that he, therefore, wished he would think no more of his daughter for a wife. This alteration had been produced by the artful management of one of Charles's negociators at Naples, who, by holding forth to him honour and emoluments which he had not sufficient virtue to withstand, detached him from the interest of his first royal benefactor, and made him a convert to the court of France.

The servants of Barbello, by the time they had reached



reached the above mentioned avenue, began to think that they had been too precipitate in leaving their master to be murdered, perhaps; and easily procuring a reinforcement, when they had related the situation in which they had left him returned with the utmost celerity, but not soon enough to see him in the attitude they had left him : he had been wounded by his adversary, and lay stretched upon the ground without any signs of life. The servants of Lorenzo immediately seizing the conqueror, notwithstanding the hostility of his appearance, told him that they must carry him to their master. To their no small surprise he replied, that they could not give him a greater pleasure. Accordingly they led him "nothing loth," to the palace to which he belonged.

To the still greater surprise of his conductor the nearer he approached to the palace, the more pleased he appeared: they could not conceive what joy a man could feel in being carried before their master in the character of a murderer, and Lorenzo himself, indeed, was much astonished at the intrepidity he discovered in his countenance when he was brought into his presence. No words can paint the looks of Juli and Isabella, at the sight of him in that condition.

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Lorenzo never having seen Detour, treated him only as a man who had murdered one of the noblesse of Naples, being informed that Barbellio lay like a dead corpse: but the ladies recognized him, and knew not how to act in so delicate a situation. Isabella, indeed, had been made happy by her father's having put a stop to the hymenial proceedings so dreadful to her, but she was afraid to flatter herself with the hopes of finding the murderer of the man she hated, considered as the man whom she loved, and deemed deserving of her hand.

The intrepidity which Detour discovered was not confined to his features: he looked like a lion, and there was no small ferocity in his first speech to the father of his mistress. " You seem surprised at my appearance, Sir. You behold me, I see plainly, in the light of a criminal. In the same light I behold you for having doomed your daughter, the most amiable of her sex, to the arms of a man whom she abhorred. To save her from such a sacrifice, I was determined, this morning, to make him relinquish all pretensions to her, or perish in the attempt. We fought, and I was successful: he is wounded, but not dangerously, I believe, though his extreme faintness, from loss of blood, gives him the air of a dying person, I wish not for his death: he has

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given up all his claims to your daughter. With that surrender I am satisfied, I love Isabella, and I have some reason to imagine that she has no aversion to me. If she confirms my conjectures with her own lips, (darting an eager glance at her at the same time) you will, I hope, upon an enquiry into my character and connexions, which will, I may venture to say, bear the strictest scrutiny, think me worthy of supplying the place of him whom you designed for her husband.

Never in his whole life had Lorenzo been thrown into greater astonishment. However, as he had determined not to marry Isabella to Barbeilo, he was not sorry to find that he had himself given her up, and as he was not destitute of common humanity, he hoped that his wound would not prove mortal. But he was not so ready to give credit to his successful antagonist, with regard to his own pretensions to his daughter: he therefore ordered him to be conveyed to the place of confinement for all prisoners in his predicament, adding, that if the baron recovered of his wound, it would then be time enough to make farther enquiries about him.

The servants who had brought the spirited lover to Lorenzo, were now going to conduct him to the place which he had mentioned. Julia coming

ing forward stopped them. Then turning to her husband, she intreated him to command their removal, as she had something to relate with regard to his prisoner which required privacy.

When the servants withdrew, Julia informed her husband who the person before him was, and acquainted him with all she knew concerning his family, &c. without concealing her daughter's prepossessions in his favour, which might safely be encouraged, she said, if what she heard was true.

Staggered with this information, but yet not displeased with it, Lorenzo's features began to wear a more complacent appearance: he then told Detour that his own house should, for the present, be his prison; and that if all the enquiries he should make, proved satisfactory, he would be as ready to marry his daughter agreeably to her inclination, as he had been to marry her against it.

In a few days after these transactions, Lorenzo, thoroughly pleased with the intelligence he received with regard to Detour, and largely rewarded by Charles for his desertion, consented to the marriage of Isabella, who was happy beyond her expectations. There was nothing to check the stream of her felicity, but the severe satires circulated round against her father for abandoning

a prince who had raised him from obscurity to splendor, and for his *trimming* at a juncture when he might have distinguished himself in the first line of patriotism.—Children may, and good children will be sorry for the crimes or the follies of their parents, but it would be hard indeed if they were to be answerable for the one or the other.



## ANECDOTE

OF

### THE LATE MR. RALPH ALLEN.

THE late Mr. Ralph Allen, who has been universally honoured with the epithet *good*, was originally born to no possession. A fund of good sense, however, showed him the most likely methods of procuring an immense estate; and his conduct proves the ancient adage, that 'Every man is the maker of his own fortune.' The cross-posts all over England were of his contrivance: these he farmed from government, and they turned out highly to his advantage. An estate, he purchased near Bath

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was bought with equal prudence : it was found to contain a quarry from which the stones for building the most beautiful parts of that town were taken. By this estate he gained such considerable sums, that, though he gave numberless benefactions to the indigent or meritorious, he died worth more than an hundred thousand pounds. It is told of this excellent man, that he once courted a young lady, whose father wanted to drive the match, as it was very advantageous. The young lady, however, was pre-engaged to another lover; which, when Mr. Allen knew, he generously portioned out his mistress from his own fortune, and gave her away himself to his own rival. The honours which so much virtue deserved, were amply recompensed by Mr. Pope, in these fine lines :

‘ Let modest Allen, with ingenuous shame,  
 ‘ Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.’

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## PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

### A TALE.

**P**ARENTS are seldom guilty of greater mistakes in their behaviour to their children, than when they make invidious distinctions between

tween them, treating some of them with particular tenderness, and others with neglect bordering upon indifference. The partialities discovered by parents have occasioned many scenes of infelicity; by those partialities brothers have been set against brothers, sisters thrown into a state of warfare with each other, and innumerable disquiets have been produced by them in families, which might have been families of joy and love, had not the evil spirit of favouritism scattered the arrows of jealousy through the different members belonging to them. Observations of this kind have been frequently made, and it is not probable that the repetition of them, however tiresome to some readers, will be entirely useless. To those who had rather be instructed by example than precept, the following tale is addressed.

Mr. Mountford, an eminent merchant, having acquired a very handsome fortune, without any diminution of his reputation, in the commercial world, was seized with a passion for retirement, and in consequence of the operation of that passion, bought an estate in his native country, in order to spend the remainder of his days in rural tranquillity, amidst those scenes which first presented themselves to his eyes, and had ever made a deep impression upon his mind.

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Mr. Mountford, when he took possession of his estate, had a very amiable wife, and two sons; but as he had not been married many years, when he determined to withdraw from business, they were not arrived at an age to be pushed into the world. His eldest son, indeed, was not intended for any profession: his father resolved to bring him up a gentleman; his youngest son only was destined for some employment.

Mr. Mountford would not have been censurable for this mode of determination, with regard to the future appearance of his sons in the world, if he had not, at the same time, behaved in such a manner as to create jealousies between them, calculated to extinguish every spark of fraternal affection in their bosoms. To Frank, his eldest son, his carriage was so extremely partial, that it deserved a severe reprehension; as the distinguishing proofs of his predilection for him were sufficient to render Harry, his youngest son, very unhappy; and doubly mortified, as he was not conscious of having done any thing to merit the neglect which he painfully felt. A slight sketch of these brothers will serve to show that the partiality of their father operated in a manner which did not redound to the honour of his understanding, and he committed a capital error in judgment, when he was lavish of his tenderness  
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to Frank; when he only distinguished Harry with the most striking, and the most grating marks of his aversion.

Frank and Harry, though naturally well disposed lads, having been, at an early age, improperly treated, grew up with no cordiality for each other. The former, presuming upon his succession to an estate which he most dutifully wished to enjoy before his father's removal from it, behaved to the latter with a degree of arrogance not to be digested by a brother who had a grain of resentment in his constitution. Harry was alive to every affront which he received from the insolence of Frank's behaviour, and could not always conceal his feelings; but the disclosure of them never failed to widen the breach between him and his brother, as Mr. Mountford, upon every such occasion, sided with his heir apparent, against his resentful adversary, and corrected him with additional asperity. However, though Mr. Mountford behaved in this partial manner to his children, while they were advancing to manhood, he had consideration enough for the son whom he intended for business, to place him in a counting-house in London, under the inspection of an old friend on whom he could rely, that he might have a fair chance, if he was diligent, sober, &c. &c. to make a pretty addition  
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to the small fortune he designed to leave him at his death, having but a few thousands remaining in the funds, after the purchase of his estate.

The behaviour of these two brothers, upon their father's decease, will discriminate their tempers, and from that behaviour alone, it may easily be imagined how they would have acted in most situations. Frank, when he heard of his father's sudden death, happened to be at a ball in the neighbourhood. The news was communicated to him while he was actually engaged in a very lively dance, with rather too much abruptness; but though many of his companions were shocked at it, he was not at all disconcerted by the messenger's precipitation—nor displeased. On the contrary, he exhibited some signs of satisfaction, which laid him open to the reproofs of decency, and concluded the evening with more festivity than he begun it. Such was the deportment of a highly-favoured son, indulged to an extreme, and almost idolized, on the death of him who would not, perhaps, have thought it possible for Frank to act with so little regard to his memory, had any of his friends—more gifted with the spirit of prophecy—predicted such a behaviour: Opposed to this behaviour, Harry's, upon the same occasion, will place him in a very different point of view, and in a point so much the more to his

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advantage, as he certainly was under much stronger temptations, from the harsh treatment he had met with from his father, to rejoice at his dissolution. Harry, when he received the letter which acquainted him with his father's death, was with a select number of intimate companions at a tavern, not far from his master's house, celebrating the birth-day of one of them. The moment he had perused the contents, he imparted it to them, and then took his leave, thinking that he should act a very unbecoming part in proceeding in his mirthful career; for though he had no reason to lament his father's death, he could not bear the thoughts of discovering the least appearance of exultation. He was indeed of another, of a far better disposition, and charitably imputing all the unkindnesses he had received from him, to an unhappy delusion of the mind, he ever mentioned his name in the most respectful manner, and never breathed a syllable reproaching him for that partiality which had occasioned him so much disquietude. Nay, his generosity of thinking even extended to his undeserving brother. Called as he had been by his insolence, in the invidious character of a favourite, while he lived under the same roof with him, he forgot all his injurious treatment, when he did not actually smart under the pressure of it, and instead

stead of reviling him when he was out of the reach of his irritating language, spoke of him with the greatest candour, and even pitied him for the enormous share which he enjoyed of his father's love, as he supposed it might, eventually, be the cause of no small uneasiness to him by making him too well satisfied with his own parts and accomplishments, too ungarded in his carriage to those opinions revolting against his own, and too much intoxicated with his prospects to conduct himself in a manner which might serve to procure him friends when he had spent his inheritance, as he was naturally of a very expensive turn, and had no judgment to regulate the cravings of a capricious fancy, the wild sallies of a restless imagination.

Such were Harry's feelings on his brother's account, when he was placed with Mr. Delmy, in London, and he did not, upon his father's death, imagine he had any reason to alter his sentiments concerning him. As an interview between them was, however, now absolutely necessary, Harry set out for the family seat, attended his father's funeral, and having transacted all the business with his brother which his father's will occasioned, returned to an occupation that promised to be very lucrative to him, not at all discontented with the trifle be-

queathed to him; nor did he utter an abusive word when he spoke of his brother, though he had, at the reading of the will, behaved with a self-sufficiency, and a *bauteur*, provoking beyond expression.

Very soon after Frank came into the possession of that estate for which he had sincerely sighed long before it devolved to him, Harry ventured to foretell its speedy reduction, from the well-known tendency to all kinds of extravagance, in the wrong-headed, conceited owner of it; and he was not out in his calculations.

Frank, in a few years, was actually in so distressed a condition, that he was obliged to sell a great part of his estate to stop the mouths of his *honourable* and some *right honourable* creditors, that he might shew his face among them, without being posted for a scoundrel. When his debts of *honour* were adjusted, he was compelled, by arguments not to be resisted, (the logic of the law) to make over his remaining acres to other hands.

He was now plunged into a situation in which he would have been entitled to pity, had he not brought himself into it by his own folly. In this situation he was mean enough to solicit the assistance of the very man whom he had most offended, his brother; to him he applied for relief,

lief, and—greatly to that brother's honour,—  
was relieved by him.

Harry, upon his brother's coming to pay him a visit, with an humility which would have flattered many a man in similar circumstances, was, instead of feeling any triumphant sensations, shocked at the sight, and instead of entering into any upbraiding retrospect, offered to put him into a way, which would, if he was regular and industrious, enable him to live in a very comfortable, though not splendid style.

At the bare idea of business, for the acquirement of a subsistence, the pride of Frank's heart got the better of his humility: all the blood of the gentleman started into his cheeks, and he replied, with his accustomed haughtiness of accent, "No, Harry, I will never work for my living; I would not drudge at a desk, like you, for all the money in the Bank. I will do any thing consistent with the character of a gentleman, in order to retrieve my affairs, but no trade, no mechanical employment. 'Tis true I have been unfortunate at *play*, but I may not always be so; if you will, therefore, lend me a *cool hundred* to sport with, I shall be obliged to you; and you may depend upon my *honour* for the re-payment of it with my first winnings."

Harry told his brother, in return, that he

could not think of supplying him with money to be employed at a gaming-table; but added, that if he would call upon him the next day, he would communicate a more agreeable scheme to him.

Frank, eager to know what his brother's new plan was, went to him at the hour appointed.— Harry then presented a parchment to him, containing an handsome annuity, telling him, at the same time, that if he kept within the limits of that income, he might, if he pleased, be happier than he had ever been in his life.



#### ANECDOTE.

A Certain prelate, famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in public, uttering an harangue one day before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inspired an awe into all that approached him; was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The King perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said in the sweetest manner imaginable, " My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leisure to admire the fine things you have been saying." The Bishop was so encouraged by this compliment, that he resumed his speech, and proceeded without any more hesitation.

## ON THE CONJUGAL STATE.

**I** AM fully persuaded that all the infelicities of the married state are occasioned by men's finding fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themselves to be fitter for government than obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the husband to be the head of his wife, just in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream, which only finds supplies for its wandering, without directing the current whichway it should flow. It may probably be objected, that wives are commanded in a certain book, called the bible, to be obedient to their husbands; but a lady, who is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set this matter in a true light, by observing that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament have agreed, that some of its particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the Christians against giving scandal to the Jews and Heathens, among whom they lived; she makes no manner of doubt, that obedience to husbands was among the number of those commands, and that it might be right to observe it in the infancy of Christianity, but not now.



Many persons, as well Christians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor of the husband; and that to advise and intreat is all that either has a right to: but this I take to be wrong policy; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion; and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Every body sees that when men keep mistresses they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny; and that a wife should have less authority is a very hard case, especially if it be considered, that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but as the general phrase is, his *better* part. Every body knows too, that good humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband; and how is her good humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual controul? It is no new discovery, that the first wish of a woman is power; if, therefore you give the sceptre into her hand, and intreat her to say and to do according to her own good pleasure, it will be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

## AN ACT OF CLEMENCY.

**L**UCINIUS, having raised a numerous army, Zosimus says, one hundred and thirty thousand men, endeavoured to wrest the government out of the hands of his brother-in-law, Constantine, the emperor. But his army being defeated, Lucinius fled with what forces he could rally to Nicomidia, whither Constantine pursued him, and immediately invested the place, but on the second day of the siege, the emperor's sister intreating him, with a flood of tears, by the tenderness he had ever shewn for her, to forgive her husband, and, to grant him at least his life. He was prevailed upon to comply with her request, and the next day, Lucinius, finding no means of making his escape, presented himself before the conqueror, and throwing himself at his feet, yielded to him the purple, and the other ensigns of sovereignty. Constantine received him in a very friendly manner, entertained him at his table, and afterwards sent him to Thessalonica, assuring him, that he should live unmolested so long as he raised no new disturbances.

## ANECDOTE

OF

MR. JOHNSON.

**M**R. Johnson, Author of *Hurlothrumbo*, &c. having been invited to pass some months at a country-house of a gentleman who had a great regard for him, but whom he had visited before, he accepted the invitation, and was, for some time, treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness. But at length having shown, in some of his expressions and actions, that wild and unaccountable extravagance and oddity which runs through his whole composition, the lady of the house, who happened to enjoy but a very indifferent state of health, which rendered her hypochondriac and low-spirited, and being moreover naturally of a timorous disposition, began to be extremely alarmed at his behaviour, and apprehensive that, at some time or other, he might do mischief either to himself or others. On this she repeatedly remonstrated to her husband, intreating him to find some means of getting rid of Mr. Johnson. The gentleman, however, who was better acquainted with Johnson's manner, and therefore under no apprehensions, was

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unwilling to proceed to acts of so much seeming inhospitality, as the forbidding his house to a person whom he had himself invited to it; and therefore declined so doing for some time; till at length, on the continual solicitations of his lady, whom he found he could not make easy on any other terms, he commissioned a mutual friend to both, to break the affair to Mr. Johnson.— This being done with all the tenderness imaginable, and the true reason assigned by way of vindication of the gentleman himself, Mr. Johnson, with great coolness, and a gaiety of temper peculiar to himself, replied, that he was most perfectly persuaded of Mr. J——'s regard for him, and should ever retain the most grateful sense of the civilities he had received from him; that he also maintained the highest respect for his lady; and thought it his duty, by every means in his power, to contribute to the restoration of her peace of mind, which it appeared that he had been the innocent cause of disturbing; that he, therefore, might give her the strongest assurances from him, together with his compliments, that he never would again trouble her house whilst living; but, as a testimonial of his sincere esteem, she might depend on it, that, after his death, he should consider her as the very person to whom, on a visit back to this world, he should

'think himself under an obligation to pay his respects. This message being delivered to the lady who, we have before observed, was of an hypochondriac complexion, threw her into still greater apprehensions than before; and, fearing that he would be as good as his word, intreated the gentleman to go back to Mr. Johnson, and beg from her, that he would continue where he was or, at least, favour them with his company as often as possible; for that, with all his wildness she had much rather see him alive than dead.

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## FRUITLESS ATTEMPTS

AFTER

## HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

A FEW days ago, an agreeable incident brought me acquainted with a family, as remarkable for elegance, sensibility, and every amiable endowment, as any in your whole metropolis. Having spent the afternoon with that peculiar satisfaction, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul must communicate, and exhausted or dismissed a variety of subjects, the folly and impiety of discontent was brought upon the carpet.

carpet. After tracing this sickness of the mind to innumerable sources, and proving to a demonstration, that no condition is utterly unimprovable, or unexceptionable, a lady, with great liveliness and address, gave us the following little anecdote.

My mother, said she, has frequently told me of a gentleman, whose possessions were immense, that was accustomed to amuse himself with the whimsical attempt of making a certain number of individuals happy every seventh year of his existence; but such was the nature, humour, or infirmity, of all he had to deal with, that the experiment ever terminated in their disgrace, and his own disappointment, one saving clause, and one only, was allowed them; the peevishness, impatience, or languishments of illness, was not to be considered as a reflection on them, or an impediment to the prosecution of his scheme, but he expected on the removal of the evil, that their full content should again break forth, as the sun from a cloud, with double radiance.

For one man he obtained the hand he had long vainly sighed for; another was delivered from all the misery of contracted circumstances; a third invested with the gratification of power; a fourth of independence; and on a fifth was bestowed

stowed his much-desired rank in a military life; but when he came to examine into the fruits of his industry, the lady's charms were fled, the misfortunes he had relieved were beheld with different eyes, the power he had lent was abused, the independence unenjoyed, and the army confessedly a round of fatigue, noise, and danger.

Thus universally unsuccessful amongst his own sex, he resolved to try what he could make of the ladies. It would be endless, and, indeed, not strictly politic, continued the fair speaker, to relate all the little caprices, light fancies, and extravagant wishes, he had now to encounter with; be it sufficient then to say, that at length he met with one, whose rational plan, seemingly enlarged sentiments, flattered his drooping expectations, and promised to reward his toil.

He placed her in the very situation she herself pointed out to him, as the infallible means of her felicity, nor for three whole months was she heard to breathe a dis-satisfied sigh; but, alas! how many changes can three months produce? He tenderly listened to the first cause of complaint, and as tenderly removed it. Another short period elapsed, and there was a second something to require his correcting hand; in a word, after repeated good-natured efforts, and amazing instances of patience and forbearance, he

he besought her once more to consider, if a possibility remained of answering his purpose and her own.

She told him how sensibly she was affected, both by his indulgence and the weakness she was guilty of, but if a little house in the country, that had recently caught her eye, could be obtained for her, every dis-satisfaction would be shook off, and gratitude and peace alone the companions of her retirement.

Behold her now in possession of this last desire of her heart, and left to the experience of a couple of years before the gentleman renewed his enquiries. Every thing was as it should be, the prospect as blooming, the situation as delightful, and her connexions as happy as on her first arrival: but he begged her to proceed.

She was again ashamed of her folly, and conscious of the ridiculous figure she should make in his sight; but, however trifling the annoyance might sound to him, it was the bane of all her other enjoyments; a peacock, a miserable peacock, the property of a neighbouring gentleman, would sit upon her garden wall, and persecute her ears from morning to night with its odious squalling.

The gentleman smiled: I am sorry, Madam, said he, that you should be the person destined  
to



to awaken me to a sense of what I never b  
attended to; there is a peacock on every b  
wall, and if self-interest, reason, gratitude  
religion, are insufficient to reconcile us t  
slightest inconvenience, where shall we fin  
being that will persevere in sheltering us  
those additional rough blasts to which the eq  
deserving multitude so unhappily stand expi

Let us then forbear to eat, to drink, to  
to repine; the three first articles no repe  
renders needless, and no mercies or blessing  
secure us from the last. We trifle with H  
in much the same manner this benevolent  
racter was trifled with, and never suffer the  
viction to strike us, that the fault is withi  
own breasts, until the bitterness of punish  
and the deprivation of all we ought to have  
dear, overtakes us.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

MR. KILLIGREW.

**K**ING Charles's fondness for pleasu  
which he always made business give

used frequently to delay affairs of consequence, from his Majesty's disappointing the Council of his presence when met for the dispatch of business; which neglect gave great disgust and offence to many of those who were treated with this seeming disrespect. On one of these occasions the Duke of Lauderdale, who was naturally impetuous and turbulent, quitted the council-chamber in a violent passion; and meeting Mr. Killigrew presently after, expressing himself on the occasion in very disrespectful terms of his Majesty, Killigrew begged his Grace to moderate his passion, and offered to lay him a wager of an hundred pounds, that he himself would prevail on his Majesty to come to council in half an hour. The Duke, surprised at the boldness of his assertion, and warmed by resentment against the King, accepted the wager; on which Killigrew immediately went to the King, and, without ceremony, told him what had happened; adding these words, ' I know your Majesty hates Lauderdale, though the necessity of your affairs compels you to carry an outward appearance of civility: if you chuse to be rid of a man who is thus disagreeable to you, you need only go this once to council, for I know his covetous disposition so perfectly, that I am well persuaded, rather than pay this hundred pounds, he would

hang himself out of the way, and never plague you more.' The King was so pleased with the archness of this observation, that he immediately replied, " Well then, Killigrew, I positively will go;" and kept his word accordingly.

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## S U D D E N J O Y.

A MORAL TALE.

THE desire of communicating pleasure to those whom we fondly love, for whom we have the sincerest regard, is a very natural one; but we may be in so great a hurry to make them happy with our communications, as to defeat the end proposed. The sudden disclosure of joyful, as well as of melancholy intelligence, has, in some situations, been attended with fatal consequences: with the same consequences has the sudden joy occasioned by the appearance of a beloved person coming upon us unexpectedly been attended. Against such disclosures, and such appearances, all prudent people will guard themselves; not only out of consideration for those whom they esteem, but for their own sakes, as they must necessarily be distressed by any ill

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consequences arising from the precipitance of their proceedings.

“ Indeed, my dear Emily, your attachment to Mr. Lymington is more romantic than rational. A man of his gay, dissipated turn, and addicted to all the fashionable pleasures of the age, will never be constant to any woman: it is highly probable that he has made his addresses to several women since he left England, and deserted them in search of variety. But should he return, and marry you, he would certainly be tired of you in a short time, and leave you truly wretched. He is, I grant, in a fair way of making his fortune in the East-Indies; yet he may be disappointed: now, Mr. Murray has made his fortune, and having also an unexceptionable character, entirely worthy of your attention, he is extravagantly in love with you, and I hope you will think well enough of him to give him your hand with a good grace, as I am very well assured that your father will not hear of a refusal: and I must own I think if you do not comply with his wishes, you will live to repent of your opposition to them.

In this manner did Mrs. Wyat, an excellent wife, and exemplary mother, endeavour to prevail on her daughter to make her inclination submit to discretion, and to prefer a steady,

sober man, with a large fortune in his possession, to him who, with a very expensive taste, was only in pursuit of one. Her endeavours, however, were all fruitless; she reasoned, she persuaded in vain. Emily's attachment to Mr. Lymington was not to be shaken by any thing which her mother could urge in favour of his opulent rival: nor will many of her sex, perhaps, in the least wonder at her adherence to the choice of her own heart, and her resistance to the choice of her parents, when they are told that Mr. Lymington (to adopt their own language) was "a most agreeable creature," and that Mr. Murray was "a forbidding animal," with nothing but his money to recommend him. Some females, to be sure there are, who are sufficiently swayed by lucrative views, to give their hands to men whom they abhor, in order to procure a brilliant settlement; yet the legal prostitution of a few mercenary women reflects no dishonour upon the sex in general.

Soon after the above conversation between Mrs. Wyat and her daughter, Mr. Wyat came home to dinner, and brought Mr. Murray with him.

When the two ladies retired, the two gentlemen proceeded to business, and every thing relating to the alliance between their families were

were finally, adjusted. When that adjustment was finished, Emily was called in to be acquainted with it. Her looks, the moment she entered the room, plainly shewed the nature of her apprehensions: prepared however as she was for the dreadful information, she could not stand the shock of it; she sunk into a chair and fainted.

By the immediate assiduities of her destined husband, and the assistance of her mother, who at that instant entered the room, she was restored to her senses. She then, falling at her father's feet, most earnestly requested him with streaming eyes, to revoke his cruel determination, and not to force her to marry a man whose affection for her she could not possibly return.

Mr. Wyat, not at all of a flexible disposition, was quite unmoved by her intreaties, and her tears; and told her, not without reproving her at the same time, in very cutting terms, for her partiality to a loose spendthrift with no bottom, and as likely to die in a jail as any man he knew; that if she did not consent to give her hand to Mr. Murray in ten days, he would shut his doors against her, and never see her any more.

This severe treatment overset poor Emily; she fainted, and was conveyed in a lifeless condition to her apartment. It was long after

the second blow she received from her father's stern behaviour to her, ere Emily was restored to the use of her understanding. With the re-possession of her intellects she was only the more sensible of her wretchedness. Deeply in love with Mr. Lymington, and looking upon Mr. Murray in the most odious light, she spent the few days allotted her for her decisive answer in a state of mind not to be described.

Murray, though he could not but feel himself almost an object of horror to the woman he was going to marry, felt also his passion for her too violent to be controuled. It was the violence of his passions which prevented him from seeing that his age, his person, and his manners, all contributed to prejudice the idol of his soul against him. In his own eyes, indeed, he was extremely attractive; but, in the eyes of Emily, he had not a single allurements: and as to his fortune, on which his presumption was considerable, had it been three times larger than it was, it would not have bribed her heart to prove unfaithful to the first conqueror of it.

Emily having seriously reflected on the situation to which her father, by the severity of his resolution, had reduced her, began to dread the indulgence of her inclination at the expence of her duty. She had not, by the last India ship,  
received

received one line from her lover. She could not tell how to think him inconstant; she was rather disposed to imagine that he had met with some disappointment, and that he forbore to write till he could, with his assurances of fidelity, send her welcome intelligence concerning his affairs. His silence, however, alarmed her; perplexed her; grieved her: his silence, added to her father's inflexibility, rendered her quite at a loss how to act.

At the close of the ninth allotted day, poor Emily's mind was so violently agitated, that she could not shut her eyes all night.

On that very evening Lymington, who had arrived in the ship by which a letter was anxiously expected from him, repaired to the most intimate friend he left in England. By him, to his extreme surprize, as well as concern, he was informed of his Emily's trying situation. Mr. Spearman concluded his information in the following manner:—"Such is your Emily's disagreeable, almost distracting state, my dear Charles, as she is to return a decisive answer before to-morrow night. If she accepts of Mr. Murray—" "She will not, I am certain, cried Charles, with unusal eagerness, when I appear to claim her promise to me on my departure from her."

"You



“ You are too warm,” said Mr. Spearman  
“ if Miss Wyat rejects Mr. Murray—”

“ She certainly will—”

“ She deprives herself entirely of her father’s protection.”

“ No matter—She shall be under my protection, and it shall be the whole study of my life to make the loss of her father’s regard unfelt by her. My passion for her is more ardent than ever, and my fortune is sufficient to support her in a sphere superior to that in which she has hitherto moved. I will go instantly to the tyrant, I will tell him that our hearts have been long united, and that he has no right to hinder the union of our hands.”

Mr. Spearman, not being so hasty in his motions as his impetuous friend, coolly attempted to dissuade him from the execution of his design that evening, assuring him, at the same time, that by talking to Mr. Wyat in so high a key, he would not only increase his strong aversion to him, but irritate him to take effectual steps towards the extinction of his hopes, by marrying his daughter to Mr. Wyat with the utmost expedition.

“ Now, if you will take my advice,” continued he, and proceed with circumspection, you may notwithstanding these formidable bars, arrive

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the summit of your wishes. By preparing my sister, who sees Miss Wyat almost every day, an interview between you may be contrived to-morrow morning at her house, and you may then concert measures for the sure and speedy accomplishment of your desires."

Lymington, having listened both with attention and patience to his friend's last monitory speech, began to be convinced that his admonitions were too judicious to be neglected. In consequence of conviction, he readily agreed to put himself under Mr. Spearman's guidance; who told him, that when he had prepared Miss Wyat for his appearance the next morning, he would come and let him know, that she might not be too much affected by the suddenness of it.

While Mr. Spearman and Mr. Lymington were thus engaged in conversation, Mr. Murray had a dialogue with a very old acquaintance of his of another kind.

Mr. Murray, not in the least doubting but that the decisive answer would be as favourable to him as he wished it to be, very earnestly pressed Mr. Jacobs to be present at his wedding.

"I am sorry, my dear Murray, replied he, to refuse compliance with any of your requests, but you must excuse my compliance with this. To speak with my customary freedom, I do not,

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by any means, approve of your marrying Miss Wyat."

"Not approve of Miss Wyat! is she not a charming creature, and every way qualified to make the man happy who is united to her?"

"Not to make you happy! the man whom she beholds with a disgust, bordering upon abhorrence; and if you can think that she sees you in any other light, you deceive yourself in the grossest manner imaginable."

"She may not, at first, perhaps, be able to conquer her foolish prejudices in favour of that licentious fellow Lymington; but when she has been for some time my wife, I verily believe that my behaviour to her will be sufficient to wean her totally from him, and to attach her to me."

"You are too sanguine."

"And you talk like a man unacquainted with women."

"Well, my dear friend, said Mr. Jacobs, if you are determined to marry Miss Wyat, you will assuredly wish to be released from your indissoluble engagement with her. You may please yourself with the possession of her person, but you will never possess her heart; and what a contemptible pleasure is that arising merely from the former. In short if you persist in your design to marry Miss Wyat, you will

will neither act like a man of honour, nor a man of humanity. With a woman so averse to you as she certainly is, you will not be happy yourself, but will make her truly miserable. Her affections are fixed on another man; most probably they will remain so; and her being compelled to give you her hand, will only serve to strengthen her abhorrence of you. Besides, the marriage which you are so desirous of consummating, may be productive of the keenest disquiet to yourself; for should the amiable woman, forced to be your wife, die, in consequence of her father's cruel disposal of her, you, as well as he, will, and with great appearance of reason, be deemed accessory to her death. There are different kinds of murder, and she whose life is sacrificed to the tyranny of her parents, is, according to the strict meaning, though not common usage of the word, murdered by them."

The few last words of Mr. Jacob's speech made such an impression upon Mr. Murray, that he went home fully resolved to relinquish his pretensions to a lady whom he could not make his wife without dooming her to misery, perhaps to death.

While he was going home with this laudable resolution, he was attacked by two ruffians, not many yards from his own door, who demanded his

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money

money with much fierceness, and threatened to blow out his brains if he did not immediately produce all he had about him.

Mr. Murray, not thinking it prudent to make resistance, put his hand into his pocket; but not being so quick as he was expected to be, received a blow on the head, which deprived him of the use of his legs.

At that moment Lymington happened to come up, and seeing two very ill-looking fellows rifling a gentleman, who lay upon the ground, he made so good a use of a stout oaken stick, that the villains were soon glad to take to their heels. He then having raised the gentleman in whose defence he had exerted himself, conducted him to his house, and did not, on finding whom he had assisted, repent of what he had done.

“ You are my rival, Sir, it is true, said he to Mr. Murray, but he who can see a fellow-creature in need of his aid, and suffer personal resentment to withhold it, is not fit to live.”

Mr. Murray, struck with the generous sentiments contained in that speech, expressed his acknowledgments in the most grateful terms; adding—I had, before this providential interposition of yours in my favour, Sir, determined to relinquish all pretensions to Miss Wyat, on her account, and on your account, and I am now  
doubly

doubly determined to withdraw my addresses.—  
May you both be as happy in each other as you  
deserve to be!”

Soon afterwards the two rivals, now cordial  
friends, parted; and each of them retired to rest,  
quite satisfied with the conclusion of the even-  
ing.

Early the next morning Mr. Murray went to  
Mr. Wyat's, wishing to see Emily; but he was  
disappointed: she was gone to breakfast with  
Miss Spearman. However, as her father was  
at home, he desired to have a private interview  
with him; and when they were closeted, gave  
him a particular account of his rescue out of the  
hands of a couple of ruffians by Mr. Lymington.

“Lymington! replied Mr Wyat, hastily look-  
ing amazed.—What! Charles Lymington, with  
whom my daughter is ridiculously in love?”

“The same; and I do assure you that he de-  
serves all her esteem, and all her affection. He  
saved my life last night, and his behaviour has  
convinced me that he will not disgrace your fa-  
mily by being your son-in-law.”

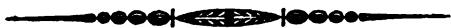
Mr. Wyat, when he had recovered from his  
surprise, occasioned by Lymington's arrival in  
town, exclaimed with vehemence against his  
daughter's folly in being attached to such a man,  
and declared, with additional energy, that she  
should

should never be married to him. Mr. Murray took an infinite deal of pains to turn his resolution into another channel, and at last, partly by the strength of his arguments, and partly by the force of his intreaties, prevailed on him to consent to make his daughter happy with the man of her heart. Had Emily been acquainted with the result of this interview between her father and Mr Murray, whilst she was at breakfast with her friend, she would have felt herself relieved from a considerable load of disquiet, a load which rendered her utterly unable to receive that pleasure which she usually enjoyed in Miss Spearman's chearful society. The time now for the delivery of her decisive answer drew near, and the nearer it approached, the more painful were her sensations.

By an unexpected rencounter with an old fellow-collegian, whom he had not seen many years, Spearman was so transported, that he thought no more of the business which he had undertaken to transact for his friend Charles the next morning. He was indeed, the next morning absolutely incapable of transacting a business at all, having made too many libations to Bacchus to enjoy the use of his faculties. In plain English, he was brought to his apartment dead drunk, and was not in a condition to leave the

them. He then hurried away to his sister's, and as soon as he got there, was ready to hang himself.

Charles, after having waited with an anxiety which he had never experienced before for the coming of his friend, to acquaint him with what passed in his visit to his sister, he grew, at length, much too impatient to stay where he was. His impatience was natural, but his precipitation was imprudent. Hastening to Miss Spearman's, he astonished both her and Miss Wyat extremely, by darting into the room in which they were at work. Emily's astonishment was accompanied with excessive joy, but that joy was fatal.—Sinking into the arms of her lover, thrown open to embrace her, in these arms she expired.



## SHE WAS IN THE WRONG.

### A MORAL TALE.

**F**OR her many virtues, and amiable qualities Lady Owen was deservedly esteemed; but she had also many failings, by which she excited laughter, and merited contempt. She was proud  
of



of her *family* to a violent degree, and carried her passions for precedence to a ridiculous excess. During the life of her husband, Sir Hugh, she was greatly encouraged by him to keep up her importance, as he plumed himself extremely upon his pedigree, and would not have married her, if she had not been descended from a long line of very respectable ancestors. For her ancestry, indeed, chiefly he married her, for she had little money; the patriotic indiscretions of her father having prevented him from giving her a fortune equal to her birth.

The death of Sir Hugh was a considerable blow to Lady Owen's pride, because she found herself unable ( as the estate which had supported her magnificent taste came into her son's possession, ) to appear with the same lustre; she made as splendid an appearance, however, as she possibly could with her jointure, and would not bait an inch of her importance, of which she was exceedingly tenacious.

Among Lady Owen's virtues was her maternal affection; she was very fond of her son, and Sir Richard loved his mother with a sincerity truly commendable, as her behaviour to him from his infancy had fairly intitled her to all his filial regard. He could not help smiling, however when he saw her ruffled by any failure of respect; when  
he

he saw her resentment, in consequence of an affront, operate upon her mind in a manner not the least becoming, he blushed.

Sir Richard, at his father's death, was just of age. Having been educated at home, he had not seen much of the world—when he became a baronet, and a landed man of great power in the county; he was necessarily obliged to make frequent excursions from the old castle in which he had been brought up under the immediate inspection of his parents. As he was in these excursions generally employed about the management of his affairs, he could not visit his mother (who had purchased a house near the castle for her residence,) so often as she wished for his company. For some time she, imputing the intervals between his visits to the real business which the inheritance of his fortune occasioned, was tolerably quiet, though not thoroughly satisfied. She was afraid, as he was quite young, open hearted, and inexperienced, that he might fall into imprudent connections. During an interval of an uncommon length, a new apprehension, added to her other fears, gave her no small uneasiness: she was painfully apprehensive of his being drawn in by an artful woman, of no family, to marry her. Harrassed by this additional terror she talked to him very seriously the

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next

next time she saw him, about degrading marriages, and told him, that she hoped she should never behold *him* united to a woman whose *birth* was beneath his attention.

Sir Richard assured his mother that he had no thoughts of marrying at that time: " When I do marry, madam, added he, I shall certainly take care not to disgrace either *you or myself*, by the lady whom I chuse for my wife."

These words rendered Lady Owen perfectly easy about any matrimonial engagement, because she did not comprehend the full meaning of them. They were, indeed, equivocal. Sir Richard, not having the same absurd notions concerning *birth* as his mother had, did not imagine that he should *disgrace* his family, by uniting himself to a woman every way deserving, though without the slightest pretensions to any honours from the Herald's Office.

Sir Richard, soon after his above-mentioned declaration with regard to matrimony, found it necessary to take a journey to an estate he had in Cheshire. Before he set out he made a dutiful visit to his mother. At his departure from her, *she* renewed her apprehensions, and *he* repeatedly assured her that he would never marry a woman of whom he ought to be ashamed.

In a short time after his arrival at his Cheshire  
estate,

estate, Sir Richard met with a young lady in his neighbourhood, who attracted his eyes in a particular manner, and through them made an impression upon his heart: he saw, he heard, he loved. Her person did considerable execution, her conversation still more, and her behaviour fixed him. She had every thing but *family* to recommend her. Her personal charms were allowed by every body who beheld her to be striking, her intellectual accomplishments were, at once brilliant and solid, and her whole carriage was, in the strictest sense of the word, exemplary. She was the daughter of a gentleman, but she could not boast of the dignity of her descents, her father having been the first gentleman of his family.

Sir Richard being quite satisfied with Miss Newton's intrinsic worth, overlooking her want of fortune, as he was entirely contented with his own affluent circumstances, and not in the least dreaming about her *genealogical table*, determined to make his addresses to her.

He once thought of paying his mother the compliment to solicit her compliance; but imagining, on recollection, that her *family pride* would rise up in opposition to his requests, he resolved to proceed without consulting her upon the occasion, and to take his chance for a reconciliation

ciliation when his marriage with Miss Newton was consummated.

Having thus adjusted matters in his own mind, he went immediately to Miss Newton, in high spirits, because sure of success, as she had, he fancied, encouraged him to believe that she had no pre-engagement upon her hands, that she would think herself *honoured* as well as *bappy* by an alliance with him.

She received him with her usual politeness, but disconcerted and chagrined him extremely by rejecting his generous overtures. He was disappointed, he was grieved; he had set his heart upon her for his wife, and he was totally unprepared for a repulse.

When he had recovered himself a little from the embarrassment into which her very genteel, but chilling refusal had thrown him, he said to her, "you have made me, madam, the unhappiest of men by your cruel answer. From your encouraging behaviour to me since I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I flattered myself that I was not disagreeable to you, and that you was not pre-engaged. I have unfortunately deceived myself; I have been mistaken, and will not offend you in the same way."

Having spoken the few last words with a dejected tone, he bowed respectfully, and retired towards the door.

“ Stay, Sir Richard,” said she, rising just as he was going out of the room, “ I cannot suffer you to leave me till I have given you the true reasons for my conduct, that you may not put any misconstruction upon it. I am under no engagement: I think myself honoured with your addresses, but I cannot listen to them, as I am well assured that Lady Owen will highly resent your marriage with me; such a degradation she will never forgive: I cannot think upon making a breach—a breach perhaps, never to be healed between her and you.

“ My mother, madam, is I confess, too much under the influence of *family pride*; but you are so necessary to my happiness, that her displeasure is nothing in competition with your consent.”

This reply did not produce an answer altogether agreeable to him; but he prevailed on her at last to gratify his ardent wishes, and to let him name the wedding-day.

The festivity of his wedding-day hindered Sir Richard from considering in what manner the news of his marriage, without her approbation, without her knowledge, indeed, would affect his mother. The next morning, when reflection succeeded to rapture, he began to wish that he had not acted with so much precipitation.

Not chusing, however, to make an abrupt appearance

pearance before her with his bride, he wrote a very dutiful and submissive letter.

Lady Owen, enraged at the pursual of her son's letter, tore it into a thousand pieces. Her answer was short and severe.

Sir Richard read it with the greatest concern. Having taken an affectionate leave of his bride, he hurried to his mother's house, without stopping at his own.

He begged to see her in the most earnest terms, but he received answers from her, which stabbed him to the soul.

Finding it impossible to procure an interview with his unrelenting mother, he returned to his castle, and was immediately put to bed. The anguish of his mind, added to the inflamed state of his body, occasioned by a very fatiguing journey, soon made the physicians, who attended him, despair of his life.

When Lady Owen heard that her son was really in a very dangerous condition, her heart was softened, all her maternal affection returned, and she resolved to go to pronounce her pardon with her own lips, though she was herself extremely ill; hoping that, as her resentment had been so deeply felt by him, her repentance might give a happy turn to his disorder, and promote his recovery.

With

With these laudable sensations, she set out to the castle, but she came too late. Sir Richard expired a few minutes before her arrival: his last words were, "cruel mother."

Lady Owen was inconceivably shocked upon the melancholy occasion. From the moment she was acquainted with her son's death she looked upon herself as the cause of it, and was in a short time interred in the same vault with him.



AN INSTANCE  
OF  
FRIENDSHIP.

AT the siege of Bridgenorth Castle, in the reign of Henry II. which was defended by Roger de Mortimer, the King exposed himself to so much danger, that he would have been slain, if a faithful vassal had not preferred his sovereign's life to his own. For, while he was busied in giving orders too near the wall, Hubert de St. Clare, constable or governor of Colchester Castle, who stood by his side, seeing an arrow aimed



aimed at Henry, by one of Mortimer's archers, stepped before him, and received it in his own breast.—The wound was mortal: he expired in the arms of his master, recommending his daughter (an only child and an infant) to the care of that Prince. It is hard to say which most deserves admiration; a subject who died to save his King, or a King whose personal virtues could render his safety so dear to a subject whom he had not obliged by any extraordinary favours. The daughter of Hubert was educated by Henry, with all the affection that he owed to the memory of her father; and, when she had attained to maturity, was honourably married to William de Longueville, a nobleman of great distinction, on condition of his taking the name of St. Clare, which the grateful Henry was desirous to perpetuate.

## REFLECTIONS UPON THE SPRING.

**H**OW delightful to a philosophic mind is the first dawning of the spring! when the orient sun diffuses but a partial lumination, and saffrons over the skies with a soft and indecisive haze: when the zephyr but gently breathes, as if afraid to disturb the tranquillity of nature: when the timid birds scarcely dare to innovate their song, as if awaiting a superior influence to warrant their unattempted minstrelsy! when the petals, shining with dew, or depressed by the pearly moisture of the shower, unfold, with coy reserve, their velvet cups, and, with modest blandishment, retire from the kiss of Zephyr; when every thing that feels, that moves, that lives, has different ideas of perception, and different organs of delight! I have always considered this delicious season of the year as the renovator, not only of the vegetable, but of the animal system. As the incipient sap diffuses itself from the stem through the branches, and the leaves, and through the most attenuated fibres of vegetation; so the blood, long frozen by the winter, and torpid from inaction, diluted by the sun, and awakened into fluidity, is felt to invigorate the heart, and to meander through the different receptacles of animation. No part of the human body, be the channels of communication ever so

A a

minute;

minute ; not a hair upon the head, however imperceptible may be the tube by which it is conveyed, 'but what is more or less visited by the impulsion of this matter, which formed of globules and some more diminutive than others, perform its regular revolutions, unless interrupted for a time by accidents or disease. For as persons in health are themselves the producers of this wonderful fluid, so the plant, from the peculiar conformation of its parts, prepares from the juices of a salubrious and fertile earth, and the benign influence of the surrounding atmosphere, the hidden sources of its future growth and maturity.

It is curious, it is amusing to trace the progress of a plant from the first budding of the root, until it attains a state of perfection ; to observe its exertions and its struggles, the enemies it has to encounter, the vicissitudes it has to undergo, and the injuries and diseases to which, like human creatures it is continually subject.

But having overcome all impediments, and pushed forward with strength and vigour, how gloriously at length doth it adorn our gardens and our fields ; with what lustral hues attach, with what painted beauty enchant the sight ; and what a variety of odours and a richness of perfume doth it not disperse to embalm the air.

Can

Can any object afford a more tranquil pleasure to the eye than the level plain when richly carpeted by grass, and bending under the visitations of the breeze, or its verdant breast arrayed by the transient gleamings of the sunshine? Can any thing be more delightful to him who contemplates and admires the wonders of creation, even in the most humble productions of the earth, than the swelling hill, parterred with flowers, their variegated cups enameled with dew, or their silken vestments declining beneath the shower, and every colour dipped in opal hues?

When the rain-bow throws her softened arch across the brook, illuminates the mossy shades, or paints the cottage with prismatic dyes?

At such a time, and under such impressions, the active colt, his ears erect, his mane uplifted by the air, and his ample tail wide flowing as he runs, is seen to bound across the pasture: the bellowing herds expatiate over the meads: the sportive lambskins alternately disdain and court their deluded dams: while the frolicksome kids hang pendent over the precipice; or leap in playful mood from rock to rock.

The vocal choristers, amidst the woods, the groves and the shrubs enlivened by the season, and

attentive to the calls of instinct and delight, with harmonious songs awaken the day, or with tune-ful orisons anticipate the night.

Not a branch is seen that is not made animate by their rivalry and sports; and, at this seductive period, with one consentaneous voice all nature breathes throughout her vallies and her glades, her deserts, and her plains, no other sounds but those of harmony and love.

And yet the spring returns not to some men without disquietude and fear: disquietude when they reflect upon the past, and fear when they are obliged to look forward to futurity.

It awakens likewise the remembrance of scenes that are lost, of pleasures that are gone by, and of friendships that are no more. It teaches them to measure their present comforts with those they have formerly enjoyed."

To contrast the ideas of happiness and peace with those of disappointment and privation; and of health, hilarity, and youth, with those importunate mementos of the grave—disease, debility, and age, with all the troubles and the cares so woefully attached to this tremendous scene; the melancholy close, and the last sad sigh of human existence.

Yet,

Yet, even to a melancholy mind, deprived of its enjoyments and its blessings here, and solitary amidst the mirth and the gaieties of wealth and dissipation, yet, even to a mind like this, there arises a conscientious rapture from the anticipation of a future state. Is a man, advanced in age, and trembling under infirmity and disease, obliged to lament the premature dissolution of an only son, the consolation of his hopes, and the support of his declining years ?

Where can he look for peace, but by following the departed object of his wishes beyond the confines of the earth, and in the well founded hope of a blessed hereafter ?

Has a husband been deprived of a wife, assiduous in sickness, affectionate and sympathetic, tender in disappointment and misfortune, and endowed with every grace of person, every accomplishment of mind, and every virtue of the heart ?

How can he fill up the insensible void of existence, after a loss thus irreparable, and thus afflictive !

Reverting to the blessings that are annihilated, he looks forward to eternity, supported only by that assuasive consolation which teaches him to  
hope

hope that they are to meet again in a state of fruition; and in that happy state to be united, and oh! ineffably prophetic! to be disjoined no more.

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T H E

*Contented Country Maid.*

**W**HAT happiness the rural maid attends,  
In chearful labour while each day she  
spends :

She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,  
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.  
She seldom feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,  
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;  
She rarely loses life in thoughtless ease,  
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease.  
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,  
And for no glaring equipage she sighs.  
Her reputation, which is all her boast,  
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost.  
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,  
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.  
If love and quiet in her bosom reign,  
And like enjoyment in her happy swain,  
No home-bred jars her quiet state controul,

Nor

Not watchful jealousy torments her soul.  
 With secret joys she sees her little race  
 Rest on her knee, and her small cottage grace :  
 The fleecy ball their busy figures cull,  
 Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool ;  
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,  
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

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## PRAISE TO GOD.

**O** THOU, supremely wise; supremely good?  
 Whose ways are like th' unfathomable  
 flood,

Grant me to celebrate thy glorious name,  
 'Till death dissolves this late preserved frame.  
 And when this earth shall hasten to decay,  
 When seas shall burn, and mountains melt away,  
 When suns and stars, in wild confusion hurl'd,  
 Now crush each other, now destroy a world ;  
 May I resume the sacred theme above,  
 For ever praise thee, and for ever love !

ON



ON  
GENIUS AND TASTE.

**A**LL arts having the same general end, which is to please, and addressing themselves to the same faculties through the medium of the senses, it follows that their rules and principles must have as great affinity as the different materials and the different organs or vehicles by which they pass to the mind, will permit them to retain.

We may therefore conclude, that the real substance, as it may be called, of what goes under the name of taste, is fixed and established in the nature of things; that there are certain and regular causes by which the imagination and passions of men are affected; and that the knowledge of these causes is acquired by a laborious and diligent investigation of nature, and by the same slow progress as wisdom or knowledge of every kind, however instantaneous its operations may appear when thus acquired.

It has been often observed, that the good and virtuous man alone can acquire this true or just relish even of works of art. This opinion will not appear entirely without foundation, when we consider that the same habit of mind which is acquired  
by

by our search after truth in the more serious duties of life, is only transferred to the pursuit of lighter amusements.

The same disposition, the same desire to find something steady, substantial and durable, on which the mind can lean, as it were, and rest with safety.

The subject only is changed. We pursue the same method in our search after the idea of beauty and perfection in each; of virtue, by looking forward beyond ourselves to society, and to the whole; of arts, by extending our views in the same manner to all ages and at all times.

Every art, like our own, has in its composition fluctuating as well as fixed principles. It is an attentive enquiry into their difference that will enable us to determine how far we are influenced by custom and habit, and what is fixed in the nature of things.

To distinguish how much has solid foundation, we may have recourse to the same proof by which some hold wit ought to be tried; whether it preserves itself when translated. That wit is false which can subsist only in one language; and that picture which pleases only one age or one nation, owes its reception to some local or accidental association of ideas.

We may apply this to every custom and habit

of life. Thus the general principles of urbanity, politeness, or civility, have been ever the same in all nations; but the mode in which they are dressed is continually varying. The general idea of shewing respect is by making yourself less; but the manner, whether by bowing the body, kneeling, prostration, pulling off the upper part of dress, or taking away the lower, is a matter of habit. It would be unjust to conclude that all ornaments, because they were at first arbitrarily contrived, are therefore undeserving of our attention; on the contrary, he who neglects the cultivation of those ornaments, acts contrarily to nature and reason. As life would be imperfect without its highest ornaments the arts, so these arts themselves would be imperfect without their ornaments.

Though we by no means ought to rank these with positive and substantial beauties, yet it must be allowed that a knowledge of both is essentially requisite towards forming a complete, whole perfect taste. It is in reality from the ornaments that arts receive their peculiar character and complexion; we may add, that in them we find characteristic marks of a national taste, as by throwing up a feather in the air, we know which way the wind blows, better than by a more heavy matter.

The striking distinction between the works of the Romans, Bolognian and Venetian schools, consists

consists more in that general effect which is produced by colours, than in the more profound excellencies of the art; at least it is from thence that each is distinguished and known at first sight. As it is the ornaments, rather than the proportions of architecture, which at first glance distinguish the different orders from each other; the Doric is known by its triglyphs, the Ionic by its volutes, and the Corinthian by its acanthus.

Taste in dress is certainly one of the lowest subjects to which this word is applied; yet there is a right even here, however narrow its foundation respecting the fashion of any particular nation. But we have still more slender means of determining, in regard to the different customs of different ages or countries, to which to give the preference, since they seem to be all equally removed from nature.

If an European, when he has cut off his beard, and put false hair on his head, or bound up his own natural hair in regular knots, as unlike nature as he can possibly make it; and having rendered them immoveable by the help of the fat of hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid on by a machine with the utmost regularity; if when thus attired he issues forth, and meets a Cherokee Indian, who has bestowed as much time at his toilet, and laid on with equal care and attention his yel-

low and red oker on particular parts of his forehead or cheeks, as he judges most becoming; whoever despises the other for this attention to the fashion of his country; which ever of these two first feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian.

All these fashions are very innocent, neither worth disquisition, nor any endeavour to alter them, as the change would, in all probability, be equally distant from nature. The only circumstances against which indignation may reasonably be moved, is where the operation is painful or destructive of health, such as is practised at Otaheite, and the straight-lacing of the English ladies; of the last of which, how destructive it must be to health and long life, the professor of anatomy took an opportunity of proving a few years since in his academy.

It is in dress as in things of greater consequence. Fashions originate from those only who have the high and powerful advantages of rank, birth, and fortune. As many of the ornament of art, those at least for which no reason can be given, are transmitted to us, are adopted, and acquire their consequence from the company in which we have been used to see them. As Greece and Rome are the fountains from whence have flowed all kinds of excellence, to that veneration which  
they

they have a right to claim for the pleasure and knowledge which they have afforded us, we voluntarily add our approbation of every ornament and every custom that belonged to them, even to the fashion of their dress. For it may be observed that, not satisfied with them in their own place, we make no difficulty of dressing statues of modern heroes or senators in the fashion of the Roman armour or peaceful robe: we go so far as hardly to bear a statue in any other drapery.

The figures of the great men of those nations have come down to us in sculpture. In sculpture remain almost all the excellent specimens of ancient art. We have so far associated personal dignity to the persons thus represented, and the truth of art to their manner of representation, that it is not in our power any longer to separate them. This is not so in painting; because having no excellent ancient portraits, that connection was never formed. Indeed we could no more venture to paint a general officer in a Roman military habit, than we could make a statue in the uniform. But since we have no ancient portraits, to shew how ready we are to adopt those kind of prejudices, we make the best authority among the moderns serve the same purpose. The great variety of excellent portraits with which Vandyke has enriched this nation, we are not content to admire for their  
real

real excellence, but extend our approbation even to the dress which happened to the fashion of that age. We all very well remember how common it was a few years ago for portraits to be drawn in this Gothic dress, and this custom is not yet entirely laid aside. By this means it must be acknowledged very ordinary pictures acquired something of the air and effect of the works of Vandyke, and appeared therefore at first sight to be better pictures than they really were; they appeared so however, to those only who had the means of making this association, for when made, it was irresistible. But this association is nature, and refers to that secondary truth that comes from conformity to general prejudice and opinion : it is therefore not merely fantastical. Besides the prejudice which we have in favour of ancient dresses, there may be likewise other reasons, amongst which we may justly rank the simplicity of them, consisting of little more than one single piece of drapery, without those whimsical capricious forms by which all other dresses are embarrassed.

Thus, though it is from the prejudice we have in favour of the ancients, who have taught us architecture, that we have adopted their ornaments; and though we are satisfied that neither nature nor reason are the foundation of those beauties which we imagine we see in that art, yet  
if

if any one persuaded of this truth should therefore invent new orders of equal beauty, which we will suppose to be possible, yet they would not please nor ought he to complain, since the old has that great advantage of having custom and prejudice on its side. In this case we leave what has every prejudice in its favour, to take that which will have no advantage over what we have left, but novelty, which soon destroys itself, and at any rate is but a weak antagonist against custom.

These ornaments having the right of possession, ought not to be removed, but to make room for not only what has higher pretensions, but such pretensions as will balance the evil and confusion which innovation always brings with it.

To this we may add, even the durability of the materials will often contribute to give a superiority to one subject over another. Ornaments in buildings, with which taste is principally concerned, are composed of materials which last longer than those of which dress is composed; it therefore makes higher pretensions to our favour and prejudice.

Some attention is surely required to what we can no more get rid of than we can go out of ourselves. We are creatures of prejudice; we neither can or ought to eradicate it; we must only regulate it by reason, which regulation by reason, is indeed little more than obliging the lesser, the  
local



local and temporary prejudices, to give way to those which are more durable and lasting.

He therefore who in his practice of portraiture painting wishes to dignify his subject, which we will suppose to be a lady, will not paint her in the modern dress, the familiarity of which alone is sufficient to destroy all dignity. He takes care that his work shall correspond to those ideas and that imagination which he knows will regulate the judgment of others; and therefore dresses his figure something with the general air of the antique, for the sake of dignity, and preserves something of the modern for the sake of likeness. In this conduct his works correspond with those prejudices which we have in favour of what we continually see; and the relish of the antique simplicity corresponds with what we may call the most learned and scientific prejudice.

There was a statue made not long since of Voltaire, which the sculptor, not having that respect for the prejudices of mankind which he ought to have, has made entirely naked, and as meagre and emaciated as the original is said to be. The consequence is what might be expected; it has remained in the sculptor's shop, though it was intended as a public ornament and a public honour to Voltaire, as it was procured at the expence of his contemporary wits and admirers.

Whoever

Whoever would reform a nation, supposing a bad taste to prevail in it, will not accomplish his purpose by going directly against the stream of their prejudices. Men's minds must be prepared to receive what is new to them. Reformation is a work of time. A national taste, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once; we must yield a little to the prepossession which has taken hold on the mind, and, we may then bring people to adopt what would offend them, if endeavoured to be introduced by storm. When Battisto Franco was employed, in conjunction with Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret, to adorn the library of St. Mark, his work, Vasari says, gave less satisfaction than any of the others: the dry manner of the Roman school was very ill calculated to please eyes that had been accustomed to the luxuriancy, splendor, and richness of Venetian colouring. Had the Romans been the judges of this work, probably the determination would have been just contrary; for in the more noble parts of the art, Battisto Franco was perhaps not inferior to any of his rivals.

A LITTLE ODE TO A LITTLE MAID

ON

*Her first going out after her Birth.*

**L**ITTLE zephyrs, loves, and graces,  
Bid each chilling wind be laid,  
Shelter'd in your warm embraces,  
See where comes my little maid.  
With your guardian wings protect her,  
Every motion hover o'er;  
Thro' her little path direct her,  
She ne'er ventur'd out before.  
Forth she comes, a new born creature,  
How her little blue eyes range!  
Wonder sits on every feature,  
All around is gay and strange.  
Could'st thou, little maid, but paint me,  
What thy little fancy warms,  
Or thy little tongue acquaint me  
'Midst this glitter what most charms.  
To a stranger all's inviting,  
All a morning beauty wears;  
Be the world, as now, delighting,  
Taste its joys, but not its cares!  
Pity, gentlest child of Heav'n,  
Little maid will thee attend;  
Innocence is also given  
As thy guardian, as thy friend.

Sh

**S**he shall wake thy heart to pleasures,  
Such as virtue can disclose;  
**G**ive thee love and friendship's treasures,  
Strew thy path with many a rose.  
**A**s in years, in wisdom growing,  
Never from her side depart;  
**T**hro' thy future life still shewing  
She had form'd thy youthful heart.  
**L**et the false world ne'er confound thee,  
From its vices turn thine ear;  
**S**hun the bad examples round thee  
Give them but a sigh!—a tear!  
**T**hus self-guarded, thus defended,  
Thy experience shall confess,  
**S**pite of what's by fools pretended,  
Virtue is true happiness!  
Such a blameless tract pursuing,  
Thy perfection's sense shall tell;  
**O**ft this little ode reviewing,  
Little maid, I wish thee well.

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*The Phrensy of Love ; or the Story of  
Roderigo and Maria.*

**R**ODERIGO was the son of a rich merchant  
of Bristol; he was brought up to the mer-  
cantile business, and at a proper period admitted

a partner with his father. In this situation he became acquainted with Maria, a young lady who lived in the neighbourhood. She was the daughter of a captain, who had commanded a ship that traded from Bristol to Africa; but being unfortunately taken by a French frigate at the beginning of the American war, he lost the greatest part of his fortune which was on board, and which was destined for a dower to his beloved Maria. She bore the information of this misfortune with uncommon fortitude; but was greatly affected with the fate of her father, who was confined in a prison at Bourdeaux, and who had scarce the common necessaries of life allowed him to subsist on.

It was at this critical period that Roderigo and Maria had pledged their hands to each other.—Their hearts were already united.

His father had given his consent to the match, and nothing was wanting but the captain's return to make them completely happy. Alas! the fatal intelligence of his being captured, and the known consequences of his cruel fate, dispersed a general gloom over the intended fond pair. Roderigo's father no sooner learned that Maria was divested of her portion, than he interdicted any further correspondence between her and his son. His mandates were, however, ineffectual, and they had frequent interviews in private; but the treachery  
of

of a servant maid, for the sake of a bribe, revealed the secret to the old man, who was at the same time informed that they were upon the point of an elopement to Scotland, on a matrimonial plan.

Gripos no sooner learned their design, than he resolved, at all events to prevent it. As gold was the lust of his soul, he had no passion, no sensation, but what centered in it, and inhumanly resolved to sacrifice his son's felicity to avarice. He accordingly got Roderigo pressed, and sent on board a King's ship, thinking, that in the course of a voyage he would forget, or surmount his fond, foolish passion for Maria. But the case was very different—Her mental attractions, as well as her personal charms, were so irresistible, that they had fixed an indelible impression of beauty, sense, and taste upon the unfortunate Roderigo.

To express the excruciating tortures of Maria's mind upon this occasion would be impossible.—If ever, reader, thou hast felt the most tender passion, with all the sensations of the most perfect mutual love, then mayest thou frame some faint idea of her delicate, her racking situation! but if thus exposed to the wheel of despair with the most refined sensibility—what must have been the dreadful shock at hearing of her Roderigo's death—his being killed in an engagement! Nature shudders at the thought, and compels us to drop the pen in com-  
passion

passion to the reader ! Even the obdurate breast of Gripus was not quite callous at this event ; and as some small atonement for his crimes, caused a sumptuous mausoleum to be erected to his son's memory.

As to the miserable Maria, she was ere now, deprived of her senses.—Reason was unequal to the task of supporting such varied calamities ; and Gripus, conscious of his guilt, became frantic, and in a paroxysm of pungent remorse, put a period to that existence, which had been a tissue of avarice and barbarity.

Maria was now confined in a private mad-house—where she remained for some time : but, at length, finding an opportunity in one of her lucid intervals to make her escape, she repaired to the tomb of her beloved Rodérigo, and gave a full scope to her melancholy.

We would willingly at this period, close the scene, but our readers will expect the sequel of this pitious tale !

At this very juncture Maria's father returned to England, being exchanged by the cartel, and had scarce landed, before he learned that a distant relation had died, and left him a very ample fortune. With these joyful tidings for his dear girl, he set off for Bristol ; but upon the road was made acquainted with the fatal story we have just related.

His

His former misfortunes were nothing to his sufferings upon this occasion.

After making the strictest enquiry for Maria, he at length traced her to the tomb, where she was just expiring thro' famine, having received no kind of nutriment for several days. He clasped her in his arms, when she had just sense enough remaining to know her father, and expired.

We will not attempt to depict the sorrow and anguish of the good old man, suffice it to say, they were too powerful for the human frame to support, and that he paid the great debt of nature soon after, occasioned by grief and a broken heart.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES V. EMPEROR of GERMANY.

CHARLES V. Emperor of Germany, being eager in the pursuit of a stag, lost his company, and killed the stag two miles from Madrid, when, an old country fellow happening to come by with an ass and a load of wood, he offered to give him more than the wood was worth, if he would carry the stag to Madrid, to which the countryman merrily answered, "By the Lord, friend, I believe



lieve you are a fool: you see the stag is heavier than the ass and wood together, and yet you would have the poor ass to carry him: it were better than you, who are a lusty fellow, should carry them both." The Emperor was pleased with the reply and whilst he waited for his company, fell into discourse with the old man, asking him, How many Kings he had known? the peasant replied, I have lived under five kings; John, his son Henry, King Ferdinand, King Phillip, and this Charles.— "Which of them, father," says the Emperor "was the best, and which the worst?"—"There is no doubt to be made," replied the old man, "but Ferdinand was the best; and who the worst, I shan't say: but he we have now is bad enough; always rambling to Italy, Germany, and Flanders, carrying all the money out of Spain, and though his revenues are great enough to conquer the world, yet he is always laying on new taxes, so that we poor countrymen are quite beggared." The Emperor, finding the fellow was in earnest, began to plead his own cause the best he could, without discovering himself, till his company came up: when the countryman, seeing the respect they showed him, said, 'It were pleasant if it should prove to be the King; but, had I known it, I would have said much more.' The Emperor was so far from

from being displeased with the discourse, that he gave the old man a sum of money, and settled a portion on his daughter.

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### INSTANCE OF FLATTERY.

**P**PRUSIAS, King of Bythynia, being come to Rome to make the senate and Roman people his compliments of congratulation upon the good success of the war against Perſius, diſhonoured the royal dignity by abject flattery. At his reception by the deputies appointed by the ſenate for that purpose, he appeared with his head ſhaved, and with the cap, habit, ſhoes and ſtockings of a ſlave made free; and, ſaluting the deputies, “ You ſee” ſaid he, “ one of your freed men ready to fulfil whatever you ſhall chooſe to command, and to conform entirely to all your cuſtoms.” When he entered the ſenate he ſtopped at the door, facing the ſenators, who ſat, and proſtrating himſelf, kiſſed the threshold: Afterwards, addreſſing himſelf to the aſſembly, “ I ſalute you, gods, preſervers,” cried he; and went on with a diſcourſe ſuitable to that prelude. Polybius ſays that he was aſhamed to repeat it, and well he might; for that baſe deportment, at leaſt, diſhonoured the ſenate as much, who ſuffered, as the prince who acted it.

## ANECDOTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY circumstance relative to a distinguished character ought to be preserved. That Shakespeare was of an amorous constitution, has been repeatedly told us; but as to his particular connections with the fair, we are almost wholly in the dark. The following adventure is authentic, and, we believe new to the world : one evening, when the tragedy of Richard III. was to be acted, the Poet observed a smart damsel trip behind the scenes, and silyly whisper to Burbidge (a favorite Player, and an intimate of Shakespeare, who was to perform the part of Richard) that her master had gone out of town in the morning: that her mistress would be glad of his company after the play, and that she begged to know what signal he would use? "Three taps on the door, my dear, and *'Tis I Richard the Third,*" was the answer of Burbidge. The girl decamped: and Shakespeare, whose curiosity was sufficiently excited, followed her steps till he saw her enter a house in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the mansion was a wealthy merchant, but superannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife. At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the Poet having given the appointed signal, &c. obtained instant

instant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the lady when she found herself in the arms of a stranger. He flattered and vowed; she frowned and stormed: but it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shakespeare. In a word the Bard supplanted the Player: he had even attained the summit of bliss, before the representative of Richard appeared. No sooner had he given the appointed taps, than Shakespeare, putting out his head from the window, demanded his business: "Tis I, Richard the Third," replied the impatient Burbidge. "Richard!" rejoined the other: "Kneave be gone! Know that William the Conqueror reigned before Richard the Third."

T H E

*Triumph and Punishment of Deceit.*

A MORAL TALE.

**N**EITHER man nor angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, thro' heav'n and earth:  
 And oft tho' wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdom's gate, while goodness thinks no ill,  
 Where no ill seems.

D d 2

It

It is much to be lamented that we cannot go through the world, without being continually on our guard against those whose life is a life of dissimulation; who plume themselves upon their superior cunning, when they ought to be reprobated for their execrable address in deceiving mankind by the duplicity of their conduct.

The following tale is founded upon a Roman anecdote; but the readers of it are desired to observe, that the hero of it lived at a time when hypocrisy was as fashionable as it can possibly be in the present age; when the majority of his countrymen had been polished out of their virtues by their conquests, and when the republic was enfeebled by a general corruption, hastening to its dissolution.

Corvinus was of a good family, but as his parents had impoverished themselves by some of the most amiable qualifications, which prompted them to believe that their friends and their acquaintances were all as virtuous as themselves, they could not bestow a great deal upon his education. However, as he was of an ambitious turn, he acquired, by a close inspection into men and things, and indefatigable attention to the knowledge of the world, a number of accomplishments, which proved highly serviceable to him, and stimulated him to numerous undertakings, which he never would  
have

have thought of, had he not been filled with "high conceits engendering pride.

Corvinus having strongly recommended himself to Cicero by his abilities for the Forum and the field, was in that great orator's train, when he set out upon his Asian expedition, in a military character; accompanied him to Ephesus, and arrived with him at Laodicea; but there, on Cicero's giving him a post as commander in chief, which was by no means equal to his expectations, he threw up his commission; determining, to seek his fortune in another shape. Accordingly, from the accounts communicated to him by some Galatian noblemen, and from pressing invitations, he repaired to the court of Deiotarus. By him he was graciously received as a Roman, and as a young man who, with a very promising appearance, was also powerfully recommended to his notice.

Corvinus being a man extremely shrewd and insinuating, made himself caressed by both sexes. Equally fitted by nature and art, for the camps of Mars and Venus, he met with a flattering reception in the politest circles in Galatia, and had some arrangements upon his hands, which a Frenchman of the first fashion would have boasted with no small self-satisfaction. Corvinus, however, was not satisfied with the shadowy parts of gallantry; he wished, by a capital stroke among the women of fortune,

fortune, with whom he mixed, to bring him upon a footing with those to whom he was forced to make submissions (not entirely to his taste, as he had a strong relish for independence) for the figure he deemed necessary to support, in order to smooth his way to a situation which would exempt him from any compliance with the humour of another when it was not agreeable to his own; but as he derived considerable advantages from his accommodations, he, like a penetrating politician, resolved not to throw away the net of policy, till the fish, for which he spread it, were secured.

Among the Galatian noblemen to whom Corvinus rendered himself a pleasing companion, by entering into all their parties with the versatility and happy ease of an Aristippus (ready like him to fall in with the humours of the different characters with whom he associated, and like him possessed of those soft parts of conversation particularly calculated to make an impression upon the fair sex) was Marcus Agathus, a senator of distinguished talents, and distinguished worth. To him he attached himself with redoubled assiduity, and studied him like a classic.

Agathus was a man in the highest degree amiable and respectable; he had done eminent services to his country with his tongue and his sword, by the display of his eloquence at home, by the exertion  
of

of his courage abroad. It is impossible to meet with an immaculate human being; but few men had fewer spots than Agathus: failings he certainly had; yet they were venial ones, as they did not appear to result from a corrupted heart, but from the natural impetuosity of his temper at some times, and from the natural credulity of his disposition at others. Happily for him he had large possessions, or the expences into which he was frequently hurried, by pursuits not to be indulged at a cheap rate, would have reduced him to an indigent state.

Of all the men in Galatia, Agathus was the fittest for Corvinus's purpose. Credulous to an excess, and generous to an extreme, he was ever disposed to believe the tale which his favourite fabricated, to raise the necessary supplies for his pocket; and while his ears were open to his artful narrations, his purse was never closed against his concluding demands.

Agathus had so high an opinion, indeed, of Corvinus's fidelity, that he treated him not only as a desirable companion, but as a confidential friend, and gave him a clue to the inmost recesses of his heart. It was in consequence of this confidence that he made a discovery of the passion which he felt for a beautiful Roman lady, which was the more painful to him, as he had no hopes



of arriving at the gratification of his desires, from her being a married woman.

Agathus having a few years before the arrival of Corvinus in Galatia, made a tour to Rome, in order to be present at a very grand military exhibition, met with uncommon civilities from several eminent persons, and among the rest, he was entertained in the most hospitable manner by Lucius Lupinus, lately married to one of the handsomest women in Italy, according to the general voice. In the house of this hospitable Roman Agathus resided soon after his appearance in the capital, at his particular request; and by the winning deportment of Antonia, which considerably increased the power of her personal charms, his residence in it was doubly delightful. Transports were his pleasures upon the occasion, but they were interrupted by piercing disquietudes; the disquietudes originating from hopeless love.

Antonia, while she appeared in the eyes of Agathus as an object not to be looked at without the strongest sensations of the amorous kind, appeared also in those eyes an object truly deserving of pity. Inexpressibly alluring from her youth and from her beauty, shining at once a Venus and a Hebe, she had been compelled, by an avaritious and ambitious father, to unite herself to Lupinus in the bands of Hymen. Without murmuring at the situation, she  
ver

verity of her lot, she obeyed her father's cruel mandate, and when she had obeyed it, made it a point not to violate her connubial vows. Yoked with a man for whom she could not feel (setting aside the disproportion between their ages) the affection of a wife, she was resolved, however, to discharge her conjugal duties with an exemplary exactness; and she was, indeed, in her domestic character entitled to the most exalted panegyrics.

Such was the woman whose beauty charmed the eye of Agathus, and whose amiable behaviour won his heart. He looked, and he loved; he reflected, and he despaired. To make her his own in an honourable way was not in his power; to endeavour to gain possession of her charms by any base proceedings he nobly scorned. Antonia plainly perceived the disturbance which the sight of her continually occasioned in his mind, and from one step of commission to another, gradually became touched with tender emotions. The moment she felt such emotions stirring in her bosom, she was alarmed; and though she harboured not the slightest idea of conjugal infidelity, she almost shuddered at the thoughts of being drawn into a criminal situation, in consequence of her feeling in favour of the man who was too attractive for her peace.

In this perplexing state Antonia acted with a discretion in the highest degree commendable. She requested of her husband to remove from the city to one of his most distant country habitations; and in order to conceal the real cause of her request from him, pleaded a disorder for which a long journey had always, she said, proved salutary. This movement of her's was the best that she could have pitched upon in her apprehensive state, as she had great occasion to believe that the business in which Agathus was engaged at Rome, was of a nature not to permit him to follow her.

It is not easy to describe the uneasiness which Agathus felt when he heard of Lupinus's intended departure from Rome; however, in an interview with Antonia, a few days before her leaving the capital, he had the happiness of being assured that his passion was returned, and that nothing but her union with another man prevented the completion of his wishes: he was additionally satisfied with that interview, having gained her promise to be his, as soon as she was her own mistress, and could act agreeably to her inclination.

Agathus, in a short time after Antonia's removal from him, having finished the business which had brought him to Rome, returned to his own country, not without some reluctance, as he could not carry the only woman in the world whom he loved  
with

with him; yet not without a sweet consolation springing from her last assurances, as much in his favour as he could have possibly expected, assurances for which she afterwards blamed herself, imagining that she had gone farther than a Roman wife should have gone; but the consciousness of having done nothing to bring a stain upon her character, soon reconciled her to her conduct with respect to her Galatian lover.

Corvinus, having one day, made a visit to some of his countrymen just arrived from Rome, was informed by them of the death of Lupinus; he was also informed by them that Antonia was supposed to be one of the richest widows within the Roman dominions.

Struck with this intelligence, he immediately thought of making an attempt to get both Antonia and her fortune into his power, and by a manœuvre, for the conception of which he ranked himself among the most acute politicians of the age. He conceived a design, indeed, to build his fortune upon the foundation of ingratitude. With all the marks of the sincerest joy he hurried away to communicate the news which he had heard to his noble benefactor, and gave him no small pleasure by his disclosures. Agathus only sighed to think that his then situation would not suffer him to perform a journey in person to the idol of his heart, and

he expressed his feelings upon the occasion in very forcible terms. The language which he adopted was sufficiently plaintive and energetic; but Corvinus was quick prepared for it, and therefore replied; "If you cannot pay a visit to Antonia in person, you may write to her, and I will gladly be your messenger. Bound to my benefactor by the strongest ties of gratitude, with what joy shall I execute any commission which may prove instrumental to your arriving at the felicity you have so long, and with so much anxiety wished to obtain.

Thoroughly pleased with this offer, Agathus immediately replied, "I will write, Corvinus, and you shall be my messenger; to *your* hands I can safely trust the secret of my heart; of *your* fidelity I have no doubt; only remember, while you are absent from me, that I shall be upon the rack of impatience till I hear of the reception you meet with from Antonia; till I hear whether she preserves those sentiments in my favour which she entertained when I took my last farewell."

With these words and without waiting for a reply, Agathus retired to his library, and there, now flushed with hope, now drooping with despondence, he finished an epistle which Ovid himself would not have blushed to own. "Take this," said Agathus, when he delivered his tender epistle  
to

confidential companion, and may the perusal  
her for whom alone I live, produce an  
sufficient to convince me that she has not  
n the assurances which she made when her  
forced her into new scenes: forced her from  
ones which she was fittest to adorn.—But  
I thus detain you?—Fly Corvinus—and  
nus, may Juno be propitious.”

were Agathus’s final expressions, and Cor-  
reathing the most fervent supplications for  
(but not the success which Agathus prayed  
out upon his journey to Rome.

on as he found himself out of the reach of  
on’s observations, Corvinus opened the  
es committed to his care. When he had  
m, and sufficiently digested them, he de-  
d to substitute others in their stead; and  
accurate imitation of Agathus’s hand (of  
he was very capable) to destroy all his in-  
ith Antonia, should she be still attached to

n he had finished the necessary alterations.  
s left the capital of Galatia, in order to  
capital of Italy; but before he had reached  
town, he was overtaken by a servant from  
, with an intreaty to return instantly, as  
d to add a postscript to his letter.

inus was at first, in spite of all his presence  
of

of mind, somewhat disconcerted by this intreaty; but being a perfect master of dissimulation, and having the original, of which he had taken a very close copy, to produce, he returned to his benefactor with as much alacrity as he departed from him. Agathus having made the desired additions, re-delivered his letter to Corvinus, who received it with an additional satisfaction, as he had no doubts of his gaining Antonia's affections if she depended upon the contents of the epistle which he had framed, with the name of Agathus artfully forged, for her perusal.

When Antonia read the letter which Corvinus presented to her, telling her that he brought it from Agathus, the sincerest of her admirers, the faithfullest of lovers and the best of men, she changed colour, and seemed altogether astonished. Unwilling to believe what she had read, and wishing to find herself mistaken, she gave her letter a second perusal.—She then sighed—and could not help refraining from tears. “Too credulous Agathus, said she, when she could find words to express her feelings: too hasty Agathus, added she, could you not have staid till you had, by an application to myself, been assured of the falshood or the truth of your intelligence. By your precipitation in supposing me faithless, you have deprived me of a felicity which I have, ever since

de of Lupinus, hoped to enjoy; but as are now to no purpose, I must submit to disappointment; and will (though I blame my impatience) impute it rather to an excess of hurry, than to a preconcerted design to give it to another, which you had fondly and promised to keep for me—for me alone." These effusions which her supposed letter thus produced, Antonia met with no interference from Corvinus; but he had observed particular attention while she delivered it, and as soon as she paused, began to make inquiries for the conduct of her first lover, yet in a discreet manner, that they served to forward his ambitious designs. Antonia now, having her mind turned entirely into a new channel, by the elegant carriage and insinuating elocution of Agathus, began to look upon him with very favourable eyes, presenting a little casket to him, contained, she said, a jewel of no common value, and desired him, on his return to Galatia, to deliver it to Agathus that she forgave his behaviour though she never should forget it. Agathus, in reply, told her, after having made grateful acknowledgments, uttered in the most elegant language, for her valuable donation, that he was now, not only determined to remain in that country, but to fix his residence near her,



her, that he might frequently have it in his power to behold beauties superior to any he had yet seen in any of her sex.

With what Corvinus had before said to her, Antonia was not a little pleased; but this last address flattered her quite out of all the partiality she had felt in favour of Agathus.

Corvinus transported at the impression which he had made upon her, very respectfully retired without saying another word, thinking, indeed, from what he had observed in her countenance that he should find her, the next day, still more alienated from Agathus, or still more inclined to give him the vacant place in her heart.

Antonia having spent the remainder of the day in ruminating upon all that Corvinus had said to her, upon his personal advantages, and upon winning address, felt her bosom strongly beating in his behalf. In this situation she wished for the next morning with anxiety which she could not conceal from her attendants, who, in consequence of her disclosures, on Corvinus's account, acted the part of Dido's sister, and fanned the flame which he had kindled in her breast.

Antonia may, perhaps, be accused by some female readers of this tale, of fickleness; but her first favourite made his appearance to claim the promise which he had drawn from her, it is

highly probable that all her former affection would have returned. Situated as she was, with the forged letter before her, was it not natural for her to cast a favourable eye on a man whom no woman ever beheld with indifference?

Corvinus, impatient to renew his attacks, made an early visit to Antonia the next morning. With a striking alteration in his dress, his appearance facilitated the execution of his spirited designs. The encouragements which he met with were in the highest degree animating, and he availed himself of all his powers to complete the conquest he had meditated: and it was soon complete, for he, in a short time afterwards, made himself master of Antonia and of her large possessions.

By a series of deceitful proceedings, Corvinus triumphed over as amiable a pair as ever lived; but he was severely punished for them after a short enjoyment of his prosperity; by keeping the best company in Rome, he was forced into a train of expences injurious to his fortune, large as it was, and into many situations which proved detrimental to his constitution.

While he was in this state, in which he sincerely repented of the duplicity of his conduct, with regard to Agathus, and with equal sincerity wished he had never married Antonia, the very man whom he had so deeply injured made his appear-

ance at Rome. No sooner did Corvinus hear of the arrival of Agathus, than he found himself so intimidated, and so unable to stand the dreaded explanation, that he saved himself from a mortifying interview with him by falling upon his sword-

Antonia was at first extremely shocked at the manner of Corvinus's death, but she could not when she reflected upon the change in his behaviour to her, after his marriage, shed a tear for his removal. When Agathus appeared, and produced his discoveries, she considered herself as happily released from a man who was a disgrace to his species, and with him (when decency justified her third entrance into the nuptial state) the best of husbands, became the happiest of wives.

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*Anecdote of Mrs. W——.*

MRS. W. (mother of the celebrated Billington) being one day rather indisposed from a cold, her husband coming into the parlour where she was practising a new air for Vauxhall, observing a *bottle of physic* upon the table, untouched, which she said she had taken, flung it at her head with great fury. A gentleman in the  
neigh-

neighbourhood was mentioning the cruelty of the circumstance some short time afterwards to a friend : who very drily observed, " He could not see any great impropriety in the affair : Mrs. W. was singing, you say, and Mr. W. only accompanied with the *bass viol*.

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## ANECDOTE

O F

### SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

**I**T was generally supposed, on the accession of the late King, that Sir Robert Walpole would have been turned out of his employment with disgrace, as it was well known that both the Prince and Princess had retained strong sentiments against him, on account of some parts of his behaviour towards them, during the rupture between the two Courts. Accordingly, on the death of the old King, some immediate proofs were given, that such was the intention. Sir Robert was himself the bearer of the tidings, and, arriving in the night, when the Prince was a-bed, sent to desire an audience upon business of the utmost consequence which would admit of no delay. The Prince re-

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fused

refused to see him, and ordered him to send in his business; upon which he gave an account of the death of the late King, and said he waited there to receive his Majesty's commands. The King still persisted in refusing to see him, and bade him send Sir Spencer Compton to him immediately. Sir Robert now plainly saw his downfall had been predetermined, and hastened to Sir Spencer with humblest tenders of his service, begging his protection, and earnestly entreated that he would screen him from farther persecution. When this story had got abroad, the habitation of the last Minister became desolate, and the whole tribe of Courtiers, as usual, crowded to the levee of the new favourite. Yet, in no long space of time afterwards, to the astonishment of the whole world, Sir Robert was reinstated in his post, and appeared in as high favour as ever. Various were the conjectures of the people upon the means employed by him to supplant his competitor, and reinstate himself in full possession of his power; while the true cause of this surprising change remained a secret, and was known only to a very few; nor has it yet been publickly divulged to the world.

*EXAMPLE of FRIENDSHIP.*

**W**HEN Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended pre-emptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself as security for his friend, which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and therefore when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the tyrant delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise to keep in awe and impose upon the weak. "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice

voice and noble aspect, " I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord : I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together : oppose him, ye winds, prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive till by my death I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value than my own ; more inestimable to his lovely wife ; to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon."

Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered : he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth ; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there ; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came, he vaulted lightly on the scaffold,

scaffold, and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators: " My prayers are heard," he cried, " the gods are propitious; you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I shall go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is impeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods; but I haste to prevent his speed: executioner, to your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buz began to rise among the remotest of the people; a distant voice was heard, the crowds caught the words, and stop, stop the executioner, was repeated by the whole assembly: a man came at full speed, the throng gave way to his approach: he was mounted on a steed of foam: in an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You  
are



are safe," he cried, "you are safe my friend; my beloved friend, the gods be praised, you are safe. I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own."

Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents—  
 "Fatal haste—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius beheld, heard, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept, and leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried, "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned: and, O! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

ANECDOTE

OF

FRANCIS, DUKE OF BRITANNY.

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**F** FRANCIS, Duke of Brittany, one of the most accomplished and valiant persons of the age in which he lived, the age of romantic gallantry, used to say, "That he liked the Princess of Scotland, (to whom he was a suitor) the better for being quite illiterate, as a woman was wise enough who knew her husband's shirt from his doublet."

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ANECDOTE

RELATING TO THE

EARL OF ESSEX.

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**I**N the year 1598, in a council held for appointing a proper person for the administration of Ireland, Queen Elizabeth was of opinion, that no one could be so proper to fill that post, as Sir William Knollys, the Earl of Essex's uncle; his Lordship, on the other hand, as strongly recommended

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mended Sir George Carew, with a view of removing him from the court; but finding that his recommendation had no effect upon her Majesty, he turned his back upon her in such a rude and contemptuous manner, as exasperated her to such a high degree, that she gave him a box on the ear, and bid him *go and be hanged*. Upon this, the Earl put his hand to his sword; and, when the Lord-Admiral interposed, *swore*, "That he neither *could* nor *would* bear such an indignity; nor *would have taken it even from HENRY VIII.*"—and so left the court. The Lord-keeper Egerton wrote him a letter upon this occasion, which, with the Earl's answer, are subjoined, from the most correct copies that are to be met with:—

*The Lord-Keeper's letter, October 15th, 1598,  
is as follows:*

" MY VERY GOOD LORD,

" It is often seen, that he that is a stander-by,  
" seeth more than he that playeth the game; and  
" for the most part, any man, in his own cause,  
" standeth in his own light and seeth not so clearly  
" as he should. Your Lordship hath dealt in  
" other men's causes, and in great and weighty  
" affairs, with great wisdom and judgment. Now  
" your own is in hand, you are not to contemn  
" and refuse the advice of any that love you, how  
" simple soever. In this order I rank myself,  
" among

ing others that love you with more simple,  
none that love you with more true and  
fit affection; which shall plead my excuse,  
you should either mistake or misconstrue my  
words or meaning: Yet, in your Lordship's  
invaluable wisdom, I neither doubt nor suspect  
me nor the other. I will not presume to  
offend you, but shoot my bolt as near the mark  
as I can, and tell you what I think.

The beginning and long continuance of this  
unreasonable discontentment you have seen  
proved, by which you may aim at the end.  
You hold still your course, which hitherto you  
follow worse and worse, (and the longer you tread  
that path, the farther you are still out of the way)  
there is little hope, or likelihood, that the end  
will be better than the beginning.

You are not so far gone, but you may return.  
Your return is safe, but the progress dangerous  
and desperate, in the course you hold. If you  
have any enemies, you do that for them which  
they could never do for themselves; whilst you  
open your friends to open shame and contempt,  
you ruin yourself, overthrow your fortunes, and  
lose your honour and reputation, giving that  
advantage to our foreign foes, as greater they  
now have.

For what can be more welcome and pleasing  
to them, than to hear, that her Majesty,

“ and the realm are maimed of so worthy a member, who hath so often and so valiantly *quailed* and daunted them? You forsake your country, when it hath most need of your help and counsel; and lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty, which you owe to your most gracious sovereign; a duty not imposed upon you by nature and policy only, but by the religious and sacred bond in which the Divine Majesty of God hath, by the rule of Christianity, obliged and bound you.

“ For the four first, your constant resolution may perhaps move you to esteem them as light; but being well weighed, they are not lightly to be regarded; and for the two last, it may be, your private conscience may strive to content yourself; but it is enough. These duties stand not alone in contemplation and inward meditation; their effects are external, and cannot be performed but by external actions; and where that faileth, the substance itself faileth.

“ Now, this being your present state and condition, what is the best to be done herein? And what is the best remedy for the same? My good lord, I want wisdom, and lack judgment, to advise you: but I will never want an honest and true heart to will and wish you well; nor, being warranted by a good conscience, forbear to speak what I think. I have begun plainly—  
“ I hope

" I hope your Lordship will not be offended, if I  
 " proceed still after the same fashion. *Bene cedit,*  
 " *qui temporis cedit.* And Seneca saith, *Lex si no-*  
 " *centem punit, cedendum est justitiæ; si innocentem,*  
 " *cedendum est fortune.* The best remedy is not to  
 " contend and strive, but humbly to submit.  
 " Have you given cause, and yet take scandal to  
 " yourself? Why, then, all you can do, is too little  
 " to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given  
 " to you? Yet policy, duty, and religion, inforce  
 " you to sue, yield, and submit to your sovereign;  
 " between whom and you there can be no propor-  
 " tion of duty. And God himself requireth it,  
 " as a principal bond of service to himself. When  
 " it is evident, that great good may ensue of it to  
 " your friends, your country, and sovereign, and  
 " extreme harm by the contrary, there can be no  
 " dishonour or hurt to yield; but in not doing it,  
 " is dishonour and impiety.

" The difficulty, my good Lord, is to conquer  
 " yourself; which is the height of all true valour  
 " and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable  
 " actions have tended. Do it in this, and God  
 " will be pleased, her Majesty well satisfied, your  
 " country will take good, and your friends com-  
 " fort by it: yourself (I mention you last, for I  
 " know of all these you esteem yourself least) shall  
 " receive honour, and your enemies (if you have  
 " any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet  
 " hope.

" Thus

“ Thus have I uttered what I think, simply  
 “ and true, and leave you to determine. If I  
 “ have erred, it is *error amoris*, and not *amor erroris*.  
 “ Construe, I beseech you, and accept it, as I  
 “ mean it, not as an advice, but as an opinion to  
 “ be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I  
 “ might have conveniently conferred with you  
 “ myself in person, I would not have troubled you  
 “ with so many idle blots. Yet whatsoever you  
 “ shall judge of this mine opinion, be you well  
 “ assured, my desire is to further all good means  
 “ that may tend to your good. And so, wishing  
 “ you all honourable happiness, I rest,

“ Your Lordship’s most ready and faithful,

“ (altho’ of many most unable)

“ Poor friend,

“ THOs. EGERTON, C.S.”

The Earl’s spirited answer, which is a masterpiece in style, considering the age in which it was written, (dated October 18th, 1598) was in the following words:—

‘ MY VERY GOOD LORD,

‘ Although there is not that man this day living,  
 ‘ whom I would sooner make a judge of any ques-  
 ‘ tion, that did concern me, than yourself; yet  
 ‘ must you give me leave to tell you, that, in such  
 ‘ a case, I must appeal from all earthly judges; and  
 ‘ if

‘if in any, then surely in this, where *the highest*  
‘*judge upon earth hath imposed upon me, without trial*  
‘*or hearing,* the most heavy punishment that hath  
‘been known. But since I must either answer  
‘your Lordship’s argument, or forsake my just  
‘defence, I will force mine aching head to do  
‘some service for a small hour or two, although  
‘against my will. I must first then deny my *dis-*  
‘*contentment,* and that it was *unseasonable,* or of *too*  
‘*long continuance.* Your Lordship should rather con-  
‘dole with me, than expostulate about the same.

‘Natural seasons are expected here below; but  
‘violent and unseasonable storms come from  
‘above. *There is no tempest like to the passionate in-*  
‘*ignation of a Prince;* nor yet at any time is it so  
‘*unseasonable, as when it lighteth upon those who might*  
‘*expect an harvest of their careful and painful labours.*  
‘He that is once wounded must feel the smart  
‘while his hurt be cured, or that the part be  
‘senseless; but no cure I expect, her Majesty’s  
‘heart being *obdurate* against me; and to be with-  
‘out sense I cannot, being made of flesh and blood.  
‘But, say you, I may aim at the end. I do more  
‘than aim; for I see an end of all my good for-  
‘tunes, and have set an end to all my desires. In  
‘this course do I any thing for mine enemies?  
‘When I was in the court, I found them absolute;  
‘and therefore I had rather that they should tri-  
‘umph alone, than they should have me attendant

‘on



on their chariots. Do I *leave my friends*? Was I was a *courtier*, I could yield them no fruit of my love unto them. Now I am become a *hermit*, they shall bear no envy for their love towards me.

Do I *forsake myself*, because I *enjoy myself*, or, do I *overthrow my fortune*, for that I *build* a fortune of *paper-walls*, which every puff of wind bloweth down? Do I *ruinate mine honour*, because I *leave following* the pursuit, or wear a false badge or mask of the *shadow* of honour? Do I *give courage*, or *comfort*, to the foreign foe, because I *reserve myself* to *encounter* with him? Do I *keep my heart* from *baseness*, although I cannot keep my *fortune* from *declining*?]

My good lord, I give every of these considerations its due right; and the more I weigh them, the more I find myself *justified* from *offending* any of them. As for the two last objections, that I *forsake my country*, when it hath most need of me, and *fail* in that *indissoluble* duty, which I owe unto my sovereign, I answer, that if my country had, at this time, any need of my public service, her Majesty, that governs the farthest parts of the world, would not have *driven* me into a private life. I am tied unto my country by two bonds; in public peace, to discharge carefully, faithfully, and industriously, the trust which is committed unto me; and the other private, to *sacrifice to it my life and carcase*, which hath been nourished in it.

'the first I am *freed*, being *dismissed*, *discharged*, and  
 'disabled, by her Majesty. Of the other, *nothing*  
 'can free me but *death*; and therefore no occasion  
 'of my performance shall offer itself, but I will  
 'meet it half way. The *indissoluble* duty which I  
 'owe to her Majesty, is only the duty of *allegiance*,  
 'which I *never will, nor ever can, fail in*. The  
 'duty of attendance is no *indissoluble* duty. I owe  
 'her Majesty the duty of an Earl, and of Lord-  
 'Marshal of England.

'I have been content to do her Majesty the  
 'service of a *clerk*; but can never serve her as a  
 'villain or *slave*. But yet you say, *I must give way*  
 'unto the time. So I do; for now I see the *storm*-  
 'come, I put myself into the harbour. Seneca  
 'saith, "*We must give place unto fortune*." I know  
 'that fortune is both *blind* and *strong*, and there-  
 'fore I go as far out of her way as I can. You  
 'say, the *remedy* is *not to strive*. I neither *strive* nor  
 'seek for *remedy*. But, say you, I must *yield* and  
 'submit. I can neither *yield* myself to be guilty,  
 'or this imputation laid upon me to be *just*. I  
 'owe so much to the author of all *truth*, as I can  
 'never yield *falsehood* to be *truth*, or *truth* to be  
 'falsehood. Have I given cause, ask you, and take  
 'scandal, when I have done? No, I give no cause  
 'to take so much as *Fimbria's* complaint against  
 'me, for I did *totum telum corpore recipere*. I pati-  
 'ently

‘ *only* bear all, and *sensibly* feel all, that I then re-  
 ‘ ceived, when this scandal was given me. Nay;  
 ‘ more ; when the *vilest* of all *indignities* are done  
 ‘ unto me, doth *religion* enforce me to *sue*? or doth  
 ‘ GOD require it? Is it *impiety* not to do it? What;  
 ‘ cannot Princes ERR? Cannot *subjects* receive  
 ‘ WRONG? Is an *earthly* power or authority IN-  
 ‘ FINITE? Pardon me, pardon me, my good lord,  
 ‘ I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solo-  
 ‘ mon’s fool LAUGH, when he is STRICKEN; let  
 ‘ those, that mean to make their *profit* of Princes,  
 ‘ shew to have no sense of Princes’ INJURIES; let  
 ‘ them acknowledge an *infinite absoluteness* on earth,  
 ‘ that do not believe in an *infinite absoluteness* in heaven.  
 ‘ As for me, I have received WRONG, and feel it.  
 ‘ My cause is GOOD, I know it; and *whatsoever*  
 ‘ come, all the powers on earth can never shew more  
 ‘ strength and constancy in OPPRESSING, than I can  
 ‘ shew in suffering, *whatsoever* can or shall be imposed  
 ‘ upon me. Your Lordship, in the beginning,  
 ‘ maketh yourself a *looker-on*, and me a *player* of  
 ‘ my own game; so you can SEE more than I can.  
 ‘ Yet you must give me leave to tell you, in the  
 ‘ end of my answer, that since you do but *see*, and  
 ‘ I suffer, I must, of necessity, *feel* more than you.  
 ‘ I must crave your Lordship’s patience to give  
 ‘ him, that hath a crabbed fortune, licence to use  
 ‘ a crabbed style; and yet, *whatsoever* my style is,  
 ‘ there

'there is no heart *more humble to his superiors*, nor  
'any more affected towards your Lordship, than  
'that of,

Your honour's poor friend,

' ESSEX.'

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THE  
GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

A MORAL TALE.

---

**A**MONG the many words in the English language that are frequently uttered, without being accurately understood, is the word *misanthrope*, which literally and strictly signifies a *man-hater*. Now, to suppose that every man who withdraws himself from the busy world, lives in a very retired manner, and derives his principal amusements from the perusal of his books, and from his reflections from what he has read, to be a *misanthrope*, is surely to encourage a supposition not to be warranted by reason; it is indeed, a supposition equally unjust and irrational.

Mr. Robert Selby, soured by a number of disappointments, many of them occasioned by the ungrateful behaviour of those who pretended to be

be his friends, retired to a small village, a few miles from the capital; and there, being a widower, and having no children to provide for, lived with an elderly maid-servant, whose fidelity he had thoroughly tried; almost with the recluseness of a hermit. Few persons came to his house, and he seldom went abroad, but to air himself in the adjacent fields. Yet he was not quite a solitary, as he admitted the visits of two or three real friends, who had been, during the course of many successive years, uniformly attached to him; but he was pronounced by his neighbours, with hardly a dissenting voice, to be a *misanthrope*; an unsociable old fellow, who hated his species, and was entirely devoted to himself. Satisfied, however, with the consciousness of his own philanthropy, in spite of the general opinion of his selfishness, among his narrow-minded neighbours, he kept close to his little castle, and was contented to be stared at, upon his quitting it to take his walks about the environs, for an old wretch, who preferred his own company to the conversation of his fellow-creatures. Some of his neighbours, indeed, attempted to pay him the compliment of a visit upon his first coming to his house; but as he very soon gave out that he came merely to retire, and that he should neither pay nor receive any visits in the village, he was left to pursue his singu—

lar plan without molestation, but not without being posted for a *man-hater*.

Not long after Mr. Selby had fixed his residence at B. . . . , a gentleman, with whom he had been formerly connected, but whose acquaintance he had for sometime declined, (having received some treatment from him which he had not, he thought, merited) took a house in the row in which he lived. The name of this gentleman was Norman, and the appearance which he and his family made, soon procured them visits from the genteelst people in the village.

Mr. Norman, having acquired a decent fortune by a constant attention to the business to which he had been brought up, was seized with a strong desire (and Mrs. Norman rather strengthened than weakened it, by the strongest hints she threw out concerning the gentility of a life without any employment) to spend the remainder of his life with ease and dignity. The former he certainly was able to command; he was quite a man of leisure; but all the pains which he took, by living in a superb style, were ineffectual to procure the latter; there was not an inch of true dignity about him. His entertainments were splendid; his table was well served; his wines were the best of their respective sorts; and his side-board was elegant. People who are fond of making a figure in the world will always, by  
those

those who pay a particular regard to externals, be more courted than others, who, though possessed of three times their fortunes, live in a plain way, and never attempt to dazzle the multitude with the lustre of their exhibition. Such persons may steal through life in peace and quietness, contented with their own conduct, contented with the sincere approbation of a few select friends, intimately acquainted with their intrinsic worth; but to be sought for their society, to have their acquaintance earnestly solicited, they must not hope for that,

*"The world is still deceived by ornament,"*

as Shakespear very justly observes; and we certainly stand not in need of a ghost to confirm the truth of our bard's observation: and though counterfeits of all kinds were never more abroad; though flashing personages of the age, of both sexes, will ever prove attractive to the million; they are sure of having a crowd about them whenever they please to send the bill of invitation, and as sure of meeting with a flattering reception wherever they go—till poverty has laid her chilling hand upon them, and then the farce is over. The farce! A fall from affluence to want is too frequently attended with tragical consequences, though they may have originated from very comic situations.

With the Norman family, Mr. Selby did not think of renewing his acquaintance, as the head

of it had given him so much offence by his behaviour; but he could not help feeling compassion,

*"He had a heart soft pity lov'd to dwell in."*

When he saw him and his thoughtless wife living at such a rate, as to render their income, arising from the funds, insufficient for the expences of their household, without considering how much they were injuring their children by their extravagant proceedings, not of an age to shift for themselves, but doomed according to the logic of probability, to make their way in the world without their assistance. "On different thoughts intent," they bestowed little attention on their education; little to their manners; less to their morals; and none at all to their future settlement in life. No parents were ever, indeed, more inattentive to those who derived their existence from them—but to what length will not an immoderate love of pleasure carry the most sensible persons of either sex! And if they are forcibly drawn into the whirl of dissipation, without having the power to guide their actions by the helm of reason, how can we expect to find the conduct of those who have weak heads, and strong passions, under the steady steerage of prudence?

When the master and mistress of a family are equally addicted to expence, and equally careless with regard to the management of their domestic affairs,



affairs, they must inevitably be, sooner or later, ruined. If they happen to have large fortunes, the day of ruin is at a greater distance from them, but the largest will not be sufficient to stop the ravages of extravagance. In the conjugal state there is a kind of discretion with respect to pecuniary matters, absolutely necessary, either in husband or wife, for the promotion of their reciprocal happiness: the want of which, on both sides, is too often productive of consequences severely to be felt by the one and by the other, if they have the smallest sensibility. The mutual imprudence of a married pair, without children is not to be defended: the same imprudence, if they have children, is extremely to be condemned. Now, as the Normans had both sons and daughters, their conduct was highly censurable; and, indeed, they were pretty handsomely censured for it behind their backs, even by the very persons who, before their faces, flattered them into the most favourable opinion of their talents and their taste.

Mr. Selby, however, though he pitied these wrong-headed parents, felt more compassion for their neglected, or rather badly-educated children. They were in no shape to be blamed for the follies of those who had been instrumental in bringing them into the world; but it was much to be lamented by all who knew them, and could feel for them, that they were treated more like incurables

brances than blessings, and looked upon more as interruptions to the pleasures of their parents, than as beings sent by Heaven for the increase of their connubial felicity.

Fathers and mothers of the Norman cast, are too often to be met with, in almost every walk of life; and it may safely be affirmed, that to the unparental behaviour (if I may use the expression) of such fathers and mothers, a considerable part of the domestic distresses by which many families are unhappily distinguished, must be ascribed.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman had two sons and two daughters, at the time of their settling at B. . . . . The boys were sent to a cheap school, of no reputation, in the North of England; the girls were educated at home, under their own eyes literally; but they could not have been brought up in a worse manner, in the worst boarding-school in the kingdom, than they were at home. Their mother took no pains to improve either their bodies, or their minds, so that they grew up unpolished and uninformed. Their persons happened to be greatly against them; they were indeed so very plain, not to say ugly, that they were never thought fit, by their handsome parents, to be introduced to company: to the care of a common servant they were entirely committed, who was incapable of furnishing them with any intellectual supplies sufficient to make amends for their personal defects.

H H

While

While Mr. Norman and his wife were making themselves very ridiculous by their magnificent appearance, and pompous style of life, Mr. Selby received a letter from a friend in the country, who desired him to give a true account of their proceedings at B. . . ., having heard them set on in a very contemptible light, and as living in most imprudent manner. To this letter, Mr. Selby returned the following answer:—

“ MY GOOD FRIEND,

“ I am sorry to inform you that the reports you  
 “ have heard relating to my neighbour, Mr. Norman  
 “ man, are to be ranked among those truths which  
 “ are not to be controverted. You may, perhaps  
 “ wonder at my saying I am sorry; but I am really  
 “ concerned for him, though I am not desirous  
 “ entering into any new connections with him  
 “ and, indeed, he seems to be in the same mind  
 “ with regard to me. I pity him for his indiscretion,  
 “ tion, and I must add his wife’s: they are the most  
 “ imprudent couple I ever met with.—What  
 “ must become of their children! They entertained,  
 “ a few days ago, some persons of distinction,  
 “ for they fly at high game, I assure you; but  
 “ they, at the same time, egregiously exposed the  
 “ weakness of their understandings, though they  
 “ exhibited the strongest proofs of their taste.  
 “ It was quite a proper entertainment for the  
 “ guests

“ guests to receive, but not for them to give. All  
 “ the manœuvres of the table were conducted  
 “ with a spirit and address suitable to the occa-  
 “ sion; there was nothing wanting but propriety  
 “ to render the banquet unexceptionable. My  
 “ old servant diverted me a little by retailing, in  
 “ her circumstantial way, the observations, chiefly  
 “ sarcastic, which were made upon this sumptuous  
 “ dinner; but before she had finished her intelli-  
 “ gence, she filled my mind with a heap of me-  
 “ lancholy reflections on the incidents which had  
 “ set her tongue a-going. The Normans, with  
 “ all their follies, (among which, the most striking  
 “ is their passion to keep company with people  
 “ in much higher life than themselves; and to  
 “ thrust themselves upon a footing with people  
 “ who are infinitely superior to them in point of  
 “ rank and fortune) have a number of good quali-  
 “ ties.—Driven headlong by this passion, they,  
 “ like Lee’s Œdipus,

“ — *Blindly tread those paths they ought to shun,*”

“ and will, I fear, in a few years—a very few  
 “ years—be plunged into distressful circumstances.  
 “ Mr. Norman has at present, I believe, what may  
 “ be called in this luxuriant age, a pretty fortune;  
 “ but it is by no means sufficient to support the  
 “ figure of which he and Mrs. Norman are so  
 “ foolishly fond.”

Not long after the dispatch of this letter to Mr. Crawford, his friend in Suffex, he found he had not been too hasty in prognosticating the ruin of the Norman family; his predictions were verified in a few months, by a sudden shock, which would have reduced Mr. Norman to absolute beggary, had he not been relieved in a manner altogether unexpected.

There is nothing, perhaps, which gives persons born to rank and riches, more offence than the feeble, and, as they think, insolent attempts of a man every way in a state of inferiority to vie with them in their mode of appearance and living. They look upon all those who presume to mix with them upon a kind of equality, with no fair pretensions to such a freedom, with the utmost contempt, and sometimes with the utmost indignation: sometimes, also, they are provoked, as those passions happen to operate, to check them effectually in the midst of their impertinent imitations, by stopping up the fountain from which their finances flow; in plain English, by reducing them to a state of indigence. For this sort of reduction, the gaming-table has long been found a powerful engine in the hands of the experienced.

Among the opulent men who went to be entertained by Charles Norman, the majority resorted to his house merely to enjoy a laugh, as well as a dinner, at his expence; but there were  
some,

some, who, not contented with the exhibition of him in the most ridiculous colours, in their own circles, meditated a blow which would, they imagined, sufficiently cure him of his propensity to appear like them. These were some distinguished personages belonging to a certain honourable society, in a certain part of the town, who make it the principal business of their lives to draw in people who have more money than wit, and to drive them either to madness or a jail: to both places they had sent several unfortunate adventurers, seduced, in the most graceful manner, by their encouraging looks.

These personages, in a select committee one night over their dice, determined to get Charles into their clutches, and to send him home ruined. Men of this stamp generally carry their designs into execution without delay.

“D—n him,” said Tom Loader, “we will do for him: a puppy! to think of living like us.”

‘The prince of puppies, by G—d,’ replied Harry Blacklegs, ‘to give himself the airs of a man of quality with his pimping fortune; but, as you say, we will do for him; and if we send him not home ready to hang himself, we shall be the greatest bunglers in Christendom.’

This speech, delivered with much vivacity, and a competent share of vanity into the bargain, was received with the loudest marks of approbation, and

and the lively articulator of it was pitched upon, by his ingenious companions, to put Charles Norman into the road to destruction.

Charles had hitherto only exposed himself to ridicule by his passion for appearance: he had never discovered a passion for play; but when he was called upon, however, one evening, after a supper given at Harry's lodgings, by him, Loader, and several other persons of distinction, to try his luck at hazard, he was unable to resist. He was not, indeed, in his perfect senses when he was so called upon; and if he had been quite sober, he might have found himself, perhaps, incapable of standing firm against the insinuating behaviour of those whose designs upon his pocket were too deeply laid to be discovered by him.

Flushed with the success he met with during the first half hour, Charles became doubly animated, and pushed on boldly—to his ruin. From that time, fortune became less and less kind to him, and he was soon feelingly convinced that he had lost more than he could pay. Starting from his chair, he overturned it, in his precipitate retreat to the door, and ran out of the house, which had proved so fatal to him, like a lunatic.

While Charles was engaged in the way above-mentioned, Mrs. Norman, by an accidental run of ill-luck, at a genteel assembly in her own neighbourhood, had been remarkably unsuccessful.

Fretted

Fretted as she was, however, by the triumphs of her adversaries, in consequence of their superior hands, (for she could not bring herself to believe, that they had out-generalled her by a superior knowledge of the game) she consoled herself, not knowing what a shock her husband had received, with thinking that she would be more fortunate another night.

Mrs. Norman came home first; it was late, but, as she knew in what manner her Charles was engaged, she was not in the least surpris'd at not seeing him on her arrival. So far was she, indeed, from being uneasy, that she sat down to her harpichord, and played over one of the favourite airs in the last new Opera; in the midst of that air, she heard a violent knocking at the door. As such raps had been familiar to her ears, she only exclaimed, "Oh, there he is!" and threw away her song. But she was now not a little surpris'd to see Charles brought into the parlour by two stout fellows, who, having found him sprawling upon the ground, and discovered by searching his pockets the place of his residence, had conveyed him from thence to his own house.

Mrs. Norman, having discharged the fellows who had taken care of her husband, endeavour'd to wake him from his lethargy, but in vain; she, therefore, order'd his valet to conduct him, properly assist'd, to his own chamber.

The



The moment Charles opened his eyes in the morning, the recollection of what passed the night before at Jerry's lodgings, stung him to the quick. He was now far from being in a state of insensibility. He rang his bell with violence. Every person in the house was fast asleep. The alarm was general. By some, the intrusion of rogues was suspected; by others, the breaking out of a fire was dreaded. Mrs. Norman soon made her appearance.—“Oh, Nanny!” said Charles, “it is all over with me.”

‘All over with you!’ replied she, staring, having no reason to suppose from his looks that he was in a dying condition. ‘What do you mean by these terrifying words? Did you meet with any accident last night? Where are you hurt?’

“An accident!—Yes—I did meet with an accident, and am hurt—there is no describing what I feel—.”

This speech was followed by an explanation, which produced a warm debate between the unhappy pair: each reproaching the other in the severest terms.

In this distressful situation, Charles was relieved by the last man from whom he expected any assistance; he was relieved, and in the most generous, noble manner, by Mr. Selby, who proved himself more than a GOOD NEIGHBOUR, to him the best of neighbours. From this time, Mr. Selby was no longer

longer stiled a *misanthrope*; but as he was a singular character, he was ever afterwards called “a very good sort of a man in an odd way.”

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## THE JEW COUNSELLED.

### AN ANECDOTE.

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ONE of the sons of Gideon, a famous Jew, was on the point of being married to a Christian; on which the father, who had no objection to the religion of the lady, but to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with his son, and told him, that he might have a lady with more money; but the son, vindicating his choice, replied, “that whether he consented or not, he would marry the lady; and if he refused to give him a proper share of wealth, he would turn Christian, and then he would claim the benefit of an English law, and obtain half he possessed.” At this answer Gideon was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to counsel, to know whether there was any such law; the counsellor replied that there was, and that his son upon turning Christian would obtain half his fortune; “but if you’ll give me ten guineas, I’ll put you in a way

“ way to disappoint him, and the graceless dog  
 “ shall not be able to obtain a farthing.” Gideon,  
 overjoyed, pulled out the money, clapped it into  
 the counsellor’s hand, expressing his impatience to  
 know how he was to proceed; when the counsel-  
 lor returned with a smile—“ you have nothing to  
 “ do, Mr. Gideon, but to turn Christian yourself.”

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PARAPHRASE

OF PART OF THE 14TH CHAPTER

OF JOB.

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**H**OW short the time of mortals here below!  
 How soon the end of all their joy and woe!  
 Like the fair flow’r, that in the verdant mead  
 With various lustre rears its lovely head:  
 So florid youth, with strength and beauty crown’d,  
 Starts o’er the scene, and looks superior round;  
 But, like the flow’r, his beauties fade away,  
 And icy age brings on the swift decay;  
 Like the fair rose, he blossoms but to die,  
 And as a shadow all his glories fly.

Then why great LORD against this reptile form,  
 This child of dust, and brother to the worm,  
Why

Why wilt thou stretch out thy terrific rod,  
 and bring the wretch in judgment with his God?  
 From spring impure can limpid water flow;  
 Or fetid oil a grateful odour throw?  
 Can man, weak man, be perfect in thy sight,  
 Where flaming choirs of Angels are not bright?  
 Since thou hast number'd out the life of man,  
 And fix'd the bounds of his appointed span;  
 Ah! let him rest, and feel thy wrath no more,  
 Till, like a hireling, his short day be o'er!  
 Tho' the tall tree be levell'd with the ground,  
 And all its sapless branches scatter'd round,  
 Yet earth shall nourish the remaining root,  
 And from the stump a thriving plant shall shoot:  
 Water'd by latent springs, the tree will grow,  
 And fruit again adorn the lofty bough.

But man's frail body quickly wastes and dies,  
 And in the tomb in dark oblivion lies, [fall,  
 Till from heav'n's round, sun, moon, and stars shall  
 And the last thunders shake earth's trembling ball;  
 Then shall thy power awake the silent dead,  
 And o'er th' uniting bones fresh beauty spread.  
 Till that dread day, great God, thy suppliant spare;  
 To Thee my heart's most secret thoughts are bare;  
 If I be wicked, then pronounce my doom,  
 And plunge me deep in everlasting gloom;  
 If I be righteous, let me share thy grace,  
 And in thy heaven partake seraphic peace.

THE

## THE UNFORTUNATE CAPTAIN.

A GENUINE HISTORY.

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**D**ON Juan de Mendoza was a native of Castille, descended from a very illustrious house, and possessed a very considerable fortune. He had served as a captain in the army, and distinguished himself for his bravery against the Moors, to whom he had been a very formidable foe. He married the daughter of a noble Venetian, who brought him a handsome portion, and she had great expectations at the death of her father, who was extremely rich. By this lady, Don Juan had two daughters, who, as they advanced toward maturity, displayed such growing attractions: created them many admirers. There was only a year difference in their age, and they resembled each other so much that they were frequently taken for twins. Leonora, when she had attained her eighteenth year, bespoke the complete woman. She was tall, genteel, and graceful, and possessed all the usual accomplishments bestowed upon persons of her rank. Amoretta, though the youngest sister, in no respect fell short of displaying charms equal to Leonora, and they only wanted a third sister to constitute the Graces.

The

Their lovers were already numerous, but Don Juan could not be prevailed upon to listen to any of their proposals: whether he judged his daughters were as yet too young to enter into the conjugal state, or whether he thought the parties of inferior rank or fortune to what he judged the young ladies were entitled, we will not pretend to determine; however, they had already fixed their affections upon two amiable cavaliers of honourable families, who had distinguished themselves for their bravery. Don Alvarez was a youth about twenty, tall and athletic, with a most prepossessing countenance, and most engaging manners: he was deeply enamoured with the beautiful Leonora, and he had reason to think that she entertained a strong partiality for him. Don Alonzo was nearly of the same age, rather of a more delicate constitution, and a most captivating disposition. The fair Amoretta moved a goddess in his eyes, nor could she suppress the emotions of her heart when her dear Alonzo, on his knees, supplicated to embrace her hand. Alvarez and Alonzo were considered as the modern Castor and Pollux; they were incessantly together, and by many considered as brothers. Such was the situation of affairs in the family of Don Juan, when death deprived him of his amiable consort, and nearly at the same time of his father.

This

This double stroke of mortality for a while stifled the ardour of the lovers' passions, or at least prevented the reiteration of those vows which had made a just impression on the minds of the amiable sisters. Decency proclaimed a retirement from the world for some time. At the expiration of this period, the Captain found, by the will of his late father, he was left sole heir to all his possessions in Italy and elsewhere, and that his presence was absolutely necessary at Venice. Actuated by the most sincere parental affection for his children, added to the critical time of their lives, and the still more critical state of their affections, to which Don Juan was ere now no stranger; he could not harbour a thought of leaving them behind. Accordingly, they were instructed to prepare themselves for the voyage, and embarked with their father, on board a vessel at Carthage, which was bound to Venice, without taking leave of their lovers.

After being at sea some hours, they fell in with an Algerine corsair, and little or no resistance being made, were taken and carried to Algiers. What a complicated scene of misery! Don Juan considered the loss of his treasure, which was very considerable, as a mere nothing; and even the loss of his liberty gave him little or no affliction, when compared to the imminent peril of his daughters, whose beauty and youth must certainly insure

insure their destruction. To think of their being the devoted sacrifices of a Dey or a Bashaw, occasioned the most excruciating affliction. He found means to have an interview with them whilst they were still on board the piratic vessel, in which he exhorted them, in broken accents, accompanied with floods of tears, that rendered his language more pathetic, to suffer death rather than sacrifice their virtue to a tyrant, a monster. He reminded them of their birth, their education, and their religion; he called to his aid every argument that a pious father, in such a state of complicated distress, could summon to enforce his admonitions. The fair, the virtuous sisters could only articulate, amidst sighs and involuntary floods of tears, that death to them was preferable to life in such a state of infamy as appeared before them.

After they had landed, they were conveyed to separate dungeons; Don Juan to bemoan his untoward fate, the beauteous females to arm themselves with becoming fortitude against the attacks of the barbarians that might assail their virtue.

They had previously furnished themselves with each a dagger, and had vowed to each other, by every tie of parental love and sisterly affection, to put an end to an existence that to them must be loathsome, and detested, rather than yield to either force or persuasion.

The



The fatal news of their captivity had no sooner reached the ears of Alvarez and Alonzo, than, fired with rage and indignation, they resolved, at the risque of their lives, to release the fair captives and their father. They communicated their designs to a few of their intimate friends, who caught the glorious contagion, and having prepared a vessel, sailed with the first favourable wind upon this most perilous expedition.

They landed at a very critical moment, the precise instant the fair captives were conducting from their dungeons to the palace, there to be yielded up to the brutal passion of the Dey. The officers who had them in custody, apprehending that their fortitude would be greater than was usual, had proposed to their master a plan that they thought would be productive of certain success, in case all intreaties and threats became ineffectual. This was to lead them to the presence of their father, and then inform them that his life was in their hands, as the alternative would be either an immediate compliance with the request of their master, or the instant death of the venerable parent. To this purpose he was led from his dungeon, and placed in a conspicuous manner; and being chained to a wall, was there to be exposed to his wretched daughters.

The Captain was, however, soon released from this violent anxiety; for the brave youths (Alva-

rez and Alonzo) appearing with their valiant companions broke his chains, conveyed him on board their ship, with the beauteous captives, and they set sail without any molestation; the officers who were the conductors of Leonora and Amoretta being slain upon the spot; and the whole enterprise conducted with such speed and success, that they were safe at sea before an alarm was given.

They returned to Carthagená, where Don Juan having once more fitted out a vessel for his intended voyage to Venice, with strength sufficient to oppose any corsair in those seas, and being accompanied by the valiant youths who had been their deliverers, they braved the piratic states, and arrived safe at the place of their destination.

The reader will, doubtless, anticipate the happiness that followed.

After the necessary preparations, the two-fold nuptials were celebrated. The ladies afforded an uncommon example of matrimonial love and affection to all Venice, and their lives glided on in one perpetual circle of conjugal felicity.



## ARCHIEPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.

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**I**N the year 1491, King Henry VII. on pretence of a *French* war, issued out a commission for levying a *benevolence* on his people, an arbitrary taxation, which had been abolished by a recent law of King Richard III. and which was the more provoking, because, though really raised by menaces and exhortations, it was nevertheless pretended to be given by the voluntary consent of the people. This violence fell chiefly on the commercial part of the nation, who were possessed of ready money. *London* alone contributed to the amount of near *ten thousand pounds*. Archbishop *Morton*, the chancellor, instructed the commissioners to employ a *dilemma*, in which every one might be comprehended. If the persons applied to lived frugally, they were told, that their parsimony must necessarily have enriched them. If their method of living was splendid and hospitable, they were concluded opulent, on account of their expence. This device was by some called Chancellor Morton's *fork*, and by others his *crutch*.

## ANECDOTE.

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*Shewing how much in former times a long Beard was valued, and how disgraceful it was for a Man of Honour to be without one.*

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**B**ALDWIN, Count of Edeffe, being in great want of money, had recourse to a stratagem as new as it appeared to him certain. He went to his father-in-law, Gabriel, a very rich man, and told him, that being greatly pressed for money by his troops, to whom he owed thirty thousand michelets, and not being any way able to raise so large a sum, he had been obliged to pledge his beard for the payment of it.—The astonishment of the father-in-law was so great at what he heard, that, doubting if he had well understood the Count, he made him repeat the terms of this strange agreement several times; but being at length too well convinced of his son-in-law's inability to raise the cash, the credulous Gabriel bewailed his misfortune, saying, "How is it possible for a man to find in his heart to pledge a thing that should be so carefully preserved! a thing that is the proof of virility, wherein consists the principal authority of man, and is the ornament of his face. How could you possibly

“ consider it as a thing of little value,” continued the old man, “ what cannot be taken from a man “ without loading him with shame?” The Count replied to these just reproaches, that having nothing in the world that he valued so much, he had thought it his duty to pledge it, to satisfy his creditors; and that he was determined to fulfil his promise, if he could not immediately find the money he so much wanted. The father-in-law, alarmed for the beard of Baldwin, instantly gave him the thirty thousand michelets, recommending him, at the same time, never more to pledge a property on which the honour of a brave knight depended.

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## EMPLOYMENT.

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**A**NXIETY and Melancholy are best dispelled and kept at a distance by employment. On the day before the battle of Pharsalia, Plutarch tells us, when dinner was ended in the camp, while others either went to sleep, or were disquieting their minds with apprehensions concerning the approaching battle, Brutus employed himself in writing till the evening, composing an epitome of Polybius.

FEMALE

## FEMALE DELICACY.

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**D**ELICACY is a virtue so highly commendable in both sexes, that, without a certain portion of it, the human character would shrink from its pre-eminence, and find itself grovelling beneath the brute creation. Though the commission of some particular actions may be allowed with us to be an open violation of all the rules of decorum; yet, it occurs to me, that it will be no easy task to prove, that indelicacy is in its nature fixed and defined to all the creation;—for, what may in Great-Britain be esteemed an act of flagrant indecency, may, in another country, be reckoned the acmé of delicacy; nay, not only so, but also temporary as well as local delicacies and indelicacies always have, and, in my opinion, ever will occur;—and the influx, as well as the recess of these, depend upon the caprice or faction of the time.

In order to prove that no defined delicacy exists, I will give an example of the trials of that quality held in estimation by the Lacedemonians.

Plutarch has taken no small pains to panegyrize the Ladies of Sparta; and to prove that his assertions are founded in truth, he tells us, “ that  
 “ Lycurgus took all possible care in the accom-  
 “ plishments

“plishments of the women, that they might  
 “only be rendered useful, but ornamental;—  
 “ordered the maidens to exercise themselves  
 “wrestling, running, throwing quoits and da  
 “that they might be more beautifully musc  
 “and strong, as well as endure, with greater ea  
 “the pains of child-bearing, and produce a ha  
 “race; and to take away their unfashiona  
 “tenderness, he directed that the virgins sho  
 “go naked as well as the young men, and da  
 “and sing at certain solemn feasts and sacrific  
 “Here they strove to outvie each other, and  
 “render themselves pleasing and attractive  
 “their lovers, by alertness of gesture, and mel  
 “of voice;—and to increase the solemnity a  
 “decorum of these assemblies, the two kings a  
 “the whole senate always attended them.”  
 Plutarch further remarks, “that though it  
 “seem strange that virgins should appear t  
 “naked in public, yet, as the strictest mod  
 “was observed, and all wantonness exclud  
 “there was no indecency in it, but, on the c  
 “trary, it accustomed the ladies to an innoc  
 “simplicity, and uniform modesty.” This is  
 example of what was esteemed delicacy in La  
 demon. Among the Roman ladies we fin  
 different species:—Lucretia, whose chastity  
 violated by Tarquin, unable to endure the ig  
 miny of the act, with a contempt of death in

rent only in the Roman character, in the presence of her father, husband, and friends, plunged a dagger in her bosom, and thus sought an asylum from the blushes of her own checks, rather than from the calumny of the Roman people, who were in possession of incontestible proofs of her innocence. It has been said that Tarquin did not violate her body, but merely exposed those parts that decency had secluded.

Indeed, were we to search for the ideas of delicacy prevalent in every nation, we should find nearly as many sorts as there are countries, each having their own criterion.

Even in our own country, we find at different times different rules of decency; I mean not to speak it in disparagement to the beauty or virtue of our ladies; but if things go on in the same proportion of rapidity that they have done the last century, I have reason to believe, in the course of another, it will be as common a sight to see a naked female in a London theatre, as it was in times of old at Sparta; and to prove the increased and increasing nakedness of our ladies in their public appearance, I give the following little table, exhibiting when and how much of them was exposed.

1700—All going masked to the theatres—*nothing was seen.*

1727—The mask being thrown aside—the *face* appeared.

1750—The mask and gloves being off—the *face* and *hands* appeared.

1760—The



1760—The petticoats were shortened—and half the *leg* appeared.

1795—The handkerchief being removed—the *breast* and *neck* appeared.

1796—The sleeves being shortened—the elbow and half the upper joint of the arm appeared.

Now supposing the superficies of the human body to be ten square feet, the naked parts will be nearly five at this time, and consequently should they persevere in uncovering in an equal ratio, in about ninety years they will have left upon their bodies little more than a pair of stockings; this will appear by the rules of proportion. From the above data it is evident, that the ideas of delicacy entertained by British Ladies is approximating in a certain ratio to that of the females of ancient Sparta; or perhaps, indeed, to their own ancestors the Britons;—and from these premises it may be no unwarrantable assertion, that in ninety years there will be little smuggling of Flanders lace or other frippery, but their beautiful skins may again be dyed with woad, and have the figures of the heavenly bodies cut or tattooed upon them.



## ANECDOTE

OF

MR. LOCKE.

WHEN Mr. Locke wanted to resign his post, on account of his asthma, the King (m) would have had him continue in it, and m expressly, that though he could stay in n but a few weeks, his services in the of-ould be very necessary to him. His Ma-however, at length, yielded to the repre-ons of Mr. Locke, who could not prevail on f to hold an employment of that import-without doing the duties of it more regu-He formed and executed this design without g any communication of it, though he easily have entered into a composition with rson; who, being befriended by his interest, have probably carried his post from any olicitor. He was told this, and by way of ch too, "I know it very well," replied he, that was the very reason why I communi-l my design to nobody; I received the place the king himself, and to him I resolved to re it, to dispose of it as he thought proper." ew men, in Mr. Locke's situation, would een incommoded with his scrupulosity?

The

The truth is, if we may believe his own account of the matter, that he was never fond of preferment. He seems to have accepted of it merely in compliance with his Majesty's request, which he doubtless considered as a command.

Mr. Locke had another reason, besides his asthma, for resigning his post, which he gave in a letter to his friend Mr. Molyneux, dated February 22, 1696—7. "The corruption of the age," says he to that gentleman, "gives me so ill a prospect of any success in designs of this kind (for the public good) never so well laid, that I am not sorry my ill health gives me so just a reason to desire to be eased of the employment I am in."

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### AN ANECDOTE.

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A Roman-Catholic Gentleman went a partridge shooting along with a Protestant neighbour of his, on a fast-day; they were driven about noon, by a thunder-storm, to a little public-house, where they could get nothing to eat but some bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conscience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Protestant, his companion, who was one of your *good sort* of people, said, there could be no harm  
in

in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs; that bacon could not be called flesh; that it was no more than a *red-herring*; it is *fish* as one might say. So the Catholic took a bit of bacon with his eggs: but just as he had put it to his mouth, there came a most tremendous clap of thunder; upon which the poor Catholic slipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himself—*What a noise here is about a bit of bacon!* He foolishly fancied now, the sin was in his eating the bacon. No such matter, it was his want of faith. He had not a proper faith in his own superstitious principles.

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### A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

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**T**O Thee, all glorious everlasting Power,  
 I consecrate this solemn midnight hour;  
 Whilst darkness robes in shades the spangled sky,  
 And all things hush'd in peaceful slumbers lie;  
 Unwearied let me praise Thy holy name,  
 Each thought with rising gratitude inflame,  
 For the rich mercies which Thy hands impart,  
 Health to my limbs, and comfort to my heart.

Should the scene change, and pain extort my  
 sighs,  
 Then see my fears, and listen to my cries;  
 Then

Then let my soul by some blest foretaste know  
 Her sure deliv'rance from eternal woe:  
 Arm'd with so bright a hope, no more I'll fear  
 To see the dreadful hand of death draw near;  
 But, my faith strength'ning, as my life decays,  
 My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

Oh! may my pray'r before Thy throne arise,  
 An humble, but accepted sacrifice!  
 Bid kindly sleep my weary eye-lids close,  
 And cheer my body with a soft repose.  
 Their downy wings may guardian Angels spread,  
 And from all terrors screen my hapless head!  
 May of thy powerful light some gracious beams  
 Shine on my soul, and influence my dreams!

---

ANECDOTE

. or

ARTHENODORUS.

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**A**RTHENODORUS the philosopher, by reason of his great age, begged leave to retire from the court of Augustus; which the Emperor accordingly granted him. In making his compliments on the occasion, as he was about to withdraw,

draw, "Remember, Cæsar, (said he) whenever  
 "you are angry, that you say or do nothing before  
 "you have distinctly repeated to yourself the four  
 "and twenty letters of the alphabet." Upon this,  
 Cæsar, caught him hastily by the hand, and cried  
 out, 'Stay, stay, Arthenodorus! I have need of  
 'thy presence longer still;' and so detained him  
 another year. This incident is celebrated by the  
 ancients as a rule of excellent wisdom, and does  
 high honour to this intrepid and honest counsellor,  
 to the world's master.

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#### ANECDOTE

OF THE

#### DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

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**G**EORGE Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,  
 with the figure and genius of Alcibiades,  
 could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax, and  
 the dissolute Charles. When he alike ridiculed  
 that witty king, and his solemn chancellor; when  
 he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of  
 bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported  
 its cause with bad patriots; one laments that  
 such parts should have been devoid of every vir-  
 tue.

tue. But when Alcibiades turns chymist; when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character. An instance of astonishing quickness is related of this witty Duke. Being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,

"MY WOUND IS GREAT, BECAUSE IT IS SO SMALL;"

The Duke cried out,

*'Then, 'twou'd be greater, were it none at all.'*

The play was instantly damn'd.

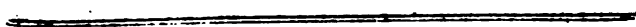
## MATERNAL AFFECTION.

**W**HAT pen can describe all the emotion of joy and sorrow which at times agitates a mother's bosom; the tender solitudes for the object of her affection; her alarms and fears when in danger of losing it; and her despair, when it is gone for ever?

A noble Venetian Lady, having lost her son, became a prey to excessive grief. Her

feffor endeavoured to console her; he told her to think of Abraham, whom the Almighty commanded to facrifice his fon, and which he obeyed without murmuring. "*Ah! my father,*" she replied with much vehemence, "*God would never have commanded fuch a facrifice to a mother.*"

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## *A N E C D O T E S, &c.*



A N

### HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

ORD BROGHILL (afterwards Earl of Offory) who might be properly called the common friend of King Charles and the Protector, endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between them, by the former's marrying Frances, the fourth and youngest daughter of the Protector, to which not only the King, but also she herself, and her mother, gave their assent; but as it was a delicate point to obtain Oliver's concurrence, it was not thought adviseable to be too precipitate, but to let the report circulate abroad before it was mentioned to the Protector. When it was judged proper to be broke out to him, Broghill went as usual to the Palace, and being introduced to his

B

Highness

who seldom take a book in their hand, but to discover the faults it may in their opinion contain; the merit of the work is the last of their consideration; they can pass over many fine sentiments, and rhetorical expressions, without the least regard; but to whatever they think obscure, absurd, or impertinent, they are sure to afford no quarter: many perfections cannot atone for a few imperfections with them, they must have a perfect piece or none; such persons ought not to read at all, they are not fit to judge of what they do read. For every man of sense and candour, who reads in order to reap the benefit of reading, will give merit its due, wherever he finds it, and be cautious how he commends. When I meet with a great many beauties in a piece, I am not offended with a few faults, which might have escaped the author thro' inadvertency, or which the impotence of human nature could not so well provide against. Sometimes too, what is very clear in a book, seems to us obscure, for want of reading it with sufficient attention.

We should not read a book on purpose to find its faults; but, purely to understand it.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be;  
In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend.

Of

Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversation of a well chosen friend.

By reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and by contemplation ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment. Of these, reading is the most important, which furnishes both the other.

It must be allowed, that slow reading is the quickest and surest way to knowledge. A frequent perusal of a few well chosen books, will tend more to the improvement of the understanding, than a multifarious reading of all the superficial writers, who have attempted to acquire literary fame. If we would perpetuate our fame or reputation, we must do things worth writing, or write things worth reading.

I think a person may as well be asleep—for they can be only said to dream—who read any thing, but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased—the labour only  
fitting

sitting still, and the expence but time, which if we do not spend, we cannot save.—In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour.—In a library you can make every wit subject to yours.

Many great readers load their memories, without exercising their judgments; and make lumber rooms of their heads, instead of furnishing them usefully.

Were the Bible but considered impartially and attentively, in its most advantageous lights; as it contains all the written revelation of God's will now extant; as it is the basis of our national religion, and gives vigour and spirit to all our social laws; as it is the most ancient, and consequently curious collections of historical incidents, moral precepts, and political institutions; as the style of it is, in some places, nobly sublime and poetical, and in others, sweetly natural, plain, and unaffected. In a word, as being well acquainted with it is highly requisite, in order to make men useful and ornamental in this life, (to say nothing of their happiness in the next). It is to be hoped that a cool reflection or two of this sort, might induce the more ingenious and rational among them, to let the Bible take its turn, among those volumes which pass through their hands, either for amusement

ment or instruction. Should such an entertainment once become fashionable, of what mighty service would it be to the interest of religion, and consequently to the happiness of mankind.

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## GREEN PEAS.

**I**N the beginning of the year 1776, a young gentleman of great fortune being desirous of presenting something rare to his mistress, enquired in the suburbs of Paris for green pease, and with great difficulty procured four half-pint pottles, for each of which he paid six Louis d'ors; a most extravagant price, but it was the only valuable present he could think of, which the delicacy of his mistress would not make her refuse; for the lady was of a haughty disposition, and would not accept of any thing that might subject her to the imputation of selfishness.

It is not certain if the chevalier gave orders that she should be informed of the price, or whether the season of the year, or the knowledge of their rarity made her guess it: however, as she was more of the coquette than the epicure, she could not help telling the messenger that the gentleman who bought them, apparently had more money than wit.

Her

Her mother, who was naturally avaricious, finding her of this opinion, proposed to sell the pease, and after some altercation she got the better of her delicacy, and made her consent to the sending them to the market, where none had appeared, nor indeed was such a rarity expected.

The old lady luckily was acquainted with a woman, whose business it was to give notice to the stewards of people of quality of every thing scarce, the first of the kind that was to be purchased. This woman undertook the commission to sell the pease, and set out with the intention to carry them to the hotel of the Prince de Conde, who was to give a superb entertainment that day to the foreign ministers.

In the interval another admirer of the young Lady paid her a visit, and the conversation turning on the backwardness of spring she accidentally mentioned green pease, which made him conjecture she had a desire to taste them. He therefore shortened his visit, making some plausible excuse, and repaired to the most celebrated fruiterers in Paris, but, to his mortification, all the intelligence he could procure was, that none had yet appeared except four pottles which an old woman had been seen conveying to the Prince de Conde's.

The

The hopes of our enamorata now revived; he lost no time, and fortunately overtaking the woman, who knew him, before she reached the hotel, he thought himself very happy to obtain them at the moderate charge of thirty Louis.

The emissary, equally overjoyed, returned to her employers with the money, and told the young lady who had purchased them. But though she had no objection to the money, she was extremely piqued to find her favorite lover had bought them, not doubting but they were designed for some formidable rival; and in this conjecture she was confirmed by the abrupt manner in which he had shortened his visit and left her. Distracted with jealousy, she imparted her sentiments to a female visitant, and both were earnestly employed in railing at the infidelity of mankind, when, behold! one of the servants of the suspected lover was introduced, who brought a basket from his master, decorated with the flowers in season, and covered with nosegays, which being removed, the triumphant fair one discovered the *green pease*! and thus the chagrin was instantly converted into immoderate peals of laughter at this droll adventure. As for the visitor, being quite familiar in the house, and fond of dainties, she insisted on eating the pease; that they might not



cause any more confusion in the family; but as the motive was easily discerned, they went no farther than the rules of politeness required, and only dressed one bottle.

After the lady was gone, a new council was held, to deliberate on the disposal of the remainder. The daughter had now no objection to sell them again, but the mother having a law suit in hand, thought it more for her interest to send them to her attorney which was accordingly done, and occasioned a very warm dispute between him and his wife: Madam loved good cheer, and insisted on regaling her friends with this rarity, but the attorney knew better how to serve his own interest, and sent them to the Marquis — who had promised to give him preferment.

But scarce were the pease set down on the table, when the lover who had adorned the basket with flowers, came to visit the Marquis, and, seeing the present to his mistress thus, as it were, fly in his face, he concealed his resentment, but took the first opportunity to pay a visit to his perfidious mistress, who very coolly thanked him for his pease, adding they had an excellent flavour: enraged at her carrying the matter so far, he then told her, that she must wait till the Marquis had tasted them, before she gave her opinion of their goodness.

goodness. The lady at a loss to guess his meaning, and confounded at the violence of his transports, demanded an explanation; he then related to her the last incident, but she not suspecting what had happened, affirmed they were not the same pease; this enraged him still more, and he required to see the basket in which he himself had placed the pottles, and which he adorned with flowers; not being able to produce it, the quarrel seemed to admit of no terms of accommodation, when in came *the pease again!* The Marquis who had a secret inclination for the lady (the greatest beauty in Paris) thought them a very proper present for her. Our lover was now fully convinced that the Marquis could not be so absurd to send his mistress her present to him, yet he was convinced they were the very same pease:—the mother therefore was obliged to confess the truth. It was then determined to sacrifice the *travelling pease* to the calls of nature, and they were accordingly consumed by the parties most interested in their fate.



WILLIAM and HELEN,  
*To a Friend at Dumfries in Scotland, on*  
*the Birth of a Daughter,*  
By S. Whitchurch, *Ironmonger, of BATH*

**M**UCH did the tuneful Homer boast  
Of beauteous Helen's wond'rous charms  
That fir'd with rage the Grecian host,  
And rous'd a world of fools to arms.

A lovelier Fair 'twas yours to wed,  
Than Greece or Homer ever knew,  
A Helen faithful to your bed,  
Whose beauty blossom'd but for you.

'Twas yours my friend, the blifs to gain  
A richer prize than Paris won,  
Though ruin'd Troy, and Heroes slain,  
Might boast what Helen's charms had done,

Sweet flow the joys when love lights up  
In kindred Souls his constant fires,  
When fill'd with blifs fond Hymen's cup,  
The mutual happiness inspires.

Happy the Pair, when bounteous heav'n  
Has all their fondest wishes crown'd,  
At whose domestic board 'tis giv'n  
To plant young Olives all around.

Thrice

Thrice happy you my friend who find  
The smiling pledge of Love so soon,  
Who with your lovely Helen kind  
Embrace gay Hymen's infant boon.

Long may the little stranger live -  
To swell the joys of wedded life,  
Much comfort to receive and give,  
And grow the image of your wife.

Long may she soothe her Parents' care,  
And while she courts their shelt'ring arms,  
Much mental beauty may she share,  
And emulate her Mother's charms.

Permit a distant Bard to swell  
The friendly note of mirthful song,  
Where William and his Helen dwell  
To waft sweet Poesy along.

Permit the Muse my friends for you  
To twine the wreath of well-meant rhyme  
To bid young Joy and pleasures new  
Gladden your hours of passing time.

BATH, OCTOBER 8, 1795.

S. W.

TO

To a STATUARY of BATH, on his  
MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

**H**APPY the Man, who far from female strife,  
Can carve a Child, or *chisel out* a wife;  
Stranger to broils, and matrimonial cares,  
Uneasiness for him no scold prepares;  
No jealous Fair complains of slighted charms,  
Nor threatens striking vengeance with her arms;  
Peace undisturb'd at home 'tis his to find—  
No curtain lectures discompose his mind;  
No strains censorious vibrate on his ears  
Like sound of broken bells, or clashing spears;  
He comes, he goes, just whensoe'er he please,  
No frowns insult him, and no tongue can tease;  
He of variety may take his fill,  
And make a Wife, to smile or frown, at will;  
Sole Monarch of his house, he reigns alone;  
And leaves his *silent* Spouse to *fret in stone*.

Still happier he; who to the Sculptor's art,  
Has join'd the lovely idol of his heart;  
From things inanimate has turn'd his eyes,  
And won in Virtue's warfare, Beauty's prize;  
Who not content with *one* of Parian stone,  
Can boast a Partner of his *flesh and bone*.

Thrice

( 15 )

Thrice happy thou my friend, whose prudent  
choice,  
instructed by Love, by Reason's calmer voice,  
offences charms no Sculptor e'er could give,  
though fire Promethean bade his image live,

BATH, MAY 16, 1792.

S. W.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

*The late DUKE of GRAFTON.*

THE late Duke of Grafton, in hunting, was  
one day thrown into a ditch; at the same  
instant a horseman, calling out, "Lie still my  
lord!" leaped over his grace and pursued his  
sport. When the duke's attendants came up, he  
inquired of them who that person was: and being  
told it was a young curate in the neighbourhood,  
his grace replied, "He shall have the first good  
thing that falls; had he stopped to take care of  
me, I would never have given him any thing as  
long as he had lived." Of so much consequence  
is to hit the particular turn of a patron.

CONSTANCY

## CONSTANCY of AGIS,

*King of Lacedemonia.*

**A**GIS, the colleague of Leonidas in the government of Sparta, was a young prince of great hopes. He shewed himself just and obliging to all men; and in the gentleness of his disposition, and sublimity of his virtues, not only exceeded Leonidas, who reigned with him, but all the kings of Sparta from king Agefilaus. He was a very handsome person, and of a graceful behaviour; yet, to check the vanity he might take therein, he would always dress in a very plain manner. He had been bred very tenderly by his mother Agefistrata, and his grand-mother Archidamia, who were the wealthiest of all the Lacedemonians; yet, before the age of twenty-four, he so far overcame himself, as to renounce effeminate pleasures. In his diet, bathings, and in all his exercises, he chose to imitate the old Lyncurgic frugality and temperance; and was often heard to say, "He would not desire the kingdom, if he did not hope, by means of that authority, to restore their ancient laws and discipline." This maxim governed his whole life: and with this view, he associated with men of interest and capacity, who were equally willing to bring about the great design he had formed of thoroughly reforming the  
state,

e, now sunk into luxury and debauch. For purpose attempts were made; and so far succeeded, that Leonidas thought it advisable to abate the throne. But Agésilas, from interested views, acted so precipitately; that, while Agis was raising a body of spartan troops to the assistance of the Achæans a conspiracy was formed for restoring Leonidas, whose ambition, pride, and luxury, had greatly contributed to effeminate the minds of the people. Leonidas being now restored to the throne; tried every method possible to bring Agis into his power; and which at last he effected by the treacheries of Amphiaraus and Democritus. Being dragged away to the common prison, the ephori constituted by Leonidas sat ready to judge him. As soon as he came in, they asked him, "How he durst attempt to alter the government?" At which he smiled, without affording answer; which provoked one of the ephori to tell him, "That he ought rather to weep; for they would make him sensible of his presumption." Another asked him, "Whether he was not constrained to do what he did by Agésilas and Lycurgus?" To which the king, with a composed countenance, answered: "I was constrained by none; the design was mine; and my intent was to restore the laws of Lycurgus, and to have been governed by them." "But do you not now,"

D

said



said one of the judges, "repent of your rashness?" "No, replied the king; "I can never repent of so just and honourable an intention." The ephori then ordered him to be taken away, and strangled. The officers of justice refused to obey; and even the mercenary soldiers declined so unworthy an action. Whereupon Demochares, reviling them for cowards, forced the king into the room where the execution was to be performed. Agis, about to die, perceiving one of the setjeants bitterly bewailing his misfortune: "Weep not, friend, for me," said he, "who die innocently; but grieve for those who are guilty of this horrid act. My condition is much better than theirs." Then, stretching out his neck, he submitted to death with a constancy worthy both of the royal dignity, and his own great character. Immediately after Agis was dead, Amphares went out of the prison gate, where he found Agefistrata; who, kneeling at his feet, he gently raised her up, pretending still the same friendship as formerly. He assured her she need not fear any further violence should be offered against her son; and that if she pleased she might go in and see him. She begged her mother might also have the favour of being admitted: to which she replied. "Nobody should hinder her." When they were entered, he commanded the gate should be again locked, and the  
grand-

grand-mother to be first introduced. She was now grown very old, and had lived all her days in great reputation of wisdom and virtue. As soon as Amphares thought she was dispatched, he told Agefistrata she might go in, if she pleased. She entered: where, beholding her son's body stretched on the ground, and her mother hanging by the neck, she stood at first astonished at so horrid a spectacle: but, after a while, recollecting her spirits, the first thing she did was to assist the soldiers in taking down the body; then covering it decently, she laid it by her son's; where embracing and kissing his cheeks, "O my son," said she, "It is thy great mercy and goodness which hath brought thee and us to this untimely end." Amphares, who stood watching behind the door rushed in hastily; and, with a furious tone and countenance, said to her: "Since you approve so well of your son's actions, it is fit you should partake in his reward." She rising up to meet her destiny, only uttered these few words. "I pray the Gods that all this may redound to the good of Sparta." After which, she submitted to death with a composure and firmness that drew tears from the executioner.

ANEC-

## A N E C D O T E

OF

*SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.*

**I**N the reign of King William, Oliver Cromwell (grandson to the Protector) found it necessary, on some account or other, to present a petition to Parliament. He gave his petition to a Friend, a Member, who took it to the House of Commons to present it. Just as this gentleman was entering the House with the petition in his hand, Sir Edward Seymour, the famous old Tory Member, was also going in. On sight of Sir Edward so near him, the gentleman found his fancy briskly solicited by certain ideas of mirth, to make the surly, sour, old Seymour, carry up a petition for Oliver Cromwell. "Sir Edward, (says he, stopping him at the instant,) will you do me a favour?. I this moment recollect, that I must immediately attend a trial in Westminster-hall, which may detain me too late to give in this petition, as I promised to do this morning; 'tis a mere matter of form; will you be so good as to carry it up for me?" "Give it me," said Sir Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the House. When a proper vacancy happened to produce it, the Knight put himself directly

directly on his feet, and his spectacles on his nose, and began to read with an audible voice, "The humble petition of—of—of—the Devill (said Seymour)—of Oliver Cromwell. "The roar of laughter in the House at seeing him so fairly taken in, was too great for Sir Edward to withstand; so he instantly flung down the petition, and ran out of the House in the utmost confusion.

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## T H E

*EVILS of INTEMPERANCE.*

**L**AERTIUS, in the life of Zenocrates, tell us a very remarkable story of one Polemon, an Athenian rake:—That coming into his school, after a violent debauch, the effects of which were yet visible by his staggering gait, &c. the Philosopher dropped the subject he was treating of, and applying his discourse to the youth, inveighed against Intemperance with such admirable force of reason and persuasive eloquence, as roused all the sleepy faculties of his soul, and dispelled that thick mist which hung upon his mind, and hindered him from a sight of his folly. This, as the sage went on to express, in lively colours, its hideous deformity, the falseness and emptiness of its pleasures,

ures, with the fatal consequences that attended it, was followed by shame, sorrow, and remorse. One might have read in the young man's countenance the mighty conflict within, where contrary passions held his mind in a fluctuating suspense, till subdued by superior reason, and a vigorous resolution to break off from a course of life which not only debases the dignity of human nature, but also by engaging us in too eager a pursuit of sensual gratifications, destroys in us the true relish of them.

The beautiful description of modesty and temperance with which Zenocrates ended his discourse, so fired the soul of young Polemon, that he could forbear no longer; he immediately tore the chaplets from his head and his gown, which before was loose and flowing, & gathered them up close about him; in short, being reclaimed by this excellent lecture of a notorious libertine, he became a grave philosopher, no less eminent for his learning and virtue, than before he had been infamous for lewdness and excess. A strange conversion indeed! not to be paralleled in the history of any age or nation.

I am not vain enough to flatter myself with hopes of treating the same subject with the same success; unequal to the task, I wish to excite  
abler

abler pens to stem the torrent of this favourite vice, which in former ages hath overturned the mightiest Empires, and in the present æra is very likely to be the destruction of this.

To the youth of Great Britain I dedicate these thoughts. The world, through which you are to pass, is full of snares and temptations. Youth, without the aid of ill examples, is too apt to be transported by its own heat, and hurried away into a thousand extravagancies. Considering this, I hope none will think me trifling or impertinent for laying before you the greatness and certainty of your danger, especially seeing the knowledge of it puts it in your power to avoid it. I would therefore endeavour to prepossess your tender minds with an aversion for an enemy, (which cannot hurt you whilst you account it so,) that destroys with a smile, and, like the venomous asp, imperceptibly lulls you into a lethargy, and insensibly steals away your life. The intoxicating nature of this vice, and its fatal influence over the mind of man, is finely represented by the immortal Tasso, in his character of Rhinaldo! who, being conveyed by the fair enchantress Voluptuousness into the bower of pleasure, is there laid upon a bed of roses, and lulled asleep by the soft harmony of whispering zephyrs, warbling birds, and purling streams. The

The cupids, which fan him with their wings, disarm him, and still ply him as he awakes with fresh draughts of a soporiferous wine; till at last the hero, dissolved with ease and softness, bids an eternal adieu to the toils of war, and all further pursuits of glory.

This beautiful episode seems to be formed upon the circe of the divine Homer, who tells us that she could turn all those who drank of her enchanted cup, into hogs, wolves, bears, and lions; signifying, that by intemperance, we degrade ourselves from the dignity of our species, and put on such foul and monstrous shapes when we pass into the manners of those brutes who wear them, and copy in ourselves their obscene, their fierce, and savage natures; so that those who celebrated the orgies of Bacchus in their skins of bears, tygers, &c. were no less brutish than the beasts themselves, whilst the drunken fit was upon them.

'Tis to the man of pleasure and exercise that the moral of these poetical fictions may be applied with the greatest justice and propriety, whose life is one continued act of degeneracy, and every scene of it filled up with brutes of one sort or other; only with this difference, that the instinct which governs them in a way suitable to their na-  
tures

tures, is wanting in him. Is not his reason immersed in sensuality; reason, the eye, the light of the soul, and the only evidence of its divine original; reason, more glorious than the sun, more extensive than his beams? Even this, like the lamps in the worship of Colytto, is first put out, the better to conceal the man from himself, and any sense of shame, which otherwise rise up to disturb his wild enjoyments. What does he say and do in his mad frolicks? Things which, upon cool consideration, he would give the world to have unsaid and undone; so that his sober intervals are spent in sorrow for what passes in his drunken carouses.

'Tis this vice which turns wisdom into folly, strength into weakness, beauty into deformity, and the fine gentleman into a stupid, senseless animal. Of this we have numberless instances, both in sacred and prophane history. I shall just mention a flagrant one in Alexander the Great, who, by Intemperance, became the reverse of himself. Never, surely, did any Prince set out with greater advantages and more promising hopes than he; for, besides a natural inclination to virtue, he had the advantage of having his mind thoroughly seasoned with the precepts of morality, which made him good as well as great, and justly rendered

E

him



him the darling of mankind, till after he conquered the Persians, and was himself conquered by their vices; 'twas then he let loose the reins to all manner of debauchery; then he slew Clytus at his own table, because he was too much his friend to flatter him. This brave unfortunate man had but a little before saved his life with the hazard of his own, and his mother was the King's nurse. Ungrateful Prince, thus to kill thy preserver, thus to return the mother's tender care of thy helpless infancy with the death of her only son! 'Twas then also that Parmenio and Philotas (who set the crown upon his head, and by whom he won his most glorious victories,) were sacrificed to their own great merit. The immortal Staggrite was put to death by an order from under the same hand: the Philosopher and Virtue, as became them, stood and fell together. Instead of mentioning more particulars, I shall only observe that envy, suspicion, revenge, and cruelty, which sully the later glories of his reign, where all the issue of Intemperance, which also at last was too hard for this mighty Conqueror; who, after he had buried his virtue and honour, fell a victim to this vice, and expired in a debauch at Babylon. Cursed juice, more venomous than the waters of the river Styx! Well did the Poets feign that the earth produced thee in revenge for the death of her sons, who  
were

were slain by Jupiter for their impious attempt to scale Heaven. Thou art more destructive to our race than Pandora's box, the parent of a thousand diseases. All maladies of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms of heart—sick agony, all feverous kinds, convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs, intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pangs, demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy, and moon struck madness, pining atrophy, marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence, dropsies, asthmas, and joint racking gout, owe their birth to thee, thou great destroyer of mankind. The plague (or pestilence) is less mortal; that, indeed, may sweep away the present generation, but thou entailest diseases upon posterity, and the innocent grandson falls a victim to his grandfire's intemperance.

'Tis this vice that gives wings to death; it is indeed its chief delegate, and supplies it with his best and most surest artillery. Our inimitable Spenser hath set forth the deformities of this vice, and its horrid consequences, in so descriptive and elegant a manner, that a quotation from him may prove acceptable to those who are unacquainted with the writings of that incomparable Poet.

And

E 2

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
 Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,  
 His belly was blown up with luxury,  
 And eke with fatness swol'n were his eyne:  
 And like a crane his neck was long and fine,  
 With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,  
 For want thereof poor people oft did pine:  
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
 He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest,

In green vine leaves he was right filthy clad,  
 For other clothes he could not wear for heat;  
 And on his head an ivy garland had,  
 From under which fast trickled down the sweat;  
 Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,  
 And in his hand did bear a boozing can,  
 Of which he supp'd so oft, that on his seat  
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,  
 In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,  
 And eke unable once to stir or go;  
 Not meet to be of Counsel to a King;  
 Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,  
 That from his friend he seldom knew his foe.  
 Full of diseases was his carcase blue,  
 And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,  
 Which by mis-diet daily greater grew:  
 Such one was Gluttony.

How

no miserable man it be to fall a prey to such  
 miseries! What desperate folly! Is not life short  
 enough, that we endeavour to make it still shorter  
 by our excesses? Tell me, ye sons of Babel, is  
 there be any pleasure in your midnight revels  
 at the loss of health, which is not only an  
 valuable blessing itself, but the crown and por-  
 tion of all other blessings. Would a wife make  
 repentance so dear, or for a short fit of fran-  
 kish (which seldom begins till the sense of enjoy-  
 ment is over) chuse to languish out the remainder  
 of his days in shame, pain, and sorrow, and dis-  
 ease upon his innocent posterity? This is  
 the madness that exceeds that of the foolish  
 men, who put themselves to the most ridicu-  
 lous uses, cut and slash their bodies, to render  
 worship to their inanimate and senseless  
 idols.—Upon the whole, the votaries of Intem-  
 perance hate their own flesh, die martyrs to vice  
 and folly, upon no other view but that of being  
 miserable for ever.

### *Anecdote of* **PROTAGORAS.**

**W**HEN Protagoras, the Sceptic, whose wis-  
 domling whimsies led him to doubt of every  
 thing, even though he saw or felt it, began his  
 book

book thus: "As for the Gods, whether they are or are not, I have nothing to say."—The magistrates of Athens highly resented this profane trifling with things sacred, banished him out of their city, and condemned his book to be burnt by the common executioner. And after this; when he and his friend Pyrrho were asked, why they walked so much alone? they answered, "It was to meditate how they might be good," and being hereupon further asked, what necessity there was for being good, if it be not certain that there is a God? they replied, "It cannot be certain that there is none; and therefore it is prudence to provide against the worst."

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## A

*Chinese Anecdote.*

THE Emperor Tay Ming having lost his way, and over-heated with riding in the sultry hours, thence urged by an intolerable thirst, he had recourse to the cave of a poor Hermit, who, in the peace of his retirement, was cultivating a small spot, at the foot of the mountain Tchang Khwa. The Hermit, who knew him perfectly well, offered

o him some dishes of Souchong tea, together  
 with the delicious fruit of the Foeheon, or  
 pricots, which grew therabouts in great  
 quantity, the Emperor most graciously accepted  
 refreshment. After which, having somewhat  
 leisure for botany, he was pleased to bestow a  
 visit on the little garden of the humble solitary.  
 There were in it some curious plants, and among  
 them one singularly so, none of the like having  
 been seen so much as seen within the precincts of  
 the Imperial Palace. It was called the *Plant of*  
*Truth* and was a species of the *Mimosa* or *Ses-*  
*uvium*. The Hermit then pointed out to the  
 Emperor its political virtue: it was such, that at  
 the approach of any false friend to the owner of  
 the garden, it shrunk, and curled its leaves in-  
 to a ball with apparent signs of horror: on the con-  
 trary when the friend was real and sincere, it gave  
 forth tokens of enjoying his presence, and with  
 its vivid verdure, seemed to express a grate-  
 ful satisfaction.—“Phooh, said the Emperor, look-  
 ing disdainfully at this marvellous plant, I have,  
 Your Majesty, no need of such a test: I am al-  
 ready provided, I keep two books, the one with  
 a red binding, the other with a black. In my  
 red book are registered such as I am told, de-  
 serve to be reprobated by me for ever. In my  
 black book I have set down the names of those  
 who,

who, I have been assured, merit my favour and confidence."—"Alas," said the Hermit, who knew full well by what *informers* those writings were inspired, "your Majesty could hardly be better advised than to burn your books, or, at least, *change* them!"

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## RELIGION.

**R**ELIGION is a thing much talked of but little understood; much pretended to, but very little practised; and the reason why it is so ill practised, is, because it is so little understood; knowledge, therefore, must precede religion, since it is necessary to be wise, in order to be virtuous, it must be known to whom, and upon what account duty is owing, otherwise it never can be rightly paid. It must therefore be considered, that God is the object of all religion, and that the soul is the subject wherein it exists and resides. From the soul it must proceed, and to God it must be directed, as to that Almighty Being whose power alone could create a rational soul, and whose goodness only could move him to make it capable of an eternal felicity, which infinite bounty of God has laid a perpetual obligation upon the soul

to a constant love, obedience and adoration of him. And to an undoubted assurance, that the same power and goodness that created man, will for ever preserve him and protect him, if he perseveres in the sincere performance of his duty. The body can have no other share in religion; than by its gestures to represent and discover the bent and inclination of the mind, which representations also, are but too often false and treacherous, deluding those that behold them, into the opinion of a saint, but truly discovering a notorious hypocrite to God, who sees how distant his intentions are from his pretences. People are as much deceived themselves, as they deceive others, who think to use religion as they do their best cloaths, only wear it to church, and on Sunday to appear fine, and make a show, and with them, as soon as they come home again, lay it aside carefully; for fear of wearing it out: That religion is good for nothing that is made of so flight a stuff, as will not endure wearing, which ought to be as constant a covering for the soul, as the skin is to the body, not to be divided from it; division being the ruin of both. Nor must it be thought that religion consists only in bending the knees, which is a fitting posture of humility; but in the fervent and humble adoration of the soul. Nor in the lifting up of the hands and eyes, but in the warmth of  
F the



the affection. Outward gestures and decent behaviour, are things very fit and reasonable, being all that the body can pay ; but it is inward sincerity alone that can render them both acceptable. Much less does religion consist in dismal looks and sour faces, which only shows, that it is very unpalatable to those who make them ; and it seems as if they were swallowing of something that went grievously against their stomachs. 'Tis likewise to be considered, the frequency and fervency of prayers gives it acceptance, not the length of them. That one prayer rightly addressed to God from a well disposed mind, is more efficacious than ten sermons carelessly heard, and more carelessly practised. But hearing being a much easier duty than praying, because it can often change unto sleeping, is therefore preferred to it, by a great many people. But if in the end, their profound ignorance will not excuse them, I am sure their stupid obstinacy never will. But there are so many virtues required in order to praying rightly, that people think, perhaps, that it would take up too much time and pains to acquire them. And they are much in the right, if they think their prayers will be insignificant without them, and that an ill man can never pray well, and to purpose ; for the stream will always partake of the fountain. And if the mind, which is the fountain of all our addresses to  
 God,

God, be vitious and impure, the prayers which proceed from it, must needs be sullied with the same pollutions. But, on the contrary, if the mind be once made virtuous, all that proceeds from it will be pleasing and accepted. And as to dejected looks and a sorrowful countenance, they are in no wise graceful in religion, which is so far from being a melancholy thing, that it can never appear displeasing, or tiresome to a mind where wisdom and virtue do not first seem troublesome; for wisdom instructing the soul to act reasonably, instructs it likewise to serve and obey God readily and chearfully; for that which appears reasonable to a wise man, will always appear delightful; and religion is that very same reason and wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace.

Were men sensible of the happiness that results from true religion, the voluptuous man would there seek his pleasure, the covetous man his wealth, and the ambitious man his glory. Men who are destitute of religion are so far from being learned philosophers, that they ought not to be esteemed so much as reasonable men.

Religion is so far from debaring men of any innocent pleasure or comfort, of human life that it

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purifies

purifies the pleasure of it, and renders them more grateful and generous. And besides this, it brings mighty pleasure of its own, those of a glorious hope, a serene mind, a calm and undisturbed conscience, which do far out-relish the most studied and artificial luxuries.

Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue—unsupported by religion, are equal to the trying situations that often occur in life,

As little appearance as there is of religion in the world, there is a great deal of its influence felt in its affairs,—nor can any who have been religiously educated, so root out the principles of it, but like nature, they will return again, and give checks and interruptions to guilty pursuits. There can be no real happiness without religion and virtue, and the assistance of God's grace and Holy Spirit to direct our lives, in the true pursuit of it. Happiness, I contend is only to be found in religion—in the consciousness of virtue—and a sure and a certain hope of a better life, which brightens all our prospects, and leaves no room to dread disappointments,—because the expectations of it are built upon a rock, whose foundations are as deep as those of heaven or hell.

So

So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed, that he cannot but pursue happiness—and yet, unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way, which can only lead him to the accomplishment of all his wishes. What pity it is that the sacred name of religion should ever have been borrowed, and employed in so bad a work, as in covering over pride—spiritual pride, the worst of all pride—hypocrisy, self-love, covetousness, extortion, cruelty and revenge,—or the fair form of virtue should have been thus disguised, and for ever drawn into suspicion, from the unworthy use of this kind, to which the artful and abandoned have often put her.—Some people pass through life, soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it—but from force of habit merely.—Again some think it sufficient to be good Christians, without being good men,—so spend their lives in drinking, cheating—and praying.

True religion gives an habitual sweetness and complacency which produces genuine politeness, without injury to sincerity; it preserves the mind from every unfair bias, and inclines it to temper justice with mercy in all its judgments upon others.

Religion

Religion is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak.

Divine meditations do not only in power subdue all sensual pleasures, but far exceed them in sweetness and delight.

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious. Persecution can be no argument to persuade, nor violence the way to conversion.

Were angels, if they look into the ways of men, to give in their catalogue of worthies, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up? We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, and the noise of victories, &c. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage who possesses a soul in thankfulness, under the pressure of what little minds call poverty, and distress. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general, at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works, a generous concern for the good of mankind, and unfeigned exercise of humility only denominates men great and glorious.

What

What can be more suitable to a rational creature, than to employ reason to contemplate that divine Being, which is both the author of its reason, and noblest object about which it can possibly be employed.

All our wisdom and happiness consists summarily in the knowledge of God and ourselves. To know, and to do, is the compendium of our duty.

We have a great work on our hands,—the gospel promises to believe,—the commands to obey,—temptations to resist,—passions to conquer; and this must be done, or we are undone: therefore look to heaven for the powers.

Religion is exalted reason refined from the grosser parts of it. It is both the foundation and crown of all virtues. It is morality raised and improved to its height, by being carried nearer to heaven, the only place where perfection resideth.

The greatest wisdom is, to keep our eye perpetually on a future judgment, for the direction and government of our lives; which will furnish us with such principles of action, as cannot be so well learned elsewhere.

How

How miserable is that man, that cannot look backward, without shame, nor forward without terror! What comfort will his riches afford him in his extremity! or what will all his sensual pleasures, his vain and empty titles, robes, dignities, and crowns avail him in the day of his distress.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;  
To ask them, what report they bore to heav'n,  
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

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## The CONFESSION

OF

MISS ———

IN vain I strive my heart to shield,  
Spite of myself that heart will yield;  
In vain would hide a thousand ways  
What every conscious look betrays:

The jest assum'd th' averted eye,  
Poorly conceal the stifled sigh;  
Each stolen touch, which love impels,  
The heart's emotion trembling tells.

Yet

Yet not Eliza's charms alone,  
Could ruling reason thus dethrone;  
Her blooming graces tho' with pain,  
My cautious bosom might sustain.

But arm'd with that enchanting mien,  
Which speaks the feeling mind within;  
How can my soften'd breast be free,  
Thus caught by sensibility?

Yet not for me the tear will start,  
Which proves Eliza's tender heart;  
Yet not for me the smile will speak,  
Which brightens in Eliza's cheek :

Lost in the whirl of fashion'd life,  
Where nature is with joy at strife;  
Her unembarrass'd looks declare,  
That love is not triumphant there :

Lur'd by the hope of gaudier days,  
The pompous banners wealth displays;  
Each fond emotion distant keeps,  
And all her native softness sleeps.

*MEMOIRS*



( 42 )

*M E M O I R S*  
O F T H E  
*H I B E R N I A N P A T R I O T,*  
A N D  
*Miss M\*\*\*\*\*n.*

**D**ESCENDED from one of the greatest families in Ireland, our hero possessed all the virtues and great qualities of his progenitors. Generous, hospitable, and humane, he in that country gained the esteem and affection of all his acquaintance, and was almost idolized by his tenants and dependants. The loyalty and patriotism of his much honoured father having raised him to the first rank in Ireland, his son treads in the same paths, and meets with the same royal marks of attention and approbation.

This gentleman gives very early testimonies of his natural genius and disposition for classical pursuits: nevertheless, the man of the world was not overlooked, and he considered the polite accomplishments as requisite objects to form the gentleman. Thus equipped, he started upon the theatre of life with all the advantages of a polite education, which failed not to set off a most agreeable = and manly figure.

*Such=*

Such attractions inspired the ladies with the strongest partiality for him. The Irish beauties vied with each other to appear the most amiable in his eyes, and he created more female rivals than were, perhaps, ever known. He was not insensible to their charms, but had hitherto preserved his heart, when he set out from that kingdom upon his travels.

On his first arrival here he found the British fair as much inclined to acknowledge his merit as the ladies in Ireland had been. His company was courted in all the polite circles, where he became an ornament among the most brilliant and poignant geniuses, by whom he was greatly cared for and esteemed.

Soon after this he paid a visit to the continent, and was most graciously received, particularly at Versailles. The French beauties, however, did not excite in him such emotions as his fair country women. Their artificial complexions, of which they make not the least secret, but would often repair in public with as little ceremony as placing a pin, in a great degree disgusted him: he could not, however, resist the charms of Mademoiselle F——tte, who seemed to study nature even in art, and if she endeavoured to heighten her attractions by cosmetics, it was done with so much care as scarce to be perceivable.

This lady had just issued from a nunnery, where she had been immured for some years, and was now released, to be betrothed to the Marquis de L——, who was seized with a sudden illness, and fell a sacrifice to his own rashness, in going abroad before he was perfectly recovered.

In France, though every married woman is intitled to her *chér ami*, it is thought scandalous for a single woman to give the world the least suspicion of her entertaining too favourable opinion of any man, let his rank be what it may; and if there is any great disparity in their situations, this suspicion will unavoidably increase. This was the case at present, our hero's rank and Mademoiselle F——tte's were at so great a distance, that it could not be supposed he would ever offer his hand in an honourable way. They were however incessantly together, and frequently seen even in the *tête à tête* parties. Mademoiselle's friends began to look cool upon her, and she was not invited to many parties, where before she constantly received polite cards. Her conduct at length reached her brother's ears. He was a mousquetaire, and supposed to be one of the best swordsmen in Paris: and, had she not judiciously convinced him that the reports spread to her disadvantage, were no more than the effects of scandal, founded on innocent gaiety, very disagreeable consequences might have ensued.

To

To pursue our hero in the other parts of his tour, we may readily suppose that he every where met with that attention due to his rank and dignity, and for which foreigners on the *bon ton* are so celebrated. He also failed not to make proper remarks on the customs and manners of the people, as well as their public edifices, amusements, and even their follies, which in all countries are pretty conspicuous. He conversed with men of letters as well as courtiers, and received all the information they could afford him; for which he amply repaid them by such intelligence concerning his own country, as they were in many respects very ignorant of.

Upon his return home, he found himself more caressed than ever. The antiquated dowagers, as well as the young widows, lavished their compliments upon him, and testified a strong desire to appear amiable in his eyes. He lost his money through compliment to the first, which in some measure gratified them; the latter were more desirous of playing a deeper game: his heart was the object of their attention; and it is confidently asserted that he made several sacrifices at the altar of the Cyprian goddess in their behalf. The ladies here alluded to are well known in polite life: some of them have proved themselves women of complete spirit, and the rest are strongly suspected.

A

A certain peevish Lord who has been out of temper with himself and the world for some time, took great umbrage at our hero's visits to his lady. This was chiefly occasioned by her proving pregnant for the first time after being married three years. A divorce was talked of: and the Hibernian Patriot, finding his Lordship had planted spies upon him, declined his visits, to rescue the lady's character, and restore the tranquillity of the family. But it is generally believed a certain house not far from St James's-Street, afforded them a rendezvous for a considerable time afterwards.

During this lady's confinement by her temporary illness, our hero had occasion to go over to Ireland, where he was received by all his friends and acquaintance in the most agreeable manner.

He had not long been in Dublin 'ere he made an acquaintance at the Castle with a most amiable young lady. She was the natural daughter of a certain English nobleman, who had figured in that country in a very elevated sphere. Her personal charms were not more attracting than her mental accomplishments, as the endowments of nature, which had been lavishly bestowed upon her, were greatly improved by a polite education. She was  
then

hen about eighteen, and had a number of admirers; but her heart had, hitherto, remained invulnerable.—The accomplishments of our hero, united to his very amiable character, made an impression upon her—but alas! his heart was not his own; he was not, however, insensible to her charms. By some fatality they always met in the same companies, and often found themselves at the same card-parties. These frequent interviews led to a train of consequences, which the world has been rather rigid in commenting upon.

Miss M——n (for that is the name the young lady goes by) being asked by our hero, in a *tete a tete* party concerning her history, innocently told in few words. “ My mother was the widow of a gentleman of easy fortune, who by gaiety and dissipation out ran it—He died young, and left her in disagreeable circumstances. Being brought up in an elegant line of life, she had many respectable acquaintances, who contributed to support her in a manner worthy of their friendship. She was still in her prime, I will not add handsome, that may look like partiality in me. She had many suitors; a widow, but her first connubial connection, having proved so disagreeable, she refused, perhaps, some proposals to which she would have listened.

Although

Although a widow, she was at the Castle called "the Sparkler," and was so far qualified for the title, that she dazzled the eyes of the first man there. After this I need not descend to tell you the event. Here I am, to all appearances, in very splendid circumstances"—A flood of tears stopped her farther detail.

Our hero is a man of too much gallantry, to let the moistened eye of beauty plead without relief: he slipped a pocket book with some bank notes into her hand. He then took his leave for the present, and begged the favour of waiting upon her next day to breakfast. Silence gave consent, and being recovered, she was conveyed to her chair.

Such is the outline of the history of Miss M—n who now shines the meteor of a court, and the envy of most of the Hibernian ladies upon the *bon ton*. It is true no positive proof can be produced, that our hero has any more than a friendly, sentimental affection for Miss M—n; but "friendship with woman, is sister to love." Her apartments, from an indifferent first floor, are changed to an elegant house. She is no longer compelled to take a common hack: a brilliant *vis-a-vis* supplies its place. In fine, every circumstance of her situation bespeaks ease and affluence: let the world conclude what they may.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

GEORGE SELWYN.

**I**N the month of May, when debates ran high against the influence of the crown, and the patriots insisted much on the majesty of the people, George Selwyn, happening with some friends to meet a party of chimney sweeper's boys, decorated with gilt paper and other ludicrous ornaments, exclaimed, " I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of their young Princes!"

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### *A curious Punishment.*

**T**HE ancient Gauls condemned all those who had been degraded by a public penance, to run about the country stark naked, with a sword in their hand. The Dacians stripped a man who had been guilty of perjury, and compelled him to pass the remainder of his days like a wild beast. *Since he has ceased to be a man, said they, he has no right to wear clothes.*

H

CHEER.



## CHEERFULNESS OF OLD AGE,

A N D

*LEVITY of YOUTH, CONTRASTED.*

**C**HEERFULNESS in old age is graceful. It is the natural concomitant of virtue. But this is widely different from the levity of youth. Many things are allowable in that early period, which, in maturer years, would deserve censure, but which in old age, become both ridiculous and criminal. By awkwardly affecting to imitate the manners, and to mingle in the vanities of the young, as the aged depart from the dignity, so they forfeit the privileges of grey hairs. But if by follies of this kind they are degraded, they are exposed to much deeper blame by descending to vicious pleasure, and continuing to hover round those sinful gratifications to which they were once addicted.

Amusement and relaxation the aged require, and may enjoy; but they should consider well by every intemperate indulgence they accelerate decay; instead of enlivening, they oppress and precipitate their declining state.

AN

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## A N H Y M N.

**I**N thee, O God! I'll put my trust,  
On thee alone depend!

Thou art my hope, my confidence,  
My father and my friend.

Thro' all the various scenes of life,  
My fate may yet afford,  
My steadfast heart, with humble hope,  
Shall rest on thee, O Lord!

Thou to this moment hast preserv'd,  
And wilt preserve me still,  
Therefore I chearfully submit  
To thy most holy will.

In thy divine protection safe,  
What evils can I fear?  
Who'er forsakes me, still I know,  
That thou, my God art near.

O may I still on thee rely,  
And dread no ill but sin;  
Save me from that, and give me peace  
And purity within.

## A N E C D O T E

OF

HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN of  
CHARLES the FIRST.

**T**HIS beautiful Princess said of Kings, "that they should be as silent and as discreet as Father Confessors."

Some one appearing anxious to tell her the names of some persons who had indisposed many of the English Nobility against her, she replied, "I forbid you to do so. Though they hate me now, they will not perhaps always hate me; and if they have any sentiments of honour, they will be ashamed of tormenting a poor woman, who takes so little precaution to defend herself."

Active and indefatigable on the breaking out of the troubles, she goes to Holland to sell her jewels, and returns to England with several vessels loaded with provisions for her husband's army. The vessel that carried her was in great danger. She sat upon the deck with great tranquillity, and said laughingly, "Queens are never drowned."

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A N E C D O T E

OF

*HENRY the FOURTH,*

*King of France.*

**H**ENRY the FOURTH on declaring war against Spain, had some thoughts of abolishing the land tax. Sully asked him where he should then be able to find the money he wanted for carrying on the war. "In the hearts of my people," replied Henry; "*that is a treasure which can never fail me.*"

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*Degeneracy of Human Nature.*

**L**ET us further suppose, what is sufficiently evident to our daily observation and experience, that all mankind are now a degenerate, feeble, and unhappy race of beings, that we are become sinners in the sight of God, and exposed to his anger: it is manifest enough, that this whole world is a fallen, sinful and rebellious province of God's dominion, and under the actual displeasure of its righteous Creator and Governor. The over-spreading deluge of folly and error, iniquity and  
misery,

misery, that covers the face of the earth gives abundant ground for such a supposition. The experience of every man on earth affords a strong and melancholy proof, that our reasoning powers are easily led away into mistake and falshood, wretchedly bribed and biaſſed by prejudices, and daily overpowered by ſome corrupt appetites or paſſions, and our wills led aſtray to chooſe evil inſtead of good. The beſt of us ſometimes break the laws of our Maker, by contradicting the rules of piety and virtue which our own reaſon and conſciences ſuggeſt to us. "There is none righteous" perfectly, "no not one." Nor is there one perſon upon earth free from troubles and difficulties, and pains and ſorrows, ſuch as teſtify ſome reſentments of our Maker.

Even from our infancy, our diſeaſes, pains and ſorrows begin, and it is very remarkably evident in ſome families, that theſe pains and diſeaſes are propagated to the offspring, as they were contracted by the vices of the parents: and particular vicious inclinations, as well as particular diſtempers, are conveyed from parents to children, ſometimes through ſeveral generations. The beſt of us are not free from irregular propenſities and paſſions even in the younger parts of life, and as our years advance, our ſins break out, and continue

tinue more or less through all our lives. Our whole race then is plainly degenerate, sinful and guilty before God, and are under some tokens of his anger.

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*A N E C D O T E*

OF THE LATE

*Sir THOMAS PRENDERGAST.*

**T**HE late Sir Thomas Prendergast, Post-master-general of Dublin, had such another affair in his family as that of Lord G—r. His Lady had indiscreetly made him a cuckold; and he took care the world should know it, insomuch that it engrossed the attention of the public throughout the nation. Whilst matters were carrying on with a high hand between the Lady and her Spouse, Sir Thomas happening one day to be in company with the earl of Kildare, asked the Earl, If he gave a great many franks?—"for," said he, "there comes more of your Lordship's franks to the post-office, than of any man's in Ireland; and I have often suspected they were forged." The Earl answered, that he gave but very few: he said, if so many came, they must be forged, to be sure; and intreated, as a favour, that the next might be  
stopped,

stopped, and brought to him; by means whereof he said, he hoped he should be able to find out who it was had played the trick. Orders were accordingly given; and in about a day or two's time, there comes a frank which was brought to Sir Thomas, and immediately carried by him to the Earl. The Earl had several persons of distinction with him: however, Sir Thomas being a man of consequence, was readily introduced, and presented the frank.

As soon as the Earl saw the letter, he told Sir Thomas he really did not choose to open it;—"for you know," said he, "law-makers should not be law-breakers; upon which, he desired the Knight would be so kind as to open it himself, and see from whence it came. In obedience to his Lordship's commands, Sir Thomas directly opened the letter, when the first thing he cast his eyes upon, was the figure of a bed, curiously drawn on the paper, with a Lady lying in it, and over her head the inscription, "Lady Prendergast." The figure of a man in his shirt was also drawn, stepping into bed: over his head was written the name of the Gentleman who had horrified Sir Thomas; and the following words were properly placed, as if proceeding out of his mouth: "This is no counterfeit, Sir Thomas." The news

news of this comical adventure flew like lightning to every part of the town, and afforded great diversion among all degrees of people. Sir Thomas was cured of hunting after counterfeits, and the Earl not a little suspected of having a hand in the plot.

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## Definition of Politeness.

**T**RUE politeness is the art of making people equally pleased with us, and with themselves; and is an accomplishment highly necessary and valuable in every station. It is a certain polish, without which the best education, though it does not lose its use, is yet deficient as to its lustre. The polite charm us at first sight, and become the more agreeable the longer we converse with them; whereas the haughty are tyrants, who are shunned by all but their slaves, who would also shun them if they dared. True politeness, however, must be accompanied with sincerity.—An easiness of the countenance, affability in address, kindness in speech, complaisance in action, and professions of good will and friendship to all who approach him, will by no means constitute a polite man, if



he is not in his heart what he seems to be in his behaviour.

How contemptible, then, is the present system of fine breeding, as it is termed. A multitude of bows and curtesies, of close embraces, a profusion of promises, and of vehement professions of friendship and respect ;—these, and a long *cætera* of civilities, which distinguish a modern fine gentleman or lady, are, with me, the tricks of a deceiver. In a word, good manners, good sense, and good nature, are the constituent parts of real politeness.

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## EQUALITY.

**A**MONG the favourite dreams of our modern *sophists*—for, in serious language, they deserve not the name of *philosophers*—is that captivating delusion of the vulgar, a system of Equality. Each human being, they assert, is originally formed *equal* with every other—all are equal, in the earth to which each is finally consigned—and why, they triumphantly demand, should not equality prevail during their residence on the globe of which they are by nature *equal* inheritors.

Specious

Specious as this reasoning may appear to superficial enquirers, it shrinks, like every phantom of error, from the torch of Truth. By that divine light, then, let us for a moment view these assertions, and we shall be at no loss for a reply to this insolent question; which carries with it no less a consequence than that of blasphemously arraigning the justice of our Creator!

That all are originally formed *equal*, is not true. We are neither *equal*, at our births, in size, in shape, in features, nor in complexion; and who, that is not both absurd and presumptuous, can pretend to demonstrate, that our intellectual qualities, or mere natural capacities, possess less variety, than our corporeal forms? Our organs of sense, in the earliest stages of infancy, every one knows, are more or less perfect: some are born totally, and some partially blind or deaf; some have natural impediments in their speech, and some are entirely dumb. Instead therefore, of allowing, that all are originally equal, we shall take the liberty to affirm—what we sincerely believe—that there never were, in reality, two beings exactly alike.

At the period when our bodies are deposited in the earth, and our intellectual faculties have forsaken the frail tenement which moulders into its

original dust, there certainly is the nearest approach to equality with which we are acquainted—since there remains, in fact, though still more than may be suspected, no difference for which it appears worth contending.

In the grave, then, but there only, and while the soul is separated from the body, all may be pronounced equal; with as little exception as any general position will, perhaps, admit. Let the sophist make the most of this concession, and what does he gain? A system of equality in certain quantities of inanimate earth! For, from the first moment in which vitality was given by the only giver of life, every power which accompanies that gift was bestowed in different proportions, according to the pleasure of him “whose wisdom is past finding out.” These original disproportions, therefore, being perpetually varied and augmented by physical causes as well as acquired habits, by education, and, by what is called accident, such a diversity of necessity ensues, that the task of attempting to proportion principles and possessions, and reducing them to one general standard, is an undertaking not less absurd, than that of endeavouring to number the sands of the sea, and the drops of which it is composed.

To

To the question, then, why *equality* should not prevail during our residence on the globe, of which we are said to be by nature *equal* inheritors? we may safely reply—that such a system was evidently never intended by the creator of the world who has made every creature different from another; and respecting whose purposes in the formation of infinite varieties, though we may be permitted to enquire, we are certainly by no means qualified to decide. That no absolute state of *equality* ever has existed, we know perfectly well; that, in the nature of things, it never can exist, is no less evident; and deplorably ignorant must he be, who cannot discover, while contemplating the wonderful works of omnipotence, that from the diversity of parts, beauty results to the whole. It has indeed, been justly questioned, whether there ever were two blades of grass exactly the same.

Should it be observed, that *equality*, not *similarity*, is what these subtle logicians contend for; we have only to reply, that where *dissimilarity* is proved, the existence of *inequality* proves itself.

Cease, then, ye disturbers of mankind, to contend for your favourite *equality*. With God, be assured, it is no favourite doctrine; for it originates, we are persuaded, in enmity to Him, tho' we cannot but charitably hope, that it may often be ignorantly promulged by those who do not perceive it's diabolical tendency. THE

## CONTEMPLATIST ;

*A NIGHT PIECE.*

**T**HE nurse of Contemplation, Night,  
 Begins her balmy reign;  
 Advancing in their varied light  
 Her silver-vested train.

A kind, a philosophic calm,  
 The cool creation wears !  
 And what day drank of dewy balm,  
 The gentle night repairs.

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree  
 Hath carv'd the moral chair,  
 I sit, from busy passions free,  
 And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime ;  
 Its branches brav'd the sky !  
 Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time  
 Shall youth and vigour die.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,  
 That o'er the moorland ran ?  
 Vapours ! How like the vague desires  
 That cheat the heart of man !

But

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But there's a friendly guide!— a flame,  
That lambent o'er its bed,  
Enlivens with a gladsome beam,  
The hermit's ofier shed.

Among the russet shades of night,  
It glances from afar!  
And darts along the dusk: so bright  
It seems a silver star!

In coverts, (where the few frequent)  
If virtue deigns to dwell;  
'Tis thus the little lamp Content  
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides  
Progressive to the deep!  
The poppies pendent o'er its fides  
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!  
Ye indolent! ye gay!  
Reflect— for as the river runs  
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green  
Conceal their azure sky;  
Save, where a starry space between  
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old

Old Error thus, with shades impur'd,  
Throws sacred truth behind :  
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,  
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign,  
They lock the Shepherd's fold ;  
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,  
'Tis lost upon the wold !

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,  
An unresisting prize !  
For having trod a devious way  
The little Rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot  
Whom pleasure once misguides,  
When hurried from the halcyon cot  
Where Innocence presides.—

The passions, a relentless train !  
To tear the victim run :  
She seeks the paths of Peace in vain,  
Is conquer'd— and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,  
Where willows shade the way ;  
As proud as if their painted rays  
Could emulate the day !

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Tis thus the pigmy sons of Power  
Advance their vain parade !  
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,  
And like the glow-worm, fade !

The soft serenity of night  
Ungentle clouds deform !  
The silver host that shone so bright  
Is hid behind a storm !

The angry elements engage !  
An oak, (an invied bower !  
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,  
And shield's me from the shower,

The rancour thus, of rushing fate,  
I've learnt to render vain :  
For while Integrity's her seat  
The soul will set serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault  
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,  
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought !  
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!—the consecrated dome !  
The temple rais'd to Peace !  
The port, that to its friendly home  
Compels the human race !

Yon

K



Yon village, to the moral mind,  
A solemn aspect wears;  
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind  
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,  
An emblematic bed!  
That offers to the mental fight  
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,  
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;  
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,  
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace the little chaos past!  
The gentle moon's restor'd!  
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,  
That through the forest roar'd!

Yes— when yon lucid orb is dark,  
And darting from on high;  
My soul, a more celestial spark,  
Shall keep her native sky.

*The*

*Necessity of endeavouring to form right  
Notions of GOD.*

The evidences which nature affords of the existence of a supreme eternal Deity, are so plain and striking, that they cannot wholly escape the notice even of the most thoughtless and senseless, or those who are most deeply immersed

in transient convictions of some particular relative to God, can have little efficacy towards the due regulation of our general conduct: therefore be requisite, that as soon as we enter upon a virtuous course of life, we endeavour to acquire consistent views of his perfections, and to keep such views of ways present to our minds.

The necessity of our endeavouring thus to *acquaint ourselves with God*, must be obvious to every one who admits the least reflection; and the advantage resulting from a course of action habituated to a just sense of the divine perfection is the greatest and most important that can be attained by any rational being.

If there is a God, our happiness must be entrusted to his hands. He cannot be indifferent

to the behaviour of his creatures. Every one, whose conduct is acceptable to this sovereign disposer of all events, will, sooner or later, be enabled to acquire every thing that can justly be the object of his desires; and they whose conduct is displeasing to the Deity, must undoubtedly draw down upon themselves the most tremendous evils: if, therefore we have any rational regard to our own welfare, we must above all things be solicitous to form right notions of the perfections of God, and of the methods by which we may secure his approbation and favour.

A due sense of the divine perfections must have a peculiar tendency to incline us to every species of goodness, and to render us always steadfast in the discharge of every part of our duty; that there is no necessity to consider any one part of our duty as having a natural priority, or as being intrinsically more sacred and indispensable than any other. But the influence of some truths, and some virtuous dispositions, is certainly much more extensive than that of others. It must therefore, upon the whole, be expedient more immediately and more particularly to apply ourselves to the cultivation of those principles and dispositions which will be most efficacious to lead us to genuine rectitude in every part of our temper and conduct.

And

And this is sufficient to evince the propriety of labouring, in the first place, to impress our minds with just sentiments of the Deity : for what is there that can so powerfully excite us to every act of benevolence and social virtue, or what motives can inspire us with so much ardour in the pursuit of every kind of internal rectitude, as those which arise from the habitual contemplation of the most amiable and adorable excellencies of the Great Creator and Preserver of the universe?—The frequent contemplation of the Divine Perfections, may indeed justly be expected to make so strong an impression upon the human mind, that he who does not vigorously exert himself in the performance of every part of his duty, may reasonably be supposed to doubt of the being of a God, or to have fallen into some very gross errors with respect to the most essential properties of his nature.

The knowledge of God, and the practice of those duties which have a more immediate reference unto him, also be an abundant source of the completest serenity, and of the most exquisite satisfaction and joy.—How just is the advice of the ancient sage in holy writ, *Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace!* If our minds are habitually impressed with a lively sense of the divine perfec-

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tions, and capable of engaging in the exercises of devotion with that humble confidence which must naturally accompany a consciousness of our maintaining a practical regard to all the truths that we can discover with respect to God, what farther consolation can we ever stand in need of? Let our external circumstances be the most difficult and uncomfortable that can possibly be imagined, if we know there is so great and so good a Being at the head of the universe, and that he will for ever invariably be our friend, this must surely appear to be sufficient cause for constant joy, and for the highest exultation and triumph of spirit.

It is also evident, that the contemplation of God, and the prevalence of true piety in the soul, is that which most ennobles and dignifies a rational Being. God is certainly the worthiest object upon which our thoughts or our affections can possibly be placed; and an habitual elevation of the mind unto God, must tend to render us *God-like* in our own frame and moral character. It seems scarcely possible, that he whose mind is inured to serious reflections on the nature of God, should continue in a state of slavery to low and groveling affections. Such contemplations must give quite a new turn to his ideas, must enable him to form a just estimate of every object that presents itself to  
his

his view, and must lead him to cultivate a new indifference to every thing that is not in its own nature excellent and truly sublime: and the more frequently that we repeat our meditations upon the Divine Perfections, the more must our minds improve in every thing that is truly great and good. We shall for ever be able to find new cause for admiration, when we think seriously of God.

The more we have already learned concerning him, the more able shall we be to discover farther excellences in his nature, and additional marks of wisdom and goodness in his dealings with his creatures; and, by the diligent prosecution of these researches, the various powers and faculties of our own minds must continually be more and more refined and exalted; and our progress in true goodness proportionably advanced. But now on the other hand, let us consider how dishonourable it is to our rational nature, to be ignorant of the Divine Perfections. What pre-eminence can we claim above the brutes, if we have no consistent ideas of our Maker, and never manifest any regard to him! If there be any real excellence in the intellectual and rational powers of our nature, what can possibly degrade us so low, as a want of attention to that great and adorable Being, who

is

is the true standard of all perfection, and the original source of all good ! Let us also recollect how many cases there are in life, in which it will be wholly impossible for us to discharge the whole of our duty, if we are not actuated by a most sincere and lively regard to the nature and will of God.— Above all, let us seriously reflect how many occurrences in life may put it out of our power to enjoy any rational peace and composure of mind, if we are destitute of that support which can only be derived from a firm and vigorous belief of the Divine Perfections, and from a full persuasion of our being interested in his protection and favour. And these united considerations must surely be sufficient to determine us to use every method in our power to inform ourselves, as completely as possible, what God is in his own nature, what manifestations he has given of himself in his works, what relations he stands in to us, what conduct he requires from us, and what we may justly expect from him, in consequence of our acting in conformity or in opposition to his will.

## A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

**T**HE clock just struck two ; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket ; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest : nothing wakes, but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl ; the robber walks his midnight round ; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the fallies of cotemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me ; where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a forward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around ! the dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam ; no sound is heard, but of the chiming clock, or the distant watchdog ; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten : an hour like this, may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time ; when this temporary solitude may be made eternal, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

L

What



What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joys as just, and as unbounded ; and with short-sighted presumption, promise themselves immortality ! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some ; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others ; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transitoriness of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds ; there, their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile : Temples and theatres stood here ; now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen ; for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and, at last, swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which, but some few hours ago, were crowded ? and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide ~~their~~ lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their  
couch

couch and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: The world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of the Winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches, whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees, who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species

of tyranny; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility! or, why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it, more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

### *Trust in the Son of God,*

**T**HEY that have trusted in the Son of God, begin to find peace in their own consciences; they can hope God is reconciled to them through the blood of Christ; that their iniquities are atoned for, and that peace is made betwixt God and them. This belongs only to the doctrine of Christ, and witnesses it to be divine; for there is no religion that ever pretended to lay such a foundation of pardon and peace, as the religion of the Son of God does; for he has made himself a propitiation; Jesus the righteous is become our reconciler, by becoming a sacrifice: Rom. iii. 25. — “him that God set forth for a propitiation — through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past —

cha 2

that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believes in Jesus: Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God. Rom. V. I. "Behold the Lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world!" was the language of John, who was but the forerunner of our religion, and took a prospect of it at a little distance: and much more of the particular glories and blessings of this atonement is displayed by the blessed Apostles, the followers of the Lamb. Other religions, that have been drawn from the remains of the light of nature, or that have been invented by the superstitious fears and fancies of men, and obtruded on mankind by the craft of their fellow-creatures, are at a loss in this instance, and cannot speak solid peace and pardon.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

### LORD TOWNSHEND.

**W**HEN Lord Townshend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Harcourt was, on a certain vicissitude of public measures, abruptly appointed to supersede him. He arrived very late in Dublin harbour, and meeting with no convenient

nient accommodation for him and his suite, he set off, after a slight refreshment, for the Castle, where he did not arrive till midnight. Lord Townshend, who only staid in Ireland to receive him, was at this period, with a select party of convivial friends, over a bottle, which, when Lord Harcourt was informed of, he, without any ceremony, walked up stairs. His sudden and unexpected appearance, threw the whole party into confusion, except Lord Townshend himself, who, with a gaiety of manner, in which he peculiarly excels, congratulated him on his safe arrival, desired him to sit down and do as he did, observing at the same time with a happy pleasantry, that although he had come at the *twelfth hour*, he had not caught him napping.

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## HYMN to HEALTH.

*F*RST-BORN of Heav'n! for without thee,  
 Blest *Health*, the Gods themselves would be }  
 Oppress'd by immortality!  
 Come, then, thou best of blessings, come,  
 And make my humble roof thy home;  
 Propitious come, and shed a ray  
 Of gladness on my setting day.

F

For if there be in wealth a charm,  
If joys the parent's bosom warm,  
Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis giv'n  
To perfect every boon of Heav'n.  
If diadems the fancy please,  
Thy hand must make them sit with ease.  
Lost without thee were CUPID's wiles,  
And VENUS owes thee half her smiles.  
Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,  
Thou giv'st th' enjoyment, or the cure;  
Where'er thou spread'st thy balmy wing,  
Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring;  
All wishes meet in thee alone:  
For HAPPINESS and HEALTH are one.

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## LORD NORTHINGTON.

CHANCELLOR NORTHINGTON was a man of great frankness and openness of character.—His Sovereign gave this testimony of his honesty; "that he was the only one of his ministers who had never deceived him." Lord Northington seems very early in life to have had pre-sentiments of the dignity to which he should rise; for one day, when he was a student at Oxford, in walking up Headington-Hill with a friend of his

his destined for orders, he told him, when I am Chancellor I will take good care of you;" which indeed he afterwards did, upon being reminded by the latter of the promise he made. In the latter part of his life he took very much to the reading of the Hebrew language. Part of his celebrated speech on passing sentence on Lord Ferrers was made use of by a very acute *Nisi Prius* Judge, on passing sentence of death a few years ago on a criminal of birth and education.

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## S E R I O U S N E S S.

**N**OTHING excellent can be done without seriousness, and he that courts wisdom must be in earnest. A serious man is one that duly and impartially weighs the moments of things, so as neither to value trifles, nor despise things really excellent; that dwells much at home, and studies to know himself, as well as men and books; that considers why he came into the world, how great his business, and how short his stay; how uncertain it is when we shall leave it, and whither a sinner shall then betake himself, when both heaven and earth shall fly before the presence of the judge; considers God as always present; and the folly of doing what must be repented of, and of going to hell,

all, when a man may go to heaven. In a word, ]  
at knows how to distinguish between a moment  
and eternity.

Nothing is more ridiculous, than to be serious  
about trifles, and to be trifling about serious mat-  
ters.

There are looking-glasses for the face, but none  
for the mind; that defect must be supplied by a  
serious reflection upon one's self. When the ex-  
ternal image escapes, let the internal retain and  
correct it.



*DISINTERESTED LOVE,*  
OR THE  
GENEROUS COUNTRY GIRL.

LOVE often becomes a serious affair, when it  
is only meant to be an amusement. The  
Marquis de Clerville, who was young, lovely,  
and formed to please, had refused twenty matches,  
every one of which was more considerable than  
the other; but his taste for liberty had been a bar  
to the way of his settlement. However, a plain  
country girl disconcerted the plan of indepen-  
M dence



dence which he had sketched out to himself, and he is soon going to give his hand to his farmer's daughter. De Clerville, such as we have just now described him, bought a very pretty estate that lay contiguous to another of his own. He was induced to make this purchase through the solicitations of one of his farmers, whose name was Boiffart, a downright honest man.

The Marquis soon perceived within himself a strong desire of improving this land, and, though he had no thoughts of residing there, yet he was very eager to set labourers upon it: for man must have some object of employment, and this estate served Clerville instead of a better. One day as he happened to be at Boiffart's he saw there a young woman extremely pretty, which made him very earnest in enquiring who she was; the farmer told him she was his daughter, whom he had at a convent for her education. As this is not a usual thing among country people, Clerville asked him why he did not keep her at home, that she might be assisting to her mother.

The reason, answered Boiffart, is, because I have no other Intention than to procure her happiness. I could wish that Angelica would resolve to take the religious vows upon her. Think  
not,

not, added he, that this is with any view of sacrificing her to the interest of my son; they are both equally dear to me. I would, however, freely consent to bestow half of what little I have in the world to see her take that resolution; and it is purely for her good that I have conceived any such wish. For, in short, what settlement in life can I procure her? None, where she can find so much happiness, as in a cloister; and, I may add too, none that is more worthy of herself: yes, continued the honest farmer, I may speak in this manner too, and whoever shall be acquainted with her, cannot imagine that I am guided by a blind fondness in the opinion I have conceived of her.

She does not then give into the same opinion with you, answered the Marquis, and a cloister is not to her taste. Yes, yes, returned her father it is, and yet she cannot resolve to take the religious veil; not that she has a mind to marry; for she is as well convinced as I am, that I cannot procure her, in that state, the happiness she deserves. She has a heart exalted above her condition; and without entertaining any contemptible notions of her equals, she does not find herself formed to live among them, nor to employ herself wholly in such occupations as the narrowness of her fortune will oblige her to take up with.

Moreover she is afraid to engage herself in a state from which death alone can deliver her; and I, for my own part, fear every thing should I happen to die before she has made choice of a settlement. She is a girl of understanding it is true; but what assurance can one conceive of a young woman that is left to her own conduct? For, should her heart speak to her in behalf of any body, to what hazards must she then be exposed.

As he ended these words, his daughter came in, upon whom the Marquis could not forbear looking without admiration. He asked her a few questions; she gave him modest answers to them, but with all the sprightliness imaginable. He then returned to his country seat, thither the idea of Angelica followed him; and from that day forwards he was very often at the farmer's: here he saw this charming creature, and tried every way he could to make her read in his eyes that the pleasure of seeing her was the motive that drew him thither.

After some interval, he one day found her at home by herself, when she offer'd to go and look for her father; no, no, says Clerville to her, I'll wait for him; and whilst I am with you, continued he, I shall not perceive that he stays long: =  
Angelica

Angelica gracefully returned the Marquis's politeness. He then asked if she would tarry any time with her father, to which she made answer, that in a few days she proposed returning to the convent.

What so soon, replied Clerville, will you voluntarily shut yourself up! Would not you rather chuse to stay here? If I had any great mind to that, returned she, my father has friendship enough for me, not to oppose it; but I have been brought up from my tenderest years in the convent, where are a thousand charms calculated for me: the habit of living there, and the tranquility I there enjoy, serve me as great amusements. This is wisely spoken, returned Clerville to her; but tell me now frankly, does your liking to a retired life proceed from your natural inclination, or from something adventitious that determines your reason? Suppose you were to find yourself in a more brilliant situation, would you still retain that inclination? I do not know that, says she; but I will own to you that the liking which I have for a reclusive life is no more than a comparative liking: I love it better than the life I lead here; but, were it in my power to lead any other, perhaps the scale would not incline to the side of the cloister.

It were a great loss that such a lovely creature as you are, should shut herself up all the rest of her life. Fair Angelica, continued the Marquis, you affect as if you did not understand me; though you might, for some time past, have read in my eyes what passes in my heart. Know then that I adore you, sweet angel! Fortune has put it in my power to repair the injury she has done you, and it is only from this moment that I know the value of those blessings which she has bestowed upon me. My love can perform every thing for you; will you refuse to do something in return to it? Upon uttering these words, the Marquis would have embraced her, but she turned him away with an air of disdain.

I am, says she, a very unhappy creature, that my poverty should expose me to such kind of language. It does not become a man of honour, to demean himself so as to insult me with a state which I never before found so miserable as at this very moment. Here tears flowed into her eyes: Clerville at this time, imagining that her virtue, after being alarmed by an attack which it had never before undergone, would soon languish and give way in the arms of an importunate lover; he therefore gave her fresh assurances that he adored her, and thinking to persuade her, not so  
much

much by the rhetoric of his words as gestures, he had a mind to push matters a little farther. One makes, (says Angelica, seizing upon a knife that she saw lie upon a table,) what defence one can against an assassin, and the man that would rob me of my honour, I look upon, as such. Upon this the Marquis withdrew: Come not near me, continued she, or I shall let you know the injustice you do me in suspecting me capable of baseness, Clerville, astonished at a steady firmness which he did not expect, changed his battery immediately: Good-lack-a-day! says he to her, if it be criminal to love you, if my passion makes you outrageous, revenge yourself, I find I cannot but be still culpable; I will then always love you.

Your friendship, answered Angelica, does me honour, and it shall be my endeavour to merit your esteem; my heart is noble, if my extraction is not so: want of birth is not at all incompatible with honour, and should not draw upon me the disrespect you plainly meant.

At each word the Marquis's surprize rose higher and higher; now esteem, respect, and love took place of those sentiments which had at first set him on work.

You

You form a very wrong judgment, says he to her, of my way of thinking; the most violent love has been the cause of my crime, for I look upon myself as guilty, in that I could even have disabled you, I have, continued he, the most sincere esteem for you, but is not your heart capable in some measure of sensibility?

It would perhaps, answered Angelica, have been so weak as to have had too much of it for any one who had given me less cause of provocation; and you have done me some service by letting me know your way of thinking.

Clerville could make her no answer: he perceived Boissart come in again; whereupon he endeavoured to conceal the confusion he was in, and he put off, till next day, any further conversation on this subject.

The first sentiments with which Angelica inspired the Marquis were not very delicate; heart had but a very little share therein, and was just no more than the liking which draws towards an object we find amiable, that had far actuated him. He wanted some employ and he imagined he should find an amusement fill up the vacant hours of so long a stay in country; and, being naturally of an indole

position he had looked on this as a charming intrigue, in which he reckoned money would defray all the charges, save him from a thousand little anxieties, and deliver him from that resistance which the sex usually make as a prelude to the favours they grant.

But his sentiments were now quite changed; the esteem which he conceived for the farmer's young daughter had quite refined him, the heart spoke; what spirit; what greatness of soul, and what virtue, said he to himself, is there in returning to her; she is not insensible, and I may hope to be able to communicate my sentiments to her; this I am assured of by the last words she spoke, and more still by that lovely frankness of hers. " You have done me some Service in letting me know your way of thinking," Is not this telling me that her heart is for me?

He was possessed with this sweet reverie a long while; and he represented to himself his own happiness, sometimes as an object near at hand, and at other times as afar off; but always as a thing incontestible. He imagined that a woman whose heart is affected for any person, does not hold out long against him, if he knows how to improve his advantages.

N

The



The night passed, and the Marquis was preparing to return to Angelica, when he received a letter from Boiffart, acquainting him that his daughter having earnestly importuned him to reconduct her to the convent, he could not refuse her that favour, and begged to be excused; but, as soon as he returned, he would be sure to wait on him to receive his commands.

What news must this be to a man, who believed himself already happy! Can I, said he to himself, see the lovely object? Will permission be granted me for that purpose? Thus he passed a very uneasy day, when towards evening the farmer arrives; and by the manner in which he talked of his daughter, the Marquis was confirmed in the fears he was under, that she had complained of her father to him.

The Marquis was eight days, before he durst venture to go near the convent, but at length he took horse and arrived there; he called for Angelica in her father's name, who soon appeared in the parlour, into which he had been introduced just before. She shewed great surprize at the sight of Clerville, and was even upon the point of withdrawing out of the room.

He read her intention in her eyes, Madam, —  
says —

says he to her, be so good as to stay, nor fly from a lover who had no need of your putting up any bars to keep him within the bounds of that respect which is due to you from him. If I could be so unhappy as to disoblige you, I am come to offer you a penitent criminal, and to submit to whatever penalty you shall be pleased to inflict; he will reckon himself happy, if you will permit him to see you sometimes, which is the only recompence that the most tender passion demands; Will you refuse me this?

I don't know as to that, answered she, and, considering in what manner you have treated me, I cannot refer it to you what I ought to do; otherwise I would have put it to yourself, whether the noise your visits would be very likely to make, might not prove injurious to my reputation.

I would have followed your advice some time ago, but what appearance is there I should trust to it after? Yes, yes, fair Angelica, returned Clerville briskly, you may very safely; your sentiments are too respectable, but that I must answer the confidence you repose in me as I ought. I shall see you then as seldom as possible in public. Yet how dear will this reserve cost me! but what is it that I shall scruple to do, in order to save a reputation,

tation, upon which depends all my happiness; and will you still persist inflexible to my love.

Take, says she to him, thorough cognizance of me, and see yourself what you may expect by that which I have been already capable of doing, and by what I am going to declare to you.

From the first moment I saw you, I cannot tell what has passed within my breast. I have always wished to see you again, and felt uneasiness in your absence. In short, added she, with a blush, my heart has spoken a language to me in your behalf to which I was quite a stranger, before I knew you.

The Marquis, all in raptures, returned the fair his thanks for this open declaration, and pronounced himself the happiest man alive. I wish, replied she, that you may be so, but, if in loving you I was able to fly from you, I find that I have resolution enough still left never to see you any more, if you fail of that decorum and reserve which I require of you. Clerville, after assuring her that she had nothing to fear on that score, told her all that could inspire her with the most lively and tender passion, and at last he took his leave and withdrew.

While

While upon the road, he reflected upon the emotions of his own heart, and the effects they might produce, and trembled when he considered how far his passion might carry him.

Angelica, said he to himself, is a woman of spirit, and virtue too, or she affects to have enough of it to be able to deprive me of all hopes of being happy ; I love her, and I can do any thing.

He was wholly taken with these thoughts till he came to his country seat, when such reflections flowed in to his assistance, as determined him to see her no more. However, his reason in pointing to him what he had to fear from such a resolution, did not leave him strength sufficient to get the better of his passion.

He continued some days without going to see Angelica ; he quitted the country for a while, but absence only inflamed his love. He returned again fully resolved to conquer, cost him what it would, the inflexibility of the fair one. Accordingly he repaired to the convent, and used all the arts he could to prevail upon her to return to her father's, but she still persisted obstinate.

I don't at all fear you, said she to the Marquis, and I don't know, if I ought not to be apprehensive

live of fear myself; let me live in peace, nothing can make me change my resolution; you love me, and I have avowed to you; that I loved you; What would you have more? Let us then live satisfied with this friendship; you may see me here the same as at my father's; and, if it be true that you have an esteem for me, you can desire no more of me.

What would be the case were I to quit my convent! What, do you think I am capable of such weakness, and that I am tired of opposition! It is you who have forced me to retire hither. To what dangers should I expose myself, if I returned home? I should see you every moment, you would importune me, I should perhaps yield; reflection would afterwards raise honor in my breast against you; I should hate you, and could no longer see a man, whose presence would be an eternal reproach to me.

I will go farther, suppose I should soon be lost to all sense of shame, then you would shun me with the same earnestness which you now affect to shew in finding me out; I should all my life have cause to reproach myself with a crime, and moreover I should have the mortification of seeing myself despised.

You

You are a man of honour, added she ; I appeal to yourself upon this head, whether these are monstrous chimeras which I raise to myself without any manner of occasion, and whether one of these three things just now mentioned would not be the case.

No, no, charming Angelica, answered the Marquis ; and, to shew you how far my tenderness goes, do but consent to make me happy, and I fly this moment to ask your father's approbation. Will you have any scruple to take me for a husband.

Angelica paused for some time without making any answer ; she appeared all in a flutter and confusion, but, resuming soon the thread of her discourse, no says she, I will not consent to it, and this will be ill requiting the sentiments you entertain of me, should I accept a proposal which your passion alone induces you to make.

This passion will not always last ; I know what you are, and what I am myself, without birth, and without fortune ; you will quickly repent of your having given me your hand, and in that case I should be the most wretched woman upon earth.

Banish, returned Clerville, such fears, they do but wrong me ; I love you, and you flatter me

with some kind of return, so that we must needs be happy together. An illustrious birth and an ample fortune do not constitute happiness; such blessings as these are extrinsic to man, you have advantages that peculiarly belong to yourself, and which I value infinitely more; your virtue and your beauty are true blessings, and this is a more real merit, than that which is commonly tacked by the world to birth, where fortune is the sole arbitress.

You are quite blinded, says Angelica, to him, by your love; reflect, Sir, not for the present moment, but for the remainder of your life. This beauty which you account so much, and extol so highly above what it really is, is a blessing of a short duration; the least accident in life can strip me of it, and, even without that, years will anon bring it to decay.

When the external figure of my body ceases any more to be pleasing, you will abate a good deal of the opinion you have conceived of my understanding; you will bring it down to its true value, that is, a mere trifle. It requires not great attention to see that very often the fine shape of a woman does solely add weight to what she says, and which would be looked upon as nothing in any other mouth. The time will come when this shall

this shall be my case. With regard to my character, is it possible for you to know it thoroughly? Two months of marriage might perhaps discover to you in it such oddities as might throw you into the gulph of despair. No, I repeat it to you again, I will never consent to make you miserable. Let us know each other, and love each other; I shall have no reason to reproach myself with the knowledge of your worth, and I will let my heart follow its own inclinations; so that this is all I can do for you, and be persuaded, that, if I loved you less, I would not have refused your offer.

The Marquis, in his going to see Angelica, had not absolutely a mind to take her to wife; but the obstinate resistance he met with from her, at last determined him. He did all he could to persuade her, but it was all to no purpose. In fine, he told her, that he would go and obtain her at her father's hands. If you prevail with him, says she to Clerville, to second your wishes, I do not hesitate one moment longer, here I take the veil. I chuse rather to sacrifice myself, that I may not render you miserable, than to expose you to certain remorse, which would disturb the ease of your life, and lay me open to all the chagrines and anxious reflections which would constantly attend me, and which I could never shake off.

O

Clerville



Clerville withdrew more enamoured than ever, and he spoke to the father; upon this Boiffart struck with surprize, flew immediately to find his daughter, whom he even pressed; but she gave him the same answer as she had done before to the Marquis. In fine, as to their intention to taking her from the convent, she protested that, if they committed the violence upon her inclinations, she should take the vows.

The Marquis returned to see Angelica, complained to her, and accused her of having but very little affection for him. But she still assured him, that, if she had loved him less, her conduct would be different. Clerville, when he saw that nothing could conquer her obstinacy, took his leave, and set out to return to Paris.

He imagined that he might lose the very idea of his love in the midst of pleasures; but this proved a vain remedy; his passion was too strong, he returned to his estate in the country, from which he flew to the convent more enamoured than ever. Angelica still continued in the same mind, yet she was glad to see her lover again, who, being deeply afflicted at her inflexible obstinacy, fell dangerously ill; she was sorry to hear the state the Marquis lay in, but her father at length got her

er to quit the convent; she went to see Clerville, is very sorry for him, and at last came to get the better of her delicacy; upon which the Marquis quickly recovered, and Hymen crowned both these tender lovers.

Now the Marquis de Clerville is the happiest man alive; he still finds in Angelica a tender-hearted and delicate female, who knows her province, a refined friend, an endeavouring spouse, and one who gives him no other uneasiness, than that of being able to flatter himself that he deserves her.



### *Georgical Anecdote.*

**A**N opulent farmer, tenant of a noble Lord (Gage) who rented nearly a thousand a year the estate of the latter in Suffex, previous to the falling in of a lease of a smaller farm adjoining, of the rent of 80l. lately applied for the lease of it, offering 130l. The terms were accepted, and he had the farm. Soon after the original possessor applied for a renewal, and had the mortification to hear it was disposed of; in vain he pleaded that his family had been in possession of it for

nearly a century, and that the rents had been always regularly paid ; the new lease was signed, and could not be cancelled : however, his lordship told the man to call in a few days, and he would think of accommodating him ; this he did, and was then informed, that, as *some kind of recompence* for having lost his small farm, if he chose, he might have the lease of the large one, which was nearly expired. This offer appeared of a magnitude which at first staggered the applicant, till he was further told that whatever money he might be in want of, as necessary to so extensive an undertaking, he should be accommodated. The bargain was on these terms acceded to, no doubt with gratitude on the part of the tenant, and not less heart-felt satisfaction on that of the noble landlord, who had thus an opportunity the next day of informing the avaricious speculator, in turn, that the lease of *his* farm was disposed of, and that to the very man he had been so active to deprive of the means of procuring an honest subsistence !—Ye Landholders throughout the country, go and do likewise !

REFLEC

REFLECTIONS  
ON THE  
*VEGETABLE CREATION.*

**W**HEN we cast our eyes around the fields, there are few but are struck with admiration at the beauty of the vegetable creation ; but the mind enchanted with the prospect, seldom at the same time reflects on the vast benefit we receive from this part of nature ; though it would greatly exalt our ideas of the Great Author of Nature, did we reflect, at the same time that we survey with admiration the beauties of the vegetable kingdom, what great benefit we receive from the fields and forests.

View all the floors, the wainscoating, and other ornaments of your rooms, with most of their furniture and hangings, what were they all once but *plants, or vegetables*, growing green upon the ground ? Whence, I say again, came the floor you tread on, part whereof is sometimes inlaid with different colours ? Whence the fair pannels of wainscoat and the cornices that encompass and adorn cathedrals and palaces ? Whence their lofty roofs of cedar, and the carved ornaments thereof ? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest ?

forest? Were not these once the verdant standards of the grave or the mountain? What are all our hangings of gay tapestry, and the most beautiful papers, both plain and embossed? Are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep, which borrowed their nourishment from the grass of the meadows? In short, thus the gay finery of the parlour and bed chamber was once the green growing grass; the very curtains, and the linen, and the costly coverings, where we take our nightly repose, even to our night caps, were some few years ago all growing vegetables in the open fields.

Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains that hang down the windows and easy chairs of the great? And were not camels, with their costly hair, originally made of grass, as the sheep and their wool, the coarsest of which, as coarsely manufactured, make homely coverings for the indigent and poor.

We allow the chimney and the coals, with the implements of the hearth, the brass, and iron, and the little money in the pocket, were dug out of the ground, from their beds of different kinds, and we must go below the surface of the earth to fetch them; but what think ye, then, of the nice  
tables

les of *Mosaic work*? they confess the forest  
their parent.

What are the books before you, and every  
ere else, even the little implements of paper,  
d wax, pens, wafers, and parchment? They  
re all the same original, they were once mere  
getables, or green grass. Paper and books owe  
ir being to the tatters of linen, which were  
ven of the threads of flax or hemp: the paste-  
ard covers are composed of paper, and the lea-  
r is the skin of the calf, that drew its life and  
enance from the grass of the field. The pens  
write with were plucked from the wings of the  
ose, which grazes upon the grass of the com-  
n: the ink horn was borrowed from the front  
the grazing ox: the wafers made of the paste  
the bread corn; and the wax is originally plun-  
ed from the bee, who, scraped it together from  
housand flowers.

But, what is still more, we owe our dress also  
the vegetable kingdom. For who gave the  
en habit to the rich? Do not they borrow it  
m the worm that spun those shining threads?  
d whence did the worm get it, but from the  
en leaves of the mulberry tree? Thus, whence  
ne our fine linen, and the costly Flanders lace  
that

that furround it, the delight of the ladies? Were not they both made of the stalks of flax, that grew lately up in the field, like other vegetables? And are not the finest of our muslins owing to the Indian cotton tree? Nor is there an upper garment whether cloak, coat, or night gown, from the shoulders to the feet, on man or woman, as rich and new as they may be, which the sheep or the silk-worm had not worn before you. It is certain that the beaver bore our hats on his skin; that soft fur was his covering before it was ours. The materials of our very shoes, both the upper and under part thereof, even the soles themselves, covered the calf or the heifer, before they were put on our feet: all which were green grafs at first, of one species or other, growing out of the ground.

But what is more wonderful still, even all the animal world, too, owes its being to vegetables. Stupendous indeed! These bulky, beautiful bodies of our's, both flesh and bone, or fine features and well-turned limbs of our's, were all growing vegetables once in the fields and meadows; and thus it is plainly proved. Was not our infancy nursed with milk and bread-corn? Have we not been fed with wheat, though it was of the finest kind? And our drink, what has it been but the infusion of barley, or the juice of the grape? Or, for variety,

perhaps, the cyder grove has supplied  
e flesh with which we have been nourished  
a will proportioned statute, belonged to  
sted animals, or to the fowls of the air;  
h of these have either been fed with corn  
. Whence then has your or my fleshy  
een supported so long, and what else can  
ionally think they are made of?

limbs, certainly, and all our bulky adven-  
body, (the first stamen only excepted,) owe  
ves entirely to the animal or vegetable  
the roots or the stalks, to the leaves or  
t of plants; or to the flesh of brute crea-  
which have passed through our mouths these  
ears, or the mouths of our parents be-

gouty hand of mine, that can scarce move  
would have been worn to a mere skeleton,  
as had been dry bones, and my trunk and  
statue of death, had they not all received  
al recruits from the field; and the substance  
is only transformed grass, which formerly  
een out of the ground, but will make no  
our resurrection body.

flesh and bones, which we call our's now,  
ong to the sheep or the ox before they  
P were



were part of our's, and served to clothe their bones before they covered our's; and may do the like office again to others hereafter. Now, who without philosophical contemplation, or informations from others, could possibly suppose that any part of ourselves was once hurried through the air in the breast of a frightened partridge, or the white leg of a woodcock, which came before night into our net, or was shot by our indefatigable gunnery; or that any piece of us was ever driven through the fields, before the full-mouthed hounds, on the legs of an hunted hare, which was the next day prepared for your tables? Had you ever so strange a thought as this is? And can you believe it now; or, upon a survey of the argument, can you tell how to deny it? And what are hares, partridges, and woodcocks made of but growing herbage or shatter'd corn?

It is true, we have sometimes tasted of fish, either from the sea or the rivers; but even those, in their original, also are a sort of grass; they have been partly by sea weeds, and partly by lesser fish which they devoured, whose prime and natural nourishment was from some vegetable matter in the watry world. In short, my good readers, I am free to declare, that whether I have fed on the ox, or the sheep, or the fowls of the air, or the fish of  
the

the waters, I am certain this aged body, and these limbs of mine, even to my teeth (which have not left me yet) and nails, and the hairs of my head, are all borrowed originally from the vegetable creation, and a few years ago decked the surface of the earth with green grass & agreeable flowers; where no flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, but the original seminal body only. Else, every thing of me, that is not a thinking power; that is not soul, mind, or spirit, were once growing like grass on the ground, or was made of the roots which supported some green herbage. And now, my friends and fellow-vegetables, what think ye of all these paradoxes? Which of them can you cavil at? What leaves you room for doubt, or question? Is not philosophy, then, an entertaining study, that thus teaches us our original, and these astonishing operations of divine wisdom and providence; but at the same time teaches us to have humble thoughts of ourselves, and to remember whence we came, from dust, to which we must all shortly return?

Thus we may in a philosophical and literal sense, say, as the prophet in an allegorical and spiritual sense long ago cried, *All flesh is grass. How wonderful are the works of the Lord, sought out by those who delight therein.*

## O F T H E

## EVILS of IMPERFECTION.

**N**O system can possibly be formed, even in imagination, without a subordination of parts. Every animal body must have different members, subservient to each other; every picture must be composed of various colours, and of light and shade; all harmony must be formed of trebles, tenors, and basses; every beautiful and useful edifice must consist of higher and lower, more and less magnificent apartments. This is in the very essence of all created things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any means whatever, unless by not creating them at all: For which reason, in the formation of the universe, God was obliged, in order to carry on that just subordination so necessary to the very existence of the whole, to create beings of different ranks; and to bestow on various species of animals, and also on the individuals of the same species, various degrees of understanding, strength, beauty, and perfection; to the comparative want of which advantages we give the names of folly, weakness, deformity, and imperfection, and very unjustly repute them evils: Whereas in truth they are blessings as far as they extend, though of an inferior degree. They are

no

no more actual evils, than a small estate is a real misfortune, because many may be possessed of greater.

Whatever we enjoy, is purely a free gift from our creator, but that we enjoy no more, can never be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite benevolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourselves, that is, to our not having any inherent right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all. This is no more to be imputed to God, than the wants of a beggar to the person who has relieved him. That he had something, was owing to his benefactor; but that he had no more, only to his own original poverty.

They who look upon the privation of all the good they see others enjoy, or think possible for infinite power to bestow, as positive evil, understand not that the universe is a system whose very essence consists in subordination; a scale of beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing: in which, though we may justly expect to find perfection in the whole, could we possibly comprehend it, yet would it be the highest absurdity to hope for it in all its parts, because the beauty and happiness of the whole depend altogether on the just inferiority of its parts;  
that

that is on the comparative imperfections of the several beings of which it is composed.

It would have been no more an instance of God's wisdom to have created no beings but of the highest and most perfect order, than it would be of a painter's art, to cover his whole piece with one single colour the most beautiful he could compose. Had he confined himself to such, nothing could have existed but demi-gods, or archangels, and then all inferior orders must have been void and uninhabited: but as it is surely more agreeable to infinite benevolence, that all these should be filled up with beings capable of enjoying happiness themselves, and contributing to that of others, they must necessarily be filled with inferior beings, that is, with such as are less perfect but from whose existence, notwithstanding that less perfection, more felicity upon the whole accrues to the universe, than if no such beings had been created. It is moreover highly probable, that there is no such a connection between all ranks and orders by subordinate degrees, that they mutually support each other's existence, and every one in its place is absolutely necessary towards sustaining the whole vast and magnificent fabric.

You see, therefore, that it is utterly impracticable, even for infinite power, to exclude from  
creation

creation this necessary inferiority of some beings in comparison with others. All that it can do is to make each other as happy as their respective situations will permit : and this it has done in so extraordinary a manner, as to leave the benevolence of our great Creator not to be doubted of; for though he cannot make all superior, or even equal, yet in the dispensations of his blessings, his wisdom and goodness, both are well worthy the highest admiration; for, amongst all the wide distinctions which he was obliged to make in the dignity and perfections of his creatures, he has made much less in their happiness than is usually imagined, or indeed can be believed from outward appearances.

He has given many advantages to brutes, which man cannot attain to with all his superiority, and many probably to man which are denied to angels; amongst which his ignorance is perhaps none of the least. With regard to him, though it was necessary to the great purposes of human life to bestow riches, understanding, and health, on individuals in very partial proportions; yet has the Almighty so contrived the nature of things, that happiness is distributed with a more equal hand. His goodness, we may observe, is always striking with these our necessary imperfections, setting bounds

common sense, together with a wonderful delight, as well as success, in the busy pursuits of a scrambling world. The sufferings of the sick are greatly relieved by many trifling gratifications imperceptible to others, and sometimes almost repaid by the inconceivable transports occasioned by the return of health and vigour.

Thus, for example, poverty, or the want of riches, is generally more compensated by having more hopes, and fewer fears, by a greater share, of health, and a most exquisite relish of the smallest enjoyments, than those who possess them are usually blessed with. The want of taste and genius, with all the pleasure that arise from them, are commonly recompensed by a more useful kind of bounds to the inconveniences it cannot totally prevent, by balancing the wants, and repaying the sufferings of all by some kind of equivalent naturally resulting from their particular situations and circumstances.

Folly cannot be very grievous, because imperceptible; and I doubt not but there is some truth in that rant of a mad poet, that there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but mad-men know. Ignorance or the want of knowledge of literature, the appointed lot of all born to poverty, and the drudgeries of life, is the only opiate capable of  
infusing

infusing that insensibility which can enable them to endure the miseries of the one, and the fatigues of the other. And I have ever thought it a most remarkable instance of the divine wisdom, that whereas in all animals, whose individuals rise little above the rest of their species, knowledge is instinctive; in man, whose individuals are so widely different, it is acquired by education; by which means the prince and the labourer, the philosopher and the peasant, are in some measure fitted for their respective situations. The same parental care extends to every part of the animal creation, Brutes are exempted from numberless anxieties, by that happy want of reflection on past, and apprehension of future sufferings, which are annexed to their inferiority. Those amongst them who devour others, are taught by nature to dispatch them as easily as possible; and man, the most merciless devourer of all, is induced, by his own advantage, to feast those designed for his sustenance, the more luxuriously to feast upon them himself. Thus misery, by all possible methods, is diminished or repaid; and happiness like fluids, is ever tending towards an equilibrium.

But, was it ever so unequally divided, our pretence for complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the scale of existence as our ig-



norant ambition may desire: A pretence which must eternally subsist; because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us; and, since no link in the chain can be broke, the same reason for disquiet must remain to those who succeed to that chasm, which must be occasioned by our preferment. A man can have no reason to repine, that he is not an angel, nor a horse that he is not a man; much less, that in their several stations they possess not the faculties of another; for this would be an insufferable misfortune. And doubtless it would be as inconvenient for a man to be endued with the knowledge of an angel, as for a horse to have the reason of a man; but, as they are now formed by the consummate wisdom of their creator, each enjoys pleasures peculiar to his situation: And tho' the happiness of one may perhaps consist in divine contemplation, of another in the acquisition of wealth and power, and that of a third in wandering amidst limpid streams, and luxuriant pastures; yet the meanest of these enjoyments give no interruption to the most sublime, but altogether undoubtedly increase the aggregate sum of felicity bestowed upon the universe. Greatly indeed must that be lessened, were there no Beings but of the highest orders.

Did there not, for instance, exist on this terrestrial globe any sensitive creatures inferior to man, how great a quantity of happiness must have been lost, which is now enjoyed by millions, who at present inhabit every part of its surface, in fields and gardens, in extended deserts, impenetrable woods, and immense oceans; by monarchies of bees, republics of ants, and innumerable families of insects dwelling on every leaf and flower, who are all possessed of as great a share of pleasure, and a greater of innocence, than their arrogant Sovereign, and at the same time not a little contribute to his convenience and happiness!

Has God, thou fool, worked solely for thy good!  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
 For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?  
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings,  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?  
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.  
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,  
 Shares with his Lord the pleasure and the pride,  
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?  
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.

Thus the universe resembles a large and well-regulated family, in which all the officers and servants, and even the domestic animals, are subservient to each other in a proper subordination: Each enjoys the privileges and perquisites peculiar to his place, and at the same time contributes by that just subordination to the magnificence and happiness of the whole.

It is evident, therefore, that these evils of imperfection, proceeding from the necessary inferiority of some Beings in comparison of others, can in no sense be called any evils at all: But, if they could, it is as evident from thence, that there are many which even infinite power cannot prevent; it being sufficiently demonstrable, that to produce a system of created Beings, all supreme in happiness and dignity, a government composed of all Kings, an army of all Generals, or a universe of all Gods must be impracticable for omnipotence itself.

*EXTRA*

*EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE*

OF A

**BRAVE OFFICER.**

At a time after the battle of Malplaquet, a low lady, who resided at Calais, and whose husband, named St. Lo, had lost his life in the service of his country, as she was one evening at home with several friends, was informed, by her maid, that a gentleman wished to speak to her in her adjoining apartment.

She found there an old officer, whose features she ought to have recollected, notwithstanding his age and the disorder of his dress.

Do you know me Madam? said he.

Yes Sir! cried she, surveying him with much attention. Can it be you? Are not you Monsieur de St. Lo?

Madam, answered he, the same; your old friend and relation, whom you have not seen for many years; and who from the rank of ensign, in the first regiments of France, has, after forty years service, arrived at the degree of a Lieutenant-General.

nant-Colonel in the same regiment; and after having been long honoured with the esteem and confidence of his superiors, sees himself reduced to the necessity of requesting an asylum for this night and of entreating you to keep his arrival here an inviolable secret.

Gracious heaven! cried the lady, whose surprise equalled her concern, what can have happened to you?

Madam, replied he, we have no time to lose in a long conversation. You see the condition I am in. The fatigue I have undergone, and the company you have left, who no doubt expect you soon to return, will not permit us now to enter into particulars. A bed is all I at present want. To morrow morning you shall know my misfortunes. Give the proper orders to your domestics, and return to your friends.

The next morning the lady, whose rest had not been a little disturbed by thinking of this unexpected visitor, having rung for her servant, was informed the stranger, who had arrived the evening before had been long up. She therefore sent to request his company; and when he came, conjured him, by their ancient friendship, not to conceal any part of his history. Madam, replied he,  
with

with a sigh, to comply with your request I must renounce your esteem. But you have a right to the truth, and I should think myself less deserving your pity, should self respect, which I have no longer any pretensions to indulge, tempt me to hide it from you.

I will confess, therefore, that a wretch, who is the most despicable of men, now implores your compassion, hoping to obtain from your goodness the only favour which the horror he feels at his present situation will permit him to request.

To keep you no longer in suspense, know then that I, utterly unworthy of being born within these walls, heretofore so gloriously defended by our ancestors, having been appointed to defend, though it was only for a single hour, an advanced post upon which the entire success of the ensuing battle might depend—Shudder at what I am going to tell you! I, that veteran officer, who, three days before, had never known fear, and whose bravery is attested by the scars still remaining of the many wounds I have received, at sight of the enemy, forgetful at once of what I was, and what I must become, fled like a coward, an infamous coward; and so great was my panic, that after a flight of three hours, I scarcely recovered from my terror.

To

To crown my ignominy, I was unable, even when I felt all the excess of shame, to listen to the voice of honour, which admonished me to return to the camp, and expiate my crime, by surrendering myself to the rigour of the military law. I have not blushed to present myself, degraded and despicable as I am, before you, in whose eyes I already read all the surprize and contempt which a wretch like me must naturally inspire.

At this terrifying recital, the lady could only express the different sensations with which she was agitated by her silence and her tears.

I never doubted, Madam, continued the Officer, but you must survey me with a detestation equal to your concern; I therefore, only purposed to request you would procure me a speedy passage to England, where, changing my name, I had determined to conceal my shame. But I have now abandoned this resolution, and have written a letter, which is already on its way to my General. In it I have informed him of every thing I have related to you, and have concluded by entreating him to fix a day on which I may return to the army, and surrender myself to take my trial by a court-martial; too happy if my death, by expiating a crime which has rendered life insupportable,  
may

may procure me, if not the esteem, at least the pity of my brave comrades; among whom my name must be heard with horror, and to whom my example——

How Sir! said the lady, interrupting him, have you already sent this letter?

Yes, Madam; your servant carried it to the office two hours ago, and saw the courier ready to depart.

And should the General consent to your proposal, can you,—are you certain of yourself—can you resolve?—

Yes, Madam, and this resolution has already restored ease to my distracted mind. Every attempt to induce me to change it will be fruitless. I was once brave; I turned a coward; but I will not die a coward!

Oh, Sir! how much have you excited my admiration! yet am I inclined to hope the General, moved by your present magnanimity, will—

Hope nothing, dear Madam. Could he pardon me, I should not forgive myself; and my situation would only become a thousand times more dreadful.



Eight days after, during which time he remained concealed at his friend's house, he received the following letter from Marechal de Villars ;

"It is no doubt, a most humiliating proof of the imbecility of our nature to learn that a man, whose courage has so often been tried, and unquestioned, for more than forty years, should, on a sudden, prove so wanting to himself and the most sacred of duties; but no less extraordinary is the magnanimity with which, the moment his delirium ceases — he voluntarily offers his life in expiation of his fault, and of the evil example which the misconduct he bitterly laments has given to others.

Such, unhappy P\*\*, is my opinion; and such — that of the brave officers of my army; and since — by the laws of war, you are well convinced it — would be impossible for them either to acquit you — or palliate an offence of such a nature, they, as well as myself lament your sufferings too sincerely to accept the generous, or rather, heroic offer, which your extreme regret has induced you to make.

My wishes, therefore, and those of your former friends, most unfortunate man! are, that Heaven — and length of time may console and give you strength to support a calamity, the remembrance of which is no less painful to us than to yourself."

This

This answer, which might in some sort prove consolatory to any other man, only served to heighten the distressful feelings of the unhappy P\*\*, who, after having sent to his Commander his Cross of St. Louis, condemned himself to survive what he called his *Opprobrium*, and to continue at Calais, in which town there is always a numerous garrison; there to appear, the remainder of his life, in the uniform of his regiment; a striking example of the infirmities to which human nature is ever liable, and thus devoting himself to the contempt of every officer, every soldier, and every inhabitant.

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## CONSOLATIONS,

ADDRESSED TO A

### Lady on the Death of her Daughter.

**I**T is the business of friendship and philosophy, rather to prevent sorrow from growing into a habit, than to defend the heart from its first influences.—The one is a natural, the other a moral evil, and it is in the latter only that the precepts of the moralist can be of use.

That you may be willing to give up the company of sorrow, consider the nature and qualities

of your companion. Her constant business is to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable graces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence. Sorrow is an enemy to virtue, while it destroys that cheerful habit of mind that cherishes and supports it; it is an enemy to piety, for with what language shall we address that Being whose providence our complaints either accuse or deny? It is an enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits; and of happiness it is the reverse.—Such, Madam, is the genuine disposition, and such are the qualities of sorrow; and will you admit such an enemy to your bosom?—Her sacrifices are the aching heart, and the sleepless eye; the deep searching groan, and silent tear.—Will you become a votary to such a friend? A friend that would rob your Creator of his honour, the world of your virtue, and yourself of your happiness?—Yet farther, sorrow will rob your friends of your affection.—The heart that has been long a prey to misery gradually loses its sensibility—gloomy and unsocial habits succeed, and the love of human kind is at last absorbed in the stagnation of melancholy.

But

But shall we, Madam, enquire into the cause of this sorrow, which, possibly, you may say with Shakespeare—" is too great to be patched with proverbs."— Is it on account of her whom you lament, or on your own? " No," you answer, " tis on account of my dear child."— Shall I not bewail the cruelty of her destiny, cut off from the fairest hopes in the very bloom and vigour of life? Alas! is this the end of a virtuous and elegant education? My poor Harriet! What does it now avail that you neglect the trifling amusements and vain pursuits of your sex, to acquire a taste for the finer enjoyments of the mind? Surely long happiness was due to you, who had taken such pains to deserve it.— Dear creature! had she lived to adorn the married state, her amiable sincerity, her natural politeness, and, above all, the virtuous sensibility of her heart, would have completed her own happiness, by insuring that of her husband! "

All this, Madam, you might say, and the mother's affection exaggerates no circumstance. But this must have been said upon a supposition that life, while it continues, cannot but be happy; or, at least, that virtue and excellence must infallibly produce happiness.

These, however, are conclusions which none of the best observers of human life have admitted.

Happiness

Happiness may be destroyed by many circumstances which it is not in the power of virtue to prevent. It is far from being impossible, Madam, that the lady whose death you so passionately lament, may by that death be exempted from many evils. How many has the pale tyrant unmercifully spared? What a lasting affliction must it have been to you, had the noble mind of your Harriet been doomed to suffer imprisonment in a feeble and unhealthy body? Had the fair rose been early blasted, and the root cruelly suffered to live, and pine away gradually through a course of daylightless years?

Moreover, as beauty is no charm against the natural evils of life, so neither is virtue always a defence against its moral evils. Your amiable Harriet, with all her accomplishments, might have been unfortunately united to splendid insensibility, or wealthy avarice?—Her virtues might have become the object of profligate ridicule, or misinterpreted by ill nature; and her person might have administered chagrin to negligence, or fuel to jealousy. In such circumstances, I suppose, the sensibility of her heart would have been far from defending it from misery; and the consciousness of her own integrity would have afforded her little relief, when the only person whose esteem it should principally have

have procured her, looked upon her with coldness or aversion. You know, Madam, these are no uncommon evils; and tho' Harriet was every way worthy of better fate, she might, nevertheless, have had her lot amongst the multitudes that suffer and complain. Neither would the cruelty or the negligence of a husband have been the only evils that would have endangered her peace: it would have been equally exposed to ruin by the follies and vices of a child;—or, what is the case of few parents, had she met with no ingratitude, and beheld no wretchedness in her offspring, her gentle heart might have been wounded, like the heart which these arguments are directed to set at ease, by the early death of a beloved child. Consider, Madam, too, that by her earlier death she has escaped those sorrows she would have suffered for you. You only have to mourn the loss of her; but she might have mourned for you, for herself, and for her offspring.

Indeed, the loss of this intellectual being might be accounted a misfortune, almost at any rate, were *this sensible, warm motion, to become a kneaded clod*; but we, who are taught such noble conceptions of the Author of Nature, can never suppose that he will suffer even a temporary cessation of consciousness.—I cannot enter into those gloomy apprehensions,

apprehensions, that when the immortal spirit has forsaken the body, its faculties shall for a time be chained down in a state of unconscious stupidity. Such an appointment would, in my opinion, both be inconsistent with the nature and properties of the soul, and contrary to the attributes of its benevolent creator.—To what various modes of being, inconceivable to us, may not Omnipotence assign our departed spirits?—What degrees of happiness may not he have in store, adapted to intellectual existence? Concluding then that your virtuous Harriet is now in a state of superior bliss, how superfluous would it be to mourn on her account.

Would you, were it in your power, recall her happy spirit to these regions of chance and vanity? Would you wish the liberal mind to leave its intellectual feast, and re-animate a clod of earth? Would you then confine its dilated powers in the prison of a mortal body, and subject it to all the pains of its miserable partner?—"No surely, no;"—I hear you say—"I will mourn no longer for my child." Yet, possibly, you may mourn for yourself; there is always something selfish in those sorrows that seem to be the most social. It is hard you will say, that you should lose the comfort of such a child in the decline of life.—Her filial tenderness,

would have cherished the langour of age, and have strewed its barren way with the joys of youth. Moreover, what joy must it be to you to have seen your maternal cares rewarded in her growing virtues, and those virtues rewarded with the happiness they deserved.

Madam, you have lived to see. Believe me, Harriet is now in possession of a greater happiness than this world has to give. By her death you are, no doubt, deprived of many comforts, but it may not thus be more than made up by the pleasure of reflecting on that sublime felicity which she enjoys. Indulge that reflection; and consider, how contemptible will every thing else appear upon comparison.—

Are not those arguments sufficient to set your ease, I might refer you to the universal nature, from whence there is no appeal. Not *death* and *ruin* established their empire over her works?

Is not every place through which you pass covered you with the ruins of existence?—Is not every nation replete with their triumphs?—Cease the mother's sighs a moment, and consider the general condition of nature. Let us  
remember



remember that we were born within the precincts of death, and sacrifice to him without many tears.

I am persuaded, madam, that *none of these things are hid from you*; but it is possible that in the depth of your affliction you might not attend to them. Should I add more, I might seem to distrust your prudence; but had I said less, I should not have proportioned my arguments to the greatness of your grief. Happy should I be if they could have the least weight with you. If you would now convince the world that, as you are possessed of every other virtue, you are not wanting in fortitude.

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**ADDRESS to a YOUNG SCHOLAR,**

SUPPOSED TO BE

*In the Course of a liberal Education at School.*

**Y**OUR parents have watched over your helpless infancy, and conducted you, with many a pang, to an age at which your mind is capable of manly improvement. Their solicitude still continues, and no trouble nor expence is spared in giving you all the instructions and accomplishments

ments which may enable you to act your part in life, as a man of polished sense and confirmed virtue. You have, then, already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them. You can pay it by no other method but by using the advantages which their goodness has afforded you.

If your own endeavors are deficient, it is in vain that you have tutors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary pursuits. You must love learning, if you intend to possess it. In order to love it, you must feel its delights; in order to feel its delights, you must apply it, however irksome at first, closely, constantly, and for a considerable time. If you have resolution enough to do this, you cannot but love learning; for the mind always loves that to which it has been long, steadily, and voluntarily attached. Habits are formed, which render what was at first disagreeable, not only pleasant but necessary.

Pleasant, indeed, are all the paths which lead to polite and elegant literature. Yours, then, is surely a lot particularly happy. Your education is of such a sort that its principal scope is to prepare you to receive a refined pleasure during your life. Elegance, or delicacy of taste, is one of the first objects of a classical discipline; and it is this

fine quality which opens a new world to the scholar's view. Elegance of taste has a connection with many virtues, and all of them virtues of the most amiable kind. It tends to render you, at once, good and agreeable. You must therefore be an enemy to your own enjoyments, if you enter on the discipline which leads to the attainment of a classical and liberal education with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thousands of your fellow-creatures.

Without exemplary diligence you will make but a contemptible proficiency. You may, indeed, pass through the forms of schools and universities, but you will bring nothing away from them of real value. The proper sort and degree of diligence you cannot possess, but by the efforts of your own resolution. Your instructor may, indeed, confine you within the walls of a school a certain number of hours. He may place books before you, and compel you to fix your eyes upon them; but no authority can chain down your mind. Your thoughts will escape from every external restraint, and amidst the most serious lectures, may be ranging in the wild pursuit of trifles or vice. Rules, restraints, commands, and punishments, may, indeed, assist in strengthening your resolution; but, without your own voluntary choice,

choice, your diligence will not often conduce to your pleasure or advantage. Though this truth is obvious, yet it seems to be a secret to those parents who expect to find their son's improvement increase in proportion to the number of tutors and external assistances, which their opulence has enabled them to provide. These assistances, indeed, are sometimes afforded, chiefly that the young heir to a title or estate may indulge himself in idleness and nominal pleasures. The lesson is construed to him, and the exercise written for him by the private tutor, while the hapless youth is engaged in some ruinous pleasure, which, at the same time, prevents him from learning any thing desirable, and leads to the formation of destructive habits, which can seldom be removed.

But the principal obstacle to improvement at your school, especially if you are too plentifully supplied with money, is a perverse ambition of being distinguished as a boy of spirit in mischievous pranks, in neglecting the tasks and lessons, and for every vice and irregularity which the puerile age can admit. You will have sense enough, I hope, to discover, beneath the mask of gaiety and good-nature, that malignant spirit of detraction, which endeavours to render the boy who applies to books, and to all the duties and proper business

business of the school, ridiculous. You will see, by the light of your reason, that the ridicule is misapplied. You will discover, that the boys who have recourse to ridicule, are, for the most part, stupid, unfeeling, ignorant, and vicious. Their noisy folly, their bold confidence, their contempt of learning, and their defiance of authority, are for the most part, the genuine effects of hardened insensibility. Let not their insults and ill-treatment dispirit you. If you yield to them with a tame and abject submission, they will not fail to triumph over you with additional insolence. Display a fortitude in your pursuits, equal in degree to the obstinacy in which they persist in theirs. Your fortitude will soon overcome theirs; which is, indeed, seldom any thing more than the audacity of a bully. Indeed, you cannot go through a school with ease to yourself, and with success, without a considerable share of courage. I do not mean that sort of courage which leads to battles and contentions, but which enables you to have a will of your own, and to pursue what is right, amidst all the persecutions of surrounding enviers, dunces, and detractors. Ridicule is the weapon made use of at school, as well as in the world, when the fortresses of virtue are to be assailed. You will effectually repel the attack by a dauntless spirit and unyielding perseverance. Tho' numbers

numbers are against you, yet, with truth and rectitude on your side, you may be *ipse agmen*, though alone, yet equal to an army.

By laying in a store of useful knowledge, adorning your mind with elegant literature, improving and establishing your conduct by virtuous principles, you cannot fail of being a comfort to those friends who have supported you, of being happy within yourself, and of being well received by mankind. Honour and success in life will probably attend you. Under all circumstances you will have an internal source of consolation and entertainment, of which no sublunary vicissitude can deprive you. Time shews how much wiser is your choice than that of your idle companions, who would gladly have drawn you into their association, or rather into their conspiracy, as it has been called, against good manners, and against all that is honourable and useful. While you appear in society as a respectable and valuable member of it, they have sacrificed, at the shrine of vanity, pride, extravagance, and false pleasure, their health and their sense, their fortunes and their characters.

ON

*O N E N V Y.*

**F**ROM frozen poles, the world's remote extremes,  
 To Afric's plains beneath the torrid beams,  
 Pale envy reigns, and thro' each varying zone,  
 Disturbs the cottage, or assails the throne.  
 A dreadful inmate of the selfish mind,  
 Ally'd to malice, and with spleen combin'd.  
 This foe to merit, with malignant joy,  
 Would each deserving character destroy,  
 If worth, if honour, in the bosom glow,  
 Envy becomes a most invet'rate foe ;  
 If soft benevolence distress befriends,  
 Though truth applaud, still envy discommends.  
 Through a gross medium all things she decries,  
 Perverts the motive, or the act belies.

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*A N E C D O T E*

**I**N the year 1478, George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was, by a petition from the House of Lords, publicly degraded by an act of Parliament, and his titles taken from him. The charge against him was, that having by gambling and other infamous practices, lost his fortune, he had not sufficient income wherewith to support his dignity,

dignity, by which the credit of the Peer was disgraced. The representation was first made to King Edward IV. who directed the means to be pursued for his ejection out of the upper House of Parliament. The disgraced Duke went into France where he died in the most miserable manner in a few months.

The above instance, given from Blackstone's Commentaries, may be strengthened by an observation from the same author; who says, That in a much later time, an instance occurred of a nobleman, decked with one of the first titles of this kingdom, being seen running before the carriage of a Peer of France. Indeed it was formerly supposed that the King might degrade any peer, who should so far waste his estate, as not to be able to support his dignity; but it is now settled that a peer cannot be degraded but by an act of parliament.

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*The LEGEND of POVERTY.*

A MERCHANT of tolerable good sense, not altogether unimproved by education, found, in spite of all the care he could take, his affairs in such a situation, as rendered it necessary for him

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to



to quit a kind of life which he was so little qualified to lead, and strike out some better way of employing the small residue of his effects. Such considerations have commonly a strong effect on the imagination, so as to fill it with gloomy ideas, and even to prejudice the intellectual faculties themselves. Such was the case of this distressed trader, who, having unsuccessfully wearied himself in seeking to escape from a labyrinth of thought, at last sunk, without perceiving it, into a profound sleep; Nature affording that remedy which he wanted both the will and the power to apply.

His eyes were scarce closed, when, to his still waking mind, the image of a robust woman above the common size presented itself; she was dressed in a home-spun stuff; and tho' her head attire was far from being fine, yet it was extremely white, and very agreeably disposed; the rest of her garb was suitable, and her air had something in it frank and noble, tho' nothing that seemed to flow from the boarding school; a modest cheerfulness shone in her countenance, and altogether she looked like some person of distinction clothed after a rustic manner. The Merchant, whose thoughts even in his sleep ran out the situation he was in, saw this phantom with surprize, and hastily demanded

manded who she was, and how she came to trespass upon his privacy.

At this the Dame seemed to smile, and after a low reverence proceeded thus: My name is Poverty; do not be startled; your being afraid is the only thing that can make me hurt you: Calm your thoughts; recollect your spirits; and when you are cool enough to hear me I will go on. Having said this, she paused awhile, and then resumed her discourse. My parents, said she, were Chance and Indiscretion; they made a match almost without thinking of it; and tho' my mother went her full time, I came into the world when I was little expected. She had been married more than once before, and I have a great many sisters by different fathers, and most of them have made their husbands very unhappy: This doubtless you have heard, and therefore, nor without reason, seem confounded at the sight of me; but have patience, you are the person I have chosen for my spouse, there is no being rid of me, and yet, if you will take my advice, we may live together happily enough.

The poor man sighed, but could not speak; he contented himself with bowing, and beckoning to her to proceed. Most of my sisters, continued

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she,

she, have never been able to get the love of their husbands; they conversed with them as it were by force, and the consequence of such untoward embraces hath, in most of them been the bringing into the world, a Boy black as a Negro, called Shame, alike hated by father and mother; and sticking so close to them, as never to be disowned.

A few of my elder sisters have been more happy; some of them have matched with country clergymen, settled for the most part either in Wales, or in the North, and the men being discreet, they have lived in peace and comfort: Most of their issue have been females, such as temperance, frugality, and piety. With these maids, when they grow up to maturity, the parents passed their time very agreeably; returning the world's favours in kind, and pitying with good reason, such as pitied them.

Others have married soldiers and had no reason to repent their choice. You must have heard of fortitude, the son of one of my sisters by a martial spouse. It has been often remarked, that the greatest heroes have been best satisfied with ladies of our family, and if I am rightly informed, you may read in some Greek and Latin authors, of several men of great distinction, who would not be divorced

divorced from us when they might; and if I mistake not, Epaminondas and Cincinnatus were of that number.

By this time I hope you are convinced that being joined to me will not necessarily render you miserable; but I shall go farther still, and shew you, that though I have no fortune to boast of, yet the possession of me is attended with some blessings; for instance, from the moment we are united, you will see no flatterers, a look of mine obliges a false friend to unmask himself, and doubles the tenderness of him who is really so. Idle visitors and gossips also very rarely come were I am; so that if I bring you no good company, I shall at least keep you from the plague of bad, which the corruption of the present age considered, is of no small consequence.

I am a great enemy to luxury, and very fond of exercise; for which reason health, whose company is so desirable, shews herself at all times more ready to visit me, than ladies who make a much better figure. I can also boast that quiet is my constant companion, and that there are very few vices able to live under the same roof. The most troublesome, and perhaps you will think it strange, is pride; she is an insinuating hussy, and never wants some art or other of recommending herself in

in cottages as well as courts; when she pesters me too much, I have no remedy but listening a little to rumour; for no sooner do I hear what other people say of me, than presently I resume my wits.

You have a little freehold in Warwickshire, let us go down together; make it your study to remember your condition, and that experience has convinced you, your parts are not of a kind to make it better; tho' it may easily be made worse. Your income, tho' small will keep necessity at the door, if you yourself are not imprudent enough to let her in. Labour will supply many wants, and at the same time divert care: He can never think himself a slave who has no master, or believe any office beneath him, which nature requires. You must shun company, because you cannot entertain them; the ill-judging world will call this spleen, but your own right-judging heart will acquit you. Accustom yourself to go often to that tribunal, and never dispute its decrees. Time, which lessens all evils, will make the pains of which you are apprehensive become pleasures. In the course of a few years I shall render you so many services, that you will begin to love me. I am so convinced of this that I will venture to felicitate you on your nuptials; for know my dear spouse, that Providence matches for the best; and that men commonly  
owe

owe their miseries to a vain preferring their own choice.

At these words the decayed trader started from his seat, and stretching out his hand with great alacrity, the sudden motion waked him: He recollected, he considered his dream, and having bowed himself in humble thankfulness before his maker, he readily embraced that state of life which alone was left him; fully persuaded, that virtuous poverty might afford as much happiness as the most elevated condition, and that content with a little might prove as agreeable to him, as riches with others.

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O N T H E  
*FELICITY of INNOCENCE.*

O H! far beyond expression, happy he,  
Whose virgin mind from anxious guilt is  
free;  
With inoffensive gaiety he's blest;  
And never fading joy shines in his breast.  
His harmless thoughts no gloomy scenes display,  
But wing'd with bliss, each sun rolls swift away,  
Then down in peace and innocence he lies,  
And golden slumbers seal his willing eyes;  
When

When in bright fields of visionary flow'rs,  
 Or else reclin'd in amaranthine bow'r's,  
 He seems angelic harmony to hear,  
 And sounds immortal strike his ravish'd ear.  
 Lo! heaven's rich portals open to his sight,  
 And wide disclose the glorious realms of light;  
 With glittering legions, and cherubic trains,  
 He cover'd views the bright ætherial plains;  
 Here temples, there celestial mansions rise,  
 And groves and gardens meet his wond'ring eyes;  
 While living streams refresh th' immortal round,  
 Visit each plant and murmur all around.  
 No sun here ever gilds the happy sky,  
 But light's the effulgence of the Deity,  
 Thus every day with smiling peace is crown'd,  
 And in extatic joys the night is drown'd.

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*Acts of Kindness, over-rated by the Donor,*  
*takes off the Good intended,*  
 And renders the Receiver unhappy.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FOLLOWING RELATION.

**N**O depravity of the mind has been more frequently or more justly censured than Ingratitude. There is indeed sufficient reason for looking

ing on him that can return evil for good, and can repay kindness and assistance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedness: nor will he who has once been clearly detected in acts of injury to his benefactor, deserve to be numbered among social beings: he has endeavoured to destroy confidence, to intercept sympathy, and to turn every man's attention wholly on himself.

There is always danger, lest the honest abhorrence of a crime should raise the passions with too much violence against the man to whom it is imputed. In proportion as guilt is more enormous, it ought to be ascertained by stronger evidence. The charge against ingratitude is very general: almost every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon insensibility, and how much happiness he has bestowed without return; but perhaps if these patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boast of having befriended, it would often appear that they had over-rated their benevolence, that they consulted only their pleasure and vanity, and repaid themselves their prodigalities by gratifications of insolence, and indulgence of contempt.

It has happened to me, that much of my time has been passed in a dependent state, and consequently

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quently I have received many favours in the opinion of those at whose expence I have been maintained; yet I do not feel in my heart any burning gratitude, or tumultuous affection: And as I would not willingly suppose myself less susceptible of virtuous passions than the rest of mankind, I shall lay the history of my life before you, that you may, by your judgment of my conduct, either reform my present sentiments, or confirm them.

My father was the second son of a very antient and wealthy family. He married a lady of equal birth; whose fortune, joined to his own, might have supported him and his posterity in honour and plenty; but being gay and ambitious, he prevailed on his friends to procure him a post, which gave him an opportunity of displaying in public his elegance and politeness. My mother was equally pleased with splendor, and equally careless of expence; and both justified their profusion to themselves, by endeavouring to believe it necessary to the extension of their acquaintance, and improvement of their interest; and whenever any place became vacant, they expected to be repaid by distinction and advancement. In the midst of these schemes and hopes, my father was snatched away by an apoplexy; and my mother, who had no pleasure but in dress, equipage, assemblies

fembles and compliments, finding that she could live no longer in her accustomed rank, sunk into dejection, and in two years wore out her life with envy and discontent.

I was sent with a sister, one year younger than myself, to the elder brother of my father. As we were not yet capable of observing how much fortune influences affection, we flattered ourselves on the road with the tenderness and regard with which we should doubtless be treated by our uncle. Our reception was rather frigid than malignant: we were introduced to our young cousins, and for the first month were more frequently consoled than upbraided; but in a short time we found our prattle repressed, our dress neglected, all our endearments unregarded, and all our requests referred to the house-keeper.

The forms of decency were now violated; and every day produced some new insult. We were soon brought to the necessity of receding from our imagined equality with our cousins, to whom we sunk into humble companions, without choice and without influence, expected only to echo their opinions, facilitate their desires, and accompany their rambles. We were told that fine clothes would only fill our heads with false conceptions, and our dress was therefore accommodated to our fortune.

Childhood is not easily dejected or mortified. We felt no lasting pain from insolence or neglect; but finding that we were favoured and commended by all whom their interest did not prompt to discountenance us, we preserved our vivacity and spirit to years of greater sensibility.

It then became more irksome and disgusting to live without any other principle of action than the will of another, and we often met privately in the garden to lament our condition, and to ease our hearts with mutual narratives of caprice, peevishness and affront.

There are innumerable modes of insult, and tokens of contempt, for which it is not easy to find a name, which vanish to nothing in an attempt to describe them, and which may yet, by continual repetition, make day pass after day in sorrow and in terror. Phrases of cursory compliment, and established salutation, may, by a different modulation of the voice, or cast of the countenance, convey contrary meanings, and be changed from indications of respect to expressions of scorn.

The dependant who cultivates delicacy in himself, very little consults his own tranquillity. My unhappy vigilance is every moment discovering some petulance of accent, or some arrogance of mien;

mien ; some vehemence of interrogation, or some quickness of reply that recalls my poverty to my mind, and which I feel more acutely, as I cannot resent them.

You are not, however, to imagine that I think myself discharged from the duties of gratitude, only because my relations do not adjust my looks, or tune their voices to my expectation. The insolence of benefaction terminates not in negative rudeness or obliquities of insult. I am often told, in express terms, of the miseries from which charity has snatched me, while multitudes are suffered, by relations equally near, to devolve upon the parish; and have more than once heard it numbered among their favours, that I am admitted to the same table with my cousins.

That I sit at the first table I must acknowledge, but I sit there only that I may feel the stings of inferiority : my inquiries are neglected, my opinions overborne ; my assertions are controverted, and, as insolence always propagates itself, the servants over-look me, in imitation of their master : If I call modestly, I am not heard ; If loudly, my usurpation of authority is checked by a general frown. I am often obliged to look uninvited upon delicacies, and am sometimes desired to rise upon very slight pretences.

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The incivilities to which I am exposed would give me very little pain, were they not aggravated by the tears of my sister, whom the young ladies are hourly insulting with every art of feminine persecution. As it is said of the supreme Magistrate of Venice, that he is a Prince in one place, and a slave in another, my sister is a servant to her cousins in their apartments, and a companion only at the table: her wit and beauty drew so much regard away from them, that they never suffer her to appear with them in any place where they solicit notice, or expect admiration; and when they are visited by neighbouring ladies, and pass their hours in domestic amusements, she is sometimes called to fill a vacancy, insulted with contemptuous freedoms, and dismissed to her needle, when her place is supplied. The heir has of late, by the instigation of his sisters, begun to harrahs her with clownish jocularities; he seems inclined to make his first rude essays of waggery upon her; and by the connivance, if not encouragement of his father, treats her with such licentious brutality as I cannot bear, though I cannot punish it.

I beg to be informed how much we can be supposed to owe beneficence, exerted on terms like these; to beneficence which pollutes its gifts with contumely, and may be truly said to pander to  
pride?

pride? I would willingly be told; whether influence does not regard its own liberalities; and whether he that exacts servility, can with justice at the same time expect affection?

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

Mr. P O P E.

**I**N familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that Pope excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that, so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection raised against his inscription for Shakespeare was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied—*Horresco referens*—“that he would allow the Publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together”

VIRTUE

VIRTUE and PLEASURE.

A N O D E.

**I**NFORM me Virtue is it true?  
Does Pleasure really dwell with you?  
The sons of sense say, No:  
They say, that all who mind your rules,  
Are gloomy superstitious fools,  
And every joy forego.

They say, and openly maintain,  
That your rewards are care and pain;  
And while on heaven you preach,  
At best 'tis but a phantom fair,  
The soul is mortal, melts in air,  
And heaven shall never reach.

Or tell me Pleasure! what you feel;  
Speak honestly, nor ought conceal;  
The matter is of weight.  
Pleasure, sweet power, to nature dear!  
I never wish'd to be austere;  
I seek the happiest state.

Pleasure replies, with modest smile,  
'Let not a name thy heart beguile.  
'My name the sons of sense  
'Have oft assum'd: but, trust me, they  
From happiness are far astray:  
'Tis all a mere pretence.

' T

‘ To me they boast alliance near ;  
‘ As men of pleasure, men of cheer,  
‘ If you will them believe.  
Meanwhile they are of Circe’s crew,  
‘ Wretched, defil’d; with painted hue,  
‘ Weak mortal to deceive.

‘ Circe, my rival, harlot, base!  
‘ Her poison’d cup the human race  
‘ To frenzy can inflame:  
Her blinded followers she betrays:  
Her specious arts, her flowery ways,  
‘ Lead on to guilt and shame.

‘ Mine is a purer nobler rise,  
‘ Virtue, my parent, from the skies  
‘ Came down to bless the earth  
‘ With me, the child she bore to love;  
‘ A beauteous happy pair above,  
And here of highest worth!

‘ Virtue, I grant, is often tried  
‘ By sickness, sorrow, envy, pride;  
‘ Nor is asham’d to mourn.  
‘ But trial strengthens: conscience cheers;  
‘ Of death and woe prevents the fears:  
‘ Assaults to vict’ry turn.



• Of active life the hard turmoils,  
• The patriot's cares, the hero's toils,  
    In brighter triumphs end. ,  
• Of friendship sympathy, the pains  
• A generous soul accounts her gains  
    • While all the good commend.

• But who can paint the heart-felt glow  
• Of holy love, of thought the flow  
    • Reciprocal, sincere ;  
• Faith's firm repose, hope's vision bright,  
• Of God's approving face the light  
    • Of prayer the rapt'rous tear ?

• Nor deem such bliss an empty form :  
• 'Tis solid, will defy the storm,  
    • And keep the breast serene :  
• When all the merriment of vice  
• A low-born vapour, sudden flies,  
    • And leaves a void within ;

• An aching void, where nought can come,  
• But self-reproach, and secret gloom,  
    • Earnest of future woe!  
• Let braggart sinners loudly boast,  
• To joy, to peace, to comfort lost  
    True heart they do not know.

• They

‘ They dare not face rich folly’s frown,  
‘ To saucy greatness they bow down.  
‘ Held fast in passion’s chain  
‘ They talk of liberty: ’tis prate,  
‘ The slaves of appetite and fate,  
‘ They start at every pain.

Lest death their trembling souls should seize,  
Their blood with mortal horrors freeze,  
‘ And all their prospects end.  
‘ At that inevitable hour,  
‘ My parent, Virtue, proves her power,  
‘ An everlasting friend !

‘ In life, in death, I follow her:  
‘ She, she alone, can joys confer,  
‘ To fill the human heart ;  
‘ From heav’n together first we came ;  
‘ Constant we breathe one common flame,  
‘ And never, never part !’

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*The CHURCH YARD.*

**W**HAT a number of hillocks of death appear  
all round us ! What are the tomb-stones,  
but memorials of the inhabitants of that town, to  
inform us of the period of all their lives, and to

point out the day when it was said to each of them, "Your time shall be no longer." O, may I readily learn this important lesson, that my turn is hastening too; such a little hillock shall shortly arise for me in some unknown spot of ground; it shall cover this flesh and these bones of mine in darkness, and shall hide them from the light of the sun, and from the sight of man till the heavens be no more.

Perhaps some kind surviving friend may engrave my name, with the number of my days, upon a plain funeral stone, without ornament, and below envy: there shall my tomb stand among the rest as a fresh monument of the frailty of nature and the end of time. It is possible some friendly foot may now and then visit the place of my repose, and some tender eye may bedew the cold memorial with a tear: one or another of my old acquaintance may possibly attend there to learn the silent lecture of morality from my grave-stone, which my lips are now preaching aloud to the world; and if love and sorrows should reach so far, perhaps while his soul is melting in his eyelids, and his voice scarce finds utterance, he will point with his finger, and shew his companion the month and the day of my decease. O, that solemn, that awful day, which shall finish my appointed  
time

time on earth, and put a final period to all the designs of my heart, and all the labours of my tongue and pen!—

Think, O my soul that while friends or strangers are engaged on that spot, and reading the date of my departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a decisive and unchangeable sentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time well-improved, or suffering the longer sorrows which shall attend the abuse of it, in an unknown world of happiness or misery.

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*Anecdote of Chatterton.*

**A**N old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very four wine was placed upon the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of  
Shakespeare.

Shakespeare. The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me!" says the old gentleman, "you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton,"—"Yes, Sir," says the bard, "this dead wine of your's compels me to shed tears, but by Heaven they are not the tears of veneration!"

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## On EDUCATION.

EDUCATION, like a polisher of marble, when it works upon a noble mind, and a tractable understanding, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such assistance are never able to make their appearance. By the aid of *right* education it is that human kind removes *itself* from those habits, which, though common with, are degrading to the species;—by it the lapsed state of human nature is recovered, and the rude, untoward *principles* of the iron age are brushed off, and swept away. That the present plan of education, as it is prosecuted by schoolmasters in general, is at least no absurd one, the following simple observations are intended to affirm:—It is asserted by *some*, that a person may acquire

quire a *good* education without ever being taught either to *read* or *write*. “Living words,” it is said, will do the business—that I deny—Whoever reads, attentively, the human mind, and contemplates on it, will readily coincide with the assertion, that our ideas of modes and substances are assisted, in searching after truths, by other *intermediate* ideas, which, forming a congruity of *parts*, constitute a *whole*,—what is sought after. Every art and science depends upon these secondary aids—every piece of mechanism is thereby constructed.—In penmanship, the pen is the instrument, the person the agent, and the paper the thing acted upon. In like manner are moral truths found out; every mode and substance conveying to the mind a congruity of modes and substances. As a proof of this assertion, let a parent begin with his child, or a school-master with his pupil, at his own wished-for age, and let him disclose to him the nature and use (for instance) of figures, he will readily find the child to comprehend the meaning of *twenty*; that it is produced by a number of figures following each other in arithmetical progression, 1, 2, 3, &c. he may also find in him a tractability in calculations by geometrical progression; nay, he may lead him (for it is possible) through all the rules of arithmetic, both vulgar and decimal, theoretically; but should he demand of him notation, he is nonplused.

*Twenty*

*Twenty* he knows to be *twice ten*, or *four times five*; but if decyphered with a pencil or pen, he knows not what it means. To a person who never *saw* 20 thus expressed, 6 is as many: hence the advantage of letting example *precede* precept. Moreover, as man liveth not for *himself*, he is under a necessity of joining in society, and, consequently, of communicating his sentiments by *letters* (whether on commerce or pleasure) therefore, if he has not been taught the *use* of letters and figures, what does his *theory* profit him. The general, and, I think, the most eligible custom of Schoolmasters, in the education of children, is first to lead their pupils to a knowledge of their vernacular alphabet, hence to the formation of words, then to sentences: from this connection of *modes* new ideas spring, and from these others, and hereby a noble superstructure is reared on this stable foundation; for not from speech come letters, but speech from letters flows. The same may be observed with regard to figures, notation being the first step thereto: for a boy should no sooner know what twenty *is* than he should be taught to *mark* it. There are *two* things that have made moral ideas to be thought incapable of demonstration, namely, their complexedness, and want of sensible representations. Ideas of *quantity* have the advantage of others, and are more capable of certainty

tinty and demonstration, on the account that they  
 ave greater assistance from *intermediate* ideas—  
 at they can be set down and distinguished by cer-  
 ain characters, which have a nearer correspondence  
 with them than either *words* or sounds. A trian-  
 le or a circle laid down on *paper*, is a copy of  
 he idea in the mind that form'd it, and therefore  
 ot liable to the uncertainty of signification that  
 words carry with them. Describe to a boy who  
 as not been taught construction, any *figure* in  
 mathematics, or problem in geometry, he may re-  
 member the description, but cannot comprehend  
 its *nature*.—Let him be told that a triangle is a  
 hree-sided figure; that one side is called the hypo-  
 thenuse, another the base, and the third the per-  
 endicular; let him be told, that the square of the  
 ypothenuse is equal to the squares of the base and  
 erpendicular; let these truths be told him, he re-  
 members the *description*, as was before hinted, but  
 cannot hence, without manual demonstration, dis-  
 cover either its properties or its shape. His tea-  
 cher, indeed, may, as they walk abroad, describe  
 it to him with his staff upon the sand; but most  
 men, I presume, will allow that the description  
 would look better on paper.

The human mind, however penetrating, cannot  
 always perceive the immediate agreement or dis-

Y

agreement



agreement of ideas, because, those ideas concerning which the enquiry is made, cannot by the mind alone be so connected, as to lead to a true conclusion—therefore it has recourse to the invention of *others* to come at the truth. I may venture to assert, that there is not any man, of any age or genius, able to comprehend fully any one branch of even *ordinary* education, without the aid of those *intermediate* ideas which the present mode of teaching requires; which every branch obtains.—Whoever defers beginning a boy to *read*, till he be eight years of age and yet trusts he can qualify him for the senate, bar, or pulpit, by the time he is fifteen, will find himself mistaken.—It was a maxim with a famous Thalian muse, “to suit the action to the word, and the word to the action.”—Similar to this is that of suiting *young* minds with simple subjects, and their intermediate helps.—What are all the properties of writing in *theory*, to a boy who is destined to earn his bread with his pen? or what profit would accrue from a knowledge of arithmetic, if he knew not whereby to put it in *practice*? *Intuitive* knowledge, I confess, ought to take the lead; but the knowledge that is serviceable between man and man must be *demonstrative* also.—That knowledge which is acquired without those *intermediate* ideas, (marks or characters) cannot be communicated to any other person—no one  
being

able to assist the ideas of *another* with what  
 himself has no idea of—consequently service-  
 to him only who possesses it.—Knowledge  
 circumscribed may profit a philosopher, but  
 it be of use to the man of business.—As there  
 are men without their *prejudices*, so there are  
 institutions without their deficiencies—but the  
 established plan of our best schools, has  
 the worst faults of any.—An old plan, especially  
 education, may sooner be improved on, than a  
 new one adopted.—He who scorns to tread the  
 frequented path, in which good men are made  
 and *great men good*, has much, besides pre-  
 judice, to surmount—and, therefore, must not  
 think it strange, should he never attain the half-way  
 to the summit of his wishes.—From the fore-  
 going observations, I firmly assert, that any part of  
 education that is by a child acquired, previous to  
 being taught either to read or *write*, is only the  
 result of lost labour.—Such knowledge, having no  
 foundation but what is ideal (airy assurance) the  
 structure, like the foundation, disappears be-  
 lieve me demonstration, like a bubble emptied on the  
 surface of the brook.

## FOLLY AND WISDOM,

*With Regard to the Conduct of Life.*

**W**HAT is the greatest worldly grandeur in the possession of folly, but a puff of vanity and emptiness? her spring of age is wasted under Mammon's wing; the vigour of her manhood is consumed in horses, hounds, and harlots; and her winter, or evening of life, is prostituted to insatiable avarice; and when death arises, no preceding incident can be remembered to fortify the mind with magnanimity enough to bid him welcome.—On the other side, wisdom in youth lays up such a magazine of knowledge, virtue and humanity, as communicates a lustre and beauty to every stage of life; considers she was not born for herself, but for the general weal of mankind. In affluence, the poor are warmed and fed at her fire-side, the naked cloth'd with the fleece of her sheep; the prisoners visited with relief, and the sick supplied with advice and necessaries. Adversity is not irksome: but as it cramps the liberal exercises of that quality; in either case she is a perfect mistress of herself, in the first, a shining pattern of love and good-will for her neighbour, and in the last, a bright example of patience and every

every virtue; while she seems the sport of time, innocent joy adorns her table, and peace unruffled smiles about her house. Folly claims for her supporters a monkey and a rattle, Wisdom a dove and a serpent.

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A N E C D O T E

OF A

SCOTCH CLERGYMAN.

A SCOTCH Clergyman, whose wife was a descendant of the famous Xantippe, in going through a course of lectures on the Revelations of St. John, imbibed from this abstruse writer an opinion *that the sex had no souls*, and were incapable of future punishment. It was no sooner known in the country, that he maintained this doctrine, than he was summoned before a presbytery of his brethren, to be dealt with according to his delinquency. When he appeared at the bar, they asked him, if he really held so heretical an opinion. He told them plainly he did. On desiring to be informed of his reason for so doing—"In the Revelation of St. John the Divine, (said he) you will find this passage," *And there was silence in Heaven* for

*for about half an hour.* “ Now I appeal to all of you, whether that could have happened, had there been any women there; and Charity forbids us to imagine that they were in a worse place; thereby it follows, that they have no immortal part, and are exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world.

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### A N E C D O T E

**A** GENTLEMAN telling a friend of his, that he wondered he did not lay up money, when to his knowledge, he had eight hundred a-year, and did not appear to spend above two; your surprise, said the other, will cease, when you know how my estate goes. I employ two hundred in paying what I owe; I lend two hundred; I spend two hundred; and I loose two hundred. The two hundred I pay, are what I allow my Father and Mother, who are poor; the two hundred I lend, are laid out in the education of my children, who I hope will return it to me; the two hundred I spend are in necessaries for my family; and the two hundred I loose, are consumed by my wife in drefs and pleasure.

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## A N E L E G Y

*On the FIRST of SEPTEMBER.*

**W**HEN the still night withdrew her sable  
shroud,

And left these climes with steps sedate and slow;  
Whilst sad Aurora kerchief'd in a cloud,

With drizzly vapours hung the mountain brow:

The wretched bird from hapless \*Perdix sprung,  
With trembling wings forsook the furrow'd  
plain ;

And calling round her all her list'ning young ;

In falt'ring accents sung this plaintive strain.

' Unwelcome morn! full well thy low'ring mien,

' Foretells the slaughters of the approaching day;

' The gloomy sky laments with tears the scene,

' Where pale-eyed terror re-assumes her sway.

' Ah luckless train! ah fate-devoted race!

' The dreadful tale experience tells believe;

' Dark heavy mists obscure the morning's face

' But blood and death shall close the dreary eve.

' This day fell man, whose unrelenting hate

' No grief can soften and no tears assuage

' Pours dire destruction on the feather'd state

' Whilst pride and rapine urge his savage rage.

' I

\*Perdix was supposed to be turn'd into a partridge.

‘ I who so oft have ’scap’d the impending snare;  
‘ Ere night arrives may feel the fiery wound;  
‘ In giddy circles quit the realms of air,  
‘ And, stain with streaming gore the dewy  
ground.’

She said; when lo! the Pointer winds his prey  
The rustling stubble gives the fear’d alarm;  
The gunner views the covey fleet away  
And rears th’ unerring tube with skilful arm.

In vain the mother wings her whirring flight  
The leaden deaths arrest her as she flies  
Her scatter’d offspring swim before her sight,  
And bath’d in blood, she flutters, pants, and dies.

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### *ANECDOTE of HANDEL.*

**I**T is well known that there was a time when the compositions of Handel were not so popular as they are in our day: nay, it is well remembered, that at the performance of his *Messiah*, the Royal presence could not produce any thing like an audience. The witticisms of Lord Chesterfield on the occasion will not be forgotten. The great composer, however conscious of the real merit of his music, consoled himself with the certainty of  
that

that posthumous fame which he now possessed. Indeed, he was once a prophet on this subject; for as he was conducting a morning concert at Leicester-House, when his present Majesty was about four years of age, he was so struck with the attention which the Royal boy paid to the music, that he exclaimed to the performers about him.—*If that young Prince should live to ascend the throne, then will be the æra of Handel's glory.* No one will venture to say that his prophecy has not found completion.

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## A N E S S A Y

### *On the Love of our Country.*

**B**ENEVOLENCE is the noblest quality of human nature, and great minds must excel in this generous virtue. The most attractive objects of a benevolent mind is his country: to make that happy and prosperous, is the pride and pleasure of his soul. A natural sweetness of temper is an early indication of social virtues: but just reflection alone can influence the noble passions. The more men reason on truth and justice, the more they are ashamed of vice and error: hence a man of sense despises a selfish action, and de-

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lights



lights in the most diffusive beneficence, as he finds it the most lasting, valuable, and requisite pleasure. 'Twas well observed, he that would be generous, must first be just. How often are men undone by a generous extravagance? And how happy would it be for mankind, did every one study fair dealing and equity, more than ostentatious actions? Benevolence flourishes most in Republican governments; where the people are equal and free, there's a general emulation who shall love and serve the publick most; but where it is denied them to act for their country, they quickly forget the care of it. What more affects the passions of a noble mind than national hazards and dangers? who, that has honour or worth, would not sacrifice a private advantage, give up the dearest friend and most valuable interest in life, to support the liberties and blessings of his country, if invaded? How must a generous Roman resent and deplore those devouring plagues which beset the people when the *Lex Majestatis*, the law made to guard the sacred rights and honour of the common weath, was extended by a forced construction, to punish and restrain the liberty of speaking and writing? Or, how must the subjects of France bemoan themselves and their country, when the practice of dragooning was first introduced? We BRITAINS have dearly bought the liberties we

now

now possess; and we should adore the freedoms we enjoy, honour the Prince who preserves them, and oppose all attempts that may be made to hurt them. It is a duty which a man owes to himself to assert the public rights and privileges; let the parties concerned be ever so exalted, or courted, any one may say with all truth as Phocion of old said to king Antipater "I cannot be your flatterer and friend." 'Twas a memorable saying of Monsieur Mezeray, the famous historian, to a gentleman of our country in the close of the last century, "We had once in France the same happiness, and the same privileges which you have; our laws were made by representatives of our own choosing; our money was not taken from us but by our own consent; our Kings were subject to the rules of Law and Reason; yet now, alas! we are miserable and all is lost. Think nothing, Sir, too dear, to maintain these precious advantages; if ever there be occasion, venture your life and estate, and all you have, rather than submit to the conditions you see us reduced to."

ON

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## ON TEMPERANCE.

O Temperance! darling of the good and wise,  
Whom none but thoughtless debauchees  
despise,

In thee true sapience, safe Content we find,  
Friend to the body, influence to the mind!  
With thee, O source of health, long life remains,  
While active spirits swell the untainted veins.  
When Temperance match'd with affluent fortune  
shines,

Each joyous scene it gracefully refines:  
Gives the best goute to plenty, laws to power;  
Nor leaves one sadness for a future hour,  
The sage \* Italian of deserving name,  
With just encomium has describ'd thy fame;  
And lux'ry traced with delusive charm,  
That sensual minds of manly peace disarm.  
Tho' youth's gay scenes, his vig'rous health de-  
stroy'd,

And pompous vice his noon of life employ'd,  
When mild reflection calm'd his heated breast,  
Bright virtue's lovelier beauties he confess'd.  
Her awful pow'r with reverence he ador'd;  
And blooming years by temperate life restor'd.  
Like him, ye Libertines, *tho' earlier*, aim  
Youth's vice, e'er strong by habit, to reclaim,

Taint

\* Lewis Cornaro,

Taunt not the vital springs, nor cloud the soul,  
 And all the solid joys of life controul;  
 Dissolv'd in wine, how dull the minutes pass,  
 Whole nights repeating o'er th' unrelish'd glass,  
 The senses, drown'd in vice, unhing'd the mind,  
 Nought, can the wretch, but palling pleasures find.

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## A N E C D O T E

*Of the great Duke of Marlborough.*

A DETACHED party under the Duke of Marlborough, having fallen in with a superior party of the French, took them prisoners. When they were brought into the camp, and the Duke rode along the lines, the French appeared very much dejected at the defeat, except a tall grenadier, who assumed more the air of a Conqueror than a captive. The Duke, struck with his appearance, rode up to him and said—"If the King your master had 50,000 such brave fellows as you, we should find enough to do in the Netherlands."—"The King my master," replied he, "does not stand in need of 50,000 such as *me*; he only wants *one* man like *Your Grace*." Upon which the Duke immediately presented him with ten guineas, and an escort to the French army.

THE

## The UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

**M**R. WATSON was an eminent West-India merchant, who had acquired a very large fortune, most of which was vested in the funds. When he was upwards of forty, he married a brisk young lady who bore him several children; but they all died young, except Emilia, the unhappy subject of this narrative. She was brought up in the most tender manner, under the fond eyes of her indulgent parents, till she was ten years of age, and then she was sent to a boarding-school at Hampstead. There she acquired the knowledge of French and Italian, with music, dancing, and all sorts of needle-work.

When she was fifteen, she lost her mother, who was taken off by a violent fever, in consequence of having over heated herself, at a city ball. As Mr. Watson loved his wife in the most tender manner, so he remained disconsolate for his loss; but when he began to reflect that his daughter was almost able to manage his domestic affairs, he sent for her home, and was pleased to find what progress she had made in learning.

Emilia was tall and well proportioned, had fine dark eyes, and brown hair; her voice was extremely

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ly agreeable, and there was something in the whole of her deportment so engaging, that few could behold her without admiration. He gave her every indulgence consistent with his duty as a parent, and by that time she had completed her seventeenth year, he had the pleasure to see her grown up to her full size, and daily acquiring new accomplishments.

In the same street in which Mr. Watson lived, was the house of one Mr. Mellefs, a merchant of eminence in trade; but unfortunately, he and Mr. Watson happened once to have a very expensive law-suit, in which the latter was cast, and so enraged were they at each other, that when they met in the streets, they would not speak. The one would not go into the coffee-house which the other frequented; nor was any of their servants allowed to meet at the same ale-house. Mr. Mellefs had several children, some of whom were married; and his domestic affairs were managed by his youngest daughter, an agreeable lady, not much turned of twenty.

Emilia, who was not allowed to speak to any one belonging to Mr. Mellefs, happened one evening to be at a ball, and a young gentleman, finely dressed, made choice of her as a partner. She did not know his name; but, when the dancing was over,

over, and he conducted her to his coach; how great was her surprize to hear him called Mellefs. This young gentleman, was the son of Mr. Mellefs, and had managed the greatest part of his business several years; but Emilia had never seen him before.

He was extremely handsome in his shape and agreeable in his features; but had not read much, nor was he very well acquainted with the world. He was, however, very polite in his manners, and had something in his behaviour that charmed all those who conversed with him. In his dress he was neat rather than fine; and was altogether free from the least affectation; so that with most people, who knew him, he passed for a more accomplished gentleman than he really was.

He had often seen Emilia; but as it was in company with her father, he knew that he could not be allowed to speak to her; for Mr. Watson would sooner have married his daughter to a footman, than to any one belonging to Mr. Mellefs, Emilia told the young gentleman to set her down before they came to the end of the street where her father lived; but, unfortunately, just as she was coming out of the coach, her father happened to pass by, and saw who she was in company with. He took  
no

no notice, but walked home; she called for a chair, that set her down at her father's door.

When she came into the parlour, her father asked with whom she had been dancing; to which she answered, that a young gentleman had chosen her for a partner at the ball; but she could not tell his name. "That is a little strange," said the father, "that your memory should be so bad, when it is but a few minutes since I saw you come out of his coach. Emilia turned pale, burst into tears, and falling on her knees, implored her father's pardon, declaring, in the most solemn manner, that she never saw the gentleman before that night; and her meeting with him was merely accidental. Mr. Watson, however, did not pay much regard to what was said by his daughter; for he concluded, that they had met together at the ball, in consequence of some previous appointment.

He told her he should forgive her for the present offence; but if ever he should know of her being in his company again, he would dispose of his fortune in such a manner, that she should not enjoy any of it.

Next morning Mr. Watson received the following letter; the contents of which had almost driven him to a state of madness.

A a

" Sir,



“ Sir,

“ I had the honour to meet your daughter by accident, last night at the ball; and must acknowledge she has many more accomplishments than ever I knew fell to the share of one of her sex; but alas! I am writing to one who I fear will pay no regard to my strongest arguments. But surely, Sir, you are a rational creature; and although my father and you were so unfortunate as to have a law-suit, yet why should you continue your hatred to his son? If my father ever did you an injury, why should I be blamed for it, seeing I am innocent? How much more noble would it be to forgive, than resent an injury: nor can we repeat the Lord's prayer in sincerity, unless we freely forgive our enemies.”

“ Let me beg, Sir, that a reconciliation may yet take place between my father and you; that you might live like neighbours; and as a bond of that union, let your lovely daughter be mine.”

“ In hopes of a favourable answer, I am Sir, with the utmost respect

“ Your most obedient Servant,

“ CHARLES MELLESS.”

Had news arrived that the Spaniards had seized his plantations in the West-Indies; had all the  
uninsured

uninsured vessels been sunk, or had the Gazette told him that his banker had failed, Mr. Watson could not have raved more like a madman than he did when he received the young gentleman's letter. His daughter seeing him in such agitation of mind, and not knowing what was the matter, was going to ask him; when, in the violence of passion, he struck her a terrible blow on the temple, which brought her to the ground.

The poor young lady screamed out, and the servants ran to her assistance; while her father stood trembling with the violence of his passion. The servants told Emilia, that the letter came from young Mr. Mellefs, and therefore they did not wonder that their master should be so enraged, as the parents had kept up a continual hatred of each other for more than twelve years.

"Alas!" said Emilia, and do they expect to be forgiven, when they die? But I am innocent, and why should I suffer?"

There is nothing so much stimulates love, as opposition. When young people of both sexes are allowed to meet freely together, while they behave with decency, courtship goes on more rationally and smooth than when the parents are very strict in their orders for them not to meet.

Prohibitions of this nature, without the most justifiable reasons, seldom end in any thing good ; for they put young lovers upon the invention of schemes, that otherwise would never have been thought of by them. Nay, there are many young women, as well as men, who elope with lovers, whom, had they been allowed to meet in a regular manner, they would never have married ; because they would have seen into their natural temper.

Such was the case with Miss Watson ; she could not bear to think that the young gentleman should be treated with so much indignity, for no other reason than that her father and his once had a law suit, and that he had danced with her at a ball.

When Mr. Watson's passion had so far subsided, that he was able to hold a pen, he folded up the young gentleman's letter in a cover, on the inside of which he wrote the following, addressed to old Mr. Mellefs.

" Sir,  
 " You will see by the inclosed, what a rascal your son is, to have the impudence to speak to my daughter, or to write letters to me. If he ever presumes to write to me again, I shall not spare his bones, having bought an exceeding good cudgel for that purpose.

G. W.

As

As old Mr. Mellefs hated Mr. Watfon as much as the latter did him, fo when he faw the young gentleman's letter, he was as much enraged againft his fon, as the other had been againft his daughter. He told Charles, that he would difcard him for ever if he fpoke to the young lady again, for he was determin'd that none of his family fhould, while he lived, be connected with Mr. Watfon's.

Charles promifed fubmiffion and obedience; but promifes are more eafily made than kept, efpecially in love affairs. The week after this affair of the ball, Mr. Watfon was obliged to go to Falmouth, on account of a fhip of his being ftranded on the coaft near that town; and he did not return in lefs than a week.

Charles, who had learned, by giving a guinea to one of the fervants, where Mifs Watfon's milliner lived, went to the fhop, and left a letter for the young lady. It was not long before he received an answer; and from the contents he found, that notwithstanding all that her father had faid, yet his perfon was not indifferent to her.

By the affiftance of the very obliging milliner, the two lovers had an interview, which was as affecting as could be imagined, efpecially when it is confidered under what restraints they both lay.  
But

But although they kept their meetings as secret as possible, yet it was not long before Mr. Watson discovered them. One of his footmen had lately married the cook-maid; and the young couple had taken a public house, near to where the milliner lived; so that they often saw Miss Watson go in, and Charles soon after her. They knew that these meetings must be unknown to the old gentleman; and therefore the publican, in order to procure favour with his late master, who had lent him money to buy the lease of his house, went and informed Mr. Watson, who ordered his daughter to be confined in a close room, to which there was only one small window, looking into the yard behind the house.

As she had never known what confinement was before, this severity threw her into a fever; and though she recovered a little from it, yet melancholy preyed upon her spirits; and her physicians told her father that she must try what effect the waters at Scarborough would have upon her. To this her father consented, because he had been informed that young Mr. Mellefs was gone over to Rotterdam, in Holland, to settle some business relating to a failure that had happened there.

Accordingly, the young lady was sent to Scarborough, under the care of an aged female, a distant

tant relation of Mr. Watson; who had strict orders not to let her see any letters that came to her, unless from him. But this caution was needless, for the day after her arrival at Scarborough, as she was walking by the sea-side, she met young Mr. Mellefs in company with the captain of a Dutch ship.

It seems, Charles had settled his business at Rotterdam; and, as it was in the summer season, he thought he could not spend a few weeks better, than by visiting some of the most noted curiosities in the north of England. For this purpose he landed at Scarborough, and had only been a few hours on shore, when he was met by Emilia. Their mutual transports were so sudden, that they could scarce believe their own eyes; and, lest any thing should separate them for the future, they set off the same night for Scotland, where they were married; and then returned to Scarborough.

As soon as Mr. Watson heard of his daughter's marriage, he made his addressee to a young milliner of nineteen, upon whom he settled all his fortune; and Mr. Mellefs so much resented the conduct of his son, that he made his will, and cut him off with a shilling.

The young couple being thus left destitute, were soon reduced to great distress; and Emilia, being  
taken

taken in labour, died together with her child. Charles did not long survive her; for not being able to endure the thoughts of staying any longer in England, he went over to the East Indies, where he was seized with a fever, which soon put a period to his life.

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## On the VICISSITUDES of LIFE.

**I**N life what various scenes appear!  
How differs every day!

We now the face of comfort wear,  
To-morrow — of dismay.

As light and darkness each succeed,  
So pleasure follows pain,  
Our spirits drooping while we bleed,  
The brisker flow again.

Winter and summer have their turns,  
Each vale its rising hills;  
One hour the raging fever burns  
The next an ague chills.

A mind at ease and free from care  
Can paradise excel,  
But when in trouble and despair,  
A palace then is hell.

VIRTUE

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*VIRTUE AND VICE:*

A VISION.

**W**HEN silent night invited to rest and repose, I slept in gentle slumber, but fancy busied itself in an aerial ramble: Methought I was conveyed to an extensive plain crowded with people, who seemed to be in search of something by their diligence; I stood some time musing on the scene before me, when there appeared a radiant form like the description of an angel, which thus accosted me: What there thou see'st is not by every one rightly understood; my business is to inform the curious enquirer; if thou wilt follow me, I will unfold to thee the mystery; I replied; such a condescension will inspire me with gratitude and thankfulness.

Direct thine eyes and thou wilt see before thee on the plain two paths, extending different ways, each of which is terminated by a temple dedicated to the powers which influence their respective votaries; the one Virtue, the other Vice; that on the left directs to the temple of Vice, this on the right to the temple of Virtue; follow me and thou shalt see the manners of each. We entered the gate, guarded by Innocence blooming as the morning;

**B b**

**a severity,**



a severity, mixed with satisfaction, appeared in her countenance; we passed by, after my guide had resolved the necessary questions. We walked a few steps and came to a noble pile of building, but no unnecessary ornaments to decorate it, the whole plain but beautiful; we entered in and saw a great number of boys and girls listening to the dictates of a grave, elderly person, who I was informed was Wisdom. I stood some time, with pleasure, to hear the divine precepts explained so clearly, and with such energy of language. We then walked on to another building, where I saw several grave, elderly persons with globes and other mathematical instruments instructing the young men in the sciences necessary to inform the mind of the stupendous works of the Supreme Being, and thereby teach them to adore the Power that made them; When I had satisfied my curiosity, we walked farther on. In this part of the path the youth of both sexes were busy in walking up and down between that and the next building. Methought this part seemed exposed to the assaults of some troublesome persons who mixed among the crowd: I sat down on a convenient seat to observe their conduct; I turned my eyes and saw walking from the path of Vice a beauteous woman arrayed in all the splendid ornaments that could be of use to attract the eye; when she came near, the young men

men ey'd her with pleasure; she beckoned and looked languishing and wanton with her eyes, some followed her, overcome with her charms, others turned away. Immediately there appeared an antique figure, who, I was informed, was Calumny with a bow and quiver of arrows, which he discharged at several youths, but Fortitude supported, and Truth, with her adamantine shield, covered them; some turned back, through fear, others stood the trial; those that stood were conducted by Fortitude to her temple, when they entered I could hear the sound of a trumpet in honour of their courage. I said to my guide, why are such disturbers suffered to discompose these virtuous in their progress; she replied, these things are suffered to try the faith of the votaries of Virtue; if they fall, it shews their insincerity and want of faith. We walked on to the building where Fortitude received the bold in Virtue; we entered in and saw a number who had arrived thus far through trials of various kinds; a sweet serenity and home-felt joy appeared in the countenance of those men; This was a joy of Reason, accompanied with a kind of celestial happiness, but their work was not yet accomplished, though they had thus far fought the good fight. We left them, and journeyed on to the last building, except the temple; here we found a great number of old men discoursing together

gether in harmony and love, relating the circumstances of their past lives, and penning precepts for the instruction of rising youth. Methought one among them declared audibly thus: " We have fought the good fight, we have also finished our course, hence there is laid up for us, a crown immortal in the heavens." We left them, and walked on towards the magnificent temple of Virtue; my guide said to me, forbear to approach too near that sacred place, nothing unholy can ever enter there, thou art young and unexperienced, and have many probations to go through before thou canst gain admittance there. The distant view ravished my soul with its beauty and grandeur; no language can paint the dazzling splendor thereof.

My guide bid me prepare for the second fight; methought we were immediately conveyed to the gate at the entrance of the path of Vice, which was guarded by Licentiousness in loose attire, when we came near she looked a languishing leer, and whispered some immodest words as we passed by; we walked on a little way and came to a building which we entered and found a croud of little boys and girls, listening to the instructions of several masters and mistresses who were teaching the arts of music, dancing, and how to improve the person by arts of dress; some were singing amorous

rous songs, some frisking up and down in the dance, some practising airs at the glass to prepare them for future life. When we had viewed these, we walked on to another building, which appeared exquisitely beautiful; the pillars at the entrance were ornamented with sculptural imagery of various kinds; in the inside of the roof which was lofty, was represented in curious paintings the amours of the Heathen Gods and Goddeffes; music both vocal and instrumental, was the entertainment of these youths of both sexes who were all striving which should raise the greatest passions. I had a secret inclination to have staid here, but my guide called me away. We walked on to the next building. In this part of the path many were walking to recover a lost bloom; their countenances looked pale and emaciated through intemperance. When we entered the next building I was surprized at the change from love to hatred of one another, men cursing women for their infidelity, and one another for their treachery and deceit, some singing songs in honour of intemperance, some stupid with drinking, some raving, some laughing, some crying out through pains of gouts, rheumatisms, fevers &c. in short, it seemed both an hospital and bedlam too. We soon left these and journeyed on to another building; here was some few old men, but these looked sorrowful and

and full of pains, hopes of annihilation and fear of eternal torment agitated their minds; after this I said to my guide, if this is the state of the vicious, certainly virtue is most eligible. We walked out and viewed the temple of vice at a little distance, which was grand on the outside, but there seemed an eternal discord to reign amongst the inhabitants; the chief rulers here were pride, lust, envy, malice, pain, grief, calumny and innumerable others; the works and caves around seemed to echo to the incessant uproar; when the seeming sound disturbed my sleep, and I awoke, and mused on the oddness of my dream.

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## AN INDIAN ANECDOTE

### *Of a KING of MALACCA.*

**O**SORIUS, in his history of Portugal, gives this memorable story; that Alphonso Albuquerque whom the King of Portugal had made his viceroy in the East-Indies, being empowered to constitute and appoint such magistrates under him as should best contribute to the establishment of tranquillity and commerce, first of all, about the year 1514, conferred the title and dignity of supreme Indian governor or king under him, upon  
Ninachetuen,

Ninachetuen, venerable for his age, and esteemed by the people for his wisdom and conduct; but in the course of time Albequerque, being induced by some private reasons to transfer that honour and dignity upon Uterimutaria, the petty king of Campar, endeavoured by all possible persuasions to bring Ninachetuen into a temper of resignation; and when he found all his arguments and intrigues ineffectual, resolved to fetch Uterimutaria and fix him by his own authority in the place of Ninachetuen.

This was no sooner known, than Ninachetuen, not able to bear the indignity of being reduced to a private station, after he had been accustomed to reign, ordered a scaffold to be erected upon several pillars, and to be decked with rich tapestry, strewed with flowers, and fumigated with the richest perfumes. He then dressed himself in a robe made of cloth of gold, and studded all over with precious stones, and mounted this scaffold, under which was a pile of sweet wood, well disposed and prepared to be lighted.

Such an extraordinary appearance attracted the eyes and attention of the whole place, from whom the king had secreted his real intention; to whom he spoke, first reminding them of the services he had performed for the Portuguese before

fore their conquest of Malacca ; then related what he had done for their sovereign since their settlement at Malacca ; and called them to witness his brave actions for the good of the Portuguese, and his constant attendance and faithfulness in the administration of justice towards his countrymen and those concerned.

He then informed them, that the Portuguese were come to a resolution, and were then contriving to put it in force, to depose him from his dignity and office, and to raise another up to his place, which he looked upon to be such a defamation of his old age that no man with the least sense of honour, could possibly digest such an indignity, because they deprived him of the trust they had themselves given him ; and they degraded him of his honours, that he might spin out an ignominious old age with reproach and contempt ; that he had always regarded his own life less than his honour ; and was now resolved to put an end to his life before they had an opportunity to fully his reputation ; and therefore that he was come there prepared to die, and in their presence to put a period to his life, rather than undergo the affront intended to be put upon him.

With these words, the fire already kindled, and blazing up, he cast himself into the midst of it,  
and

and soon expired, in the sight of a sorrowful and amazed people, who lamented the miserable end of so good a magistrate, and highly condemned the ungrateful treatment he had met with from the Portuguese.

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## EXTRAORDINARY RESOLUTION

OF A

*GOVERNOR of a FORTRESS.*

**T**HE bravery of a garrison in the fortrefs of Merdin is scarcely to be matched in history, It sustained a seven years siege, by the mighty Timurleng who lay before it, during that time, with his invincible army. To terrify the besieg'd and give them an earnest of his resolution, he caused all the old trees round about the place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater numbers: declaring at the same time, that he would not raise the siege, till those trees should be mature enough to bear fruit: when that time came, he sent a present of the fruits to the Governor of the garrison; as likewise of mutton, with this message, that he took pity on so brave a man, fearing lest he should starve for want of necessities.

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As soon as the Governor had received these presents, turning to the messenger he said, "go tell thy master, I thank him for his presents of fruits; but, for the flesh, we shall have no occasion for it, so long as our ewes afford us milk enough to sustain the whole garrison: And that thy master may be assured we are not in want of that, I will send him a present of cheeses made of the same." Accordingly he commanded four cheeses to be delivered to the messenger; which, when Timurleng saw, and heard the words of the Governor, he despaired of reducing the place, tho' he had laid before it seven years, wanting only two months, and so raised the siege; but had he known or understood what sort of cheeses these were, he would no doubt not have done so: for they were made of the milk of bitches, and were the very last sustenance the garrison had, except the flesh itself of those animals.

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*How much better Money is employ'd in Charity,  
than the Indulgence of our Appetites,*

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN

## E A S T E R N T A L E.

**Z**ACCHOR and Esreff, two youths, begged  
of the Dervise Morat their tutor, who was a  
seer,

feer, and blessed by Mahomet with the knowledge of future events, to permit them to visit the curiosities of Aleppo, to which place they were but lately come for the advantage of the wise and holy man's instructions, and who had undertaken their education: he gave each of them a few aspers on going forth to expend on whatever their inclinations prompted to; and on their return he enquired how they had disposed of their money. I said Zacchor cast my eyes on the finest dates Syria ever produced; laid out my aspers, and indulged in what perhaps I shall never meet with again. And I said Esreff, met a poor helpless wretch with an infant at her breast, whose cries pierced my soul, she was reduced to the very utmost extremity; the angel of death seemed to glare forth at her eyes, and she had scarce strength left to beg that assistance my heart yearned to give her and which our prophet commands all Mussulmen to bestow on misery like her's. She had my aspers, and I grieved I had not more to bestow. The money, said Morat to Zacchor, which you exchanged for the dates will in a few hours be converted into the most odious of substances,—mere excrement; but Asreff, said he, turning to the other, besides the pleasure you must enjoy whenever you reflect on what you have done, know that your well bestowed aspers will produce

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a never fading fruit, and contribute to your happiness, both in this world and the world to come; and moreover know that the infant whose life you saved, and who without your assistance must with its mother have perished, will (so heaven has decreed) live to repay your goodness by saving your life many years hence, and rescuing you from the most imminent danger.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

*KING JAMES the FIRST.*

**O**NCE when the King was hunting, he heard three labouring men complaining heavily of the King's making so many poor Scots great men. The King showing himself, asked, what had been the subject of their conversation. Upon which, judging the King had overheard them, they fell on their knees entreating his pardon. The King drawing his sword, commanded them to tell him their names, and they with trembling voices expecting nothing less than immediate death, replied, John, Thomas, and William, upon which the King flourishing his sword over their heads, cried

cried with an audible voice, " Rise up Sir John, Sir Thomas and Sir William," and then added, " by my Saul men, there are not three poorer knights in aw Scotland."

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*THOUGHTS on the CREATION.*

**T**O eyes of flesh tho' God remained conceal'd,  
To eyes of faith how gloriously reveal'd!  
What shining witnesses croud all around!  
Answer earth, sea, or speak ye Heavens profound,  
What arm, unnumber'd orbs can you suspend  
What hand resplendent night, thy veil extend  
What might, what majesty, the Heavens declare!  
How full confess'd the great CREATOR there!  
O Heavens, whom thousand worlds and wonders  
fill,  
Yet cost your Author only once to will.  
He sprinkles light in the vast dome of Sky  
As in our field he makes the dust to fly,  
O thou by morn announc'd refulgent flame,  
Still brightly new, yet beaming still the same;  
What brings thee from the bosom of the main,  
To cheer us with thy genial rays again,  
Each day I look for, and thou com'st each day;  
'Tis God that calls thee, thou his voice obey.

What

What croud of objects does the eye unite!  
 What scatter'd rays concenter in the light!  
 The flexile picture paints all objects plain,  
 And strikes a nerve that bears it to the brain.  
 Heaven! what frail texture! what fine fibres meet!  
 Yet here my memory erects her seat!  
 Reposits in this precious magazine,  
 What'er my ears have heard, my eyes have seen;  
 Remits a will, resumes what went before,  
 Here keeps my treasures, faithful to restore.  
 Those subtle spirits, there as at a goal.  
 Await the signal of their queen my soul.  
 'Tis given; they fly; and swift thro' all my frame  
 Those docile ministers diffuse their flame.  
 Scarce have I spoke, when lo! they all stand by:  
 Ye unseen subjects which way did you fly?  
 Who bids my blood with wholesome ardour flow,  
 Which gives my frame with proper warmth to glow?  
 Its motions equally my heart impel,  
 It forms its liquor in that central cell;  
 It comes and warms me with its rapid course,  
 Retraces then more cool and calm its source;  
 And still exhausting it is still supply'd;  
 The ports of its canals stand ever wide,  
 Affording to its flow a free access:  
 But with oppos'd barriers deny regrefs.  
 Are these wise laws supported by my choice?  
 Or to their sanction did I give my voice?

I hardly know them. By attentive care  
I learn the order and the wisdom there.  
This order found, the Author let us own:  
Without a law-giver, were laws e'er known.

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*A Picture of True Religion.*

THE Religion which the divine Author of it taught, is far from banishing harmless mirth, it rather gives a wider scope, and livelier relish of it; it lets in upon every ingenuous breast solid peace, manly joy, and rational complacency: it lays no restraint upon the little flights and sallies of wit, or the sportive turns of humour and fancy; all it pretends to, is to mark out the just measures and boundaries of sobriety and decorum, and to establish a taste in all kinds of them. It is not for extinguishing our passions, but allows and even approves the free indulgence and gratification of natural appetites, within the sacred verge of reason, temperance and discretion. In religious exercise, it enjoins not lengthen'd forms, wearisome rituals, or unnatural fervours: but only such a due frequency, measure, and temper in our external devotions as may best suit the purposes of inward reverence and rational piety. What the Roman poet,



Poet said of Virtue, holds equally good of religion, which is nothing else, but Virtue inforced and improved; that it consists in steering a middle course between two opposite and equal extremes.

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### THOUGHTS ON POVERTY.

THERE's not an evil that we fly  
 So much as dreaded *Poverty*;  
 And yet I think it no disdain  
 To be an honest homely swain;—  
 'Tis true, some void of *thought* or *sense*  
 Live careless of their vast expence,  
 Mind only what regards their ease;  
 Their passions gratify, and please;  
 Yet midst their thousands, who can say,  
 "How blest am I each circling day?"  
 Since every kind of troubles found,  
 Where'er luxurious feasts abound,  
 And always *something* to alloy  
 This wanton mirth and seeming joy:  
*Content*, that sweet foretaste of Heaven,  
 Is to the peasant oftener giv'n;  
 'Tis this (dispelling future fear)  
 Creates a sunshine thro' the year;  
 No anxious cares—those foes protest  
 To peace of mind, distract his breast;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with a calm secure retreat  
He wants not riches to be great;  
Has no ambitious scheme in view  
The road of honour to pursue;  
But, far from noise and hated strife  
Enjoys the purer sweets of life;  
Ev'n thus some verdant plant I see  
(As growing near a friendly tree)  
From adverse storms is shelter'd quite,  
And all the dreary blasts of night;  
Whilst tow'ring fir-trees oft are bent  
And thro' their greatness split and rent.  
Let *Poverty* none then despise;  
What each has got let that suffice,  
And of true riches all have store;  
What would we have? what want we more?

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A REMARKABLE  
STORY OF A NUN;

*In a Letter from a Lady at PARIS, to her  
Friend in LONDON.*

MY DEAR MIRANDA,

I AM sorry to find by your's, that you imagine  
the short time I have been in *France* has made  
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me cease to be an *English* woman, or that any attachments here can make me forget the more natural ones I have to the country which gave me birth. I can do justice to the pleasures of this place, without loving them beyond those I found at home, and am not so enchanted with the magnificence of *Versailles* or *Fontainebleau*, as not sometimes to wish myself with you, wandering in the delightful shades of dear *Windsor Forest*.— That curiosity, however, which brought me hither, inclines me to stay till I have seen every thing worthy the observation of a traveller, and I should be glad to atone for that absence you so kindly regret, by faithfully communicating to you all the occurrences which my situation makes me acquainted with, such of them, at least, as appear to me to have any claim to your attention.

The following adventure, which I believe, you will think as odd a one as any you have ever met with in Romance; but I can assure, from the testimony of my own eyes, it is a fact which happened but a few days past.

It is the misnamed policy, and I think cruel custom of this country, that when a person of condition has a greater number of daughters than his fortune will allow him to portion off according to their rank, he forces the younger, or the least favourite,  
into

into a convent, rather than suffer the dignity of his family to be demeaned by an ignoble marriage. —By the laws of the church, it is true no woman can be compelled to take the veil ; and after the year of probation, the question is always asked in the most solemn manner by the bishop ; but when once a poor young creature is carried within those fatal walls, there are so many insinuations on the one side, from the abbess and Sister-hood, and so many threats on the other, from the parents and kindred, that few have had the courage to testify their dislike.

One of these intended victims to pride and ostentation, I happened to be acquainted with at the grate of the *St. Augustine* monastery, behind which she frequently appeared with some of the nuns, to whom I had been introduced. She was extremely pretty, and her age did not exceed seventeen, but she had an air of dejection in her face, which shewed how little she was satisfied with the lot assigned her.—She had, it seems besides, a natural aversion to a monastic life, the most tender attachment to this world:—She loved a young gentleman, by whom as the sequel will prove, she was no less ardently beloved.—The story of their mutual passion was no secret.—I heard it from as many as had the least acquaintance with either of

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them,

them, and every one compassionated the cruel and eternal separation which must shortly be between them.

But of what service is pity, without the power of helping.—The parents of the young lady were inexorable.—Her year of noviceship was now expired, and the fatal day appointed to tear her for ever from all her hopes, and every enjoyment of life and love.

As I had never seen the ceremony of initiation, and had been told much of it, I was very desirous of being present at this, and no sooner gave a hint of my inclination, than a gentleman and his lady, from whom I have received many signal favours since my arrival, offered to accompany and place me where no part of the solemnity should escape my sight.

Accordingly we went, and had not long attended, before we saw the intended nun appear, led between her father and another grave old gentleman, who was the next of kin and followed by a vast number of both sexes.—She was habited extremely rich. Her head, stomacher, and the borders of her gown, sparkled with jewels, and seemed rather to bespeak the magnificence of a bride; than of one who was going to be secluded for ever  
from

from the world. My obliging guides, however, informed me this was always the custom, but that the instant of her admission, she would be disrobed of all this state.

The splendor in which she appeared, on so sad an occasion, put me in mind of those beautiful lines which *Mr. Philips* has put into the mouth of *Andromache* :

*Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,  
Pleas'd with the sacred fife's enliv'ning sound,  
Through gazing crouds, in solemn states proceeds ;  
And, dress'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.*

For I must own, that without any of these tender emotions she was possessed of, I look on a monastic life as a total privation of all the purposes of our being.—Our talents were designed for action, and are not only relative to our own wants, but to the good of social life. Each individual, is in some sense, related to the community in general, as each member is to the body. Their mutual good offices constitute the public welfare. It is therefore a species of murder to inclose within the prison of monastic walls, a life which might have been valuable to society ; for whoever enters into it is, in a natural sense, as effectually buried, as if deposited in the *land where all things are forgotten.*

But

But as, by what I have been told of her, I thought I had reason to guess at the firmation of her heart, I was beyond measure surprised to find, instead of that distraction, that melancholy gloom, I expected in her countenance, a look more lively than I had ever seen her put on.—Her pace indeed was even, and composed, befitting the solemnity of the procession, but her eyes darted the most sprightly rays, while she continually turned her head from side to side, as willing no one of that numerous assembly should be unnoticed by her.—The short reflection I had time to make on her behaviour, rendered me incapable of believing her heart was engaged, at least so deeply, as had been represented to me; for it did not enter into my head, that a person of her years, and so extravagantly in love, could have either real fortitude enough to make the cruel sacrifice she was about to do, without the greatest and most visible emotions, or artifice enough to disguise the anguish of her soul, were it, in any measure, proportionable to what the world imagined.

As I had been told the form observed in admitting a young nun, I was not a little impatient to see how she would go through this last scene of her part. I doubt not but you are equally so, and I will not keep you in suspense. She knocked at  
the

the gate of the convent, with the intrepidity she had approached it. The bishop appeared, and asked what was her demand? To which, it seems, she should have answered, *To be admitted within these sacred walls, and that heaven will accept my vows of everlasting chastity.*— But my dear *Miranda*, she had prepared a speech of a far different nature, and putting one knee to the earth, and at the same time taking hold of the hand of a well-made agreeable young gentleman, who had pressed through the crowd till he got close to her, *My lord*, said she, *I demand this gentleman for my husband, to whom I have been long since engaged by the most solemn promises, and from whom death only shall divide me.*

Never was any consternation greater, than which appeared in the faces of all present.—The bishop frowned.—The father of the young lady, and some other of the kindred, endeavoured to force her from her lover; but their hands were too closely locked to be easily unriveted, and six or seven gentlemen, who till now had seemed disinterested spectators of the show, but were in the plot, came that instant up, and each laying his hand upon his sword, said, If persuasion was ineffectual, they were prepared to do justice to their friend, who was betrothed to the lady they would compel to be a nun.

On



On this, the bishop took the old gentleman aside, and as I have been since informed, remonstrated to him that as no convent either would, or could, according to the orders of the church, pretend to receive her after this public declaration of her pre-engagement, the most prudent way would be to give his consent to what would doubtless be consummated without it, perhaps in a less honourable way.— The rest of the kindred were afterwards consulted, and after a short whisper among themselves, they turned to the young lady, who was now encircled by the friends of her lover, and the father said, that though she had taken a step so contrary to his intentions, and the duty she owed him, yet he would no longer oppose her inclinations.—

On which the same bishop, who was to have received her vows of celibacy, performed the ceremony of her nuptials, to the infinite satisfaction of the whole assembly, who loudly expressed their approbation of the conduct both had shewn, and doubted whether the courage of the bride, or the constancy and ingenuity of the bridegroom were most to be commended.—For my part, as little compassion as you think I have for the woes of love, I was so much affected with those she had laboured under, that I was infinitely rejoiced to see so happy a period put to them.

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## ESSAY on DISCRETION.

**D**ISCRETION does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence: Virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in error, and active to his own prejudice. Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong

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and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him. Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share in others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life. As discretion is the most useful talent a man can be master of, so Cunning is the accomplishment of little minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of short sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: Cunning when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; Cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in  
men

men of strong sense and good understanding: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest that removes from them. In short cunning is only the mimick of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom. The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward to futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his

views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

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## HUMANITY.

**A**H me! how little knows the human heart,  
 The pleasing task of soft'ning others woe,  
 Strangers to joys that pity can impart,  
 And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow.  
 If e'er I've mourn'd my humble, lowly state,  
 If e'er I've bow'd my knee at Fortune's shrine,  
 If e'er a wish escap'd me to be great,  
 The fervent pray'r, HUMANITY was thine.  
 Perish that man who hears the piteous tale,  
 Unmov'd, to whom the heart felt glows unknown,  
 On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,  
 Nor make the injur'd wretch's cause his own.  
 How little knows he the extatic joy,  
 The thrilling bliss of chearing wan despair,  
 How little knows the pleasing, warm employ,  
 That calls the grateful tribute of a tear.  
 The splendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,  
 The glare of pride & pomp, be grandeur thine,  
 To wipe from mis'ry's eye the wailing tear,  
 And soothe the oppress'd orphan's woes be mine.  
Be't

Be't mine the blush of modest worth to spare,  
To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh,  
The kind'red warmth of charity to share,  
Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.  
Can the loud laugh, the mirth inspiring bowl,  
The dance or choral song, or jocund glee,  
Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul?

Or warm the breast, HUMANITY, like thee.  
The pallid coward's heart thou scorn'st to bear,  
Thy seat's the generous bosom of the brave,  
The same bold warmth that bids the gallant dare,  
Bids him the trembling, prostrate victim save.

Not all the laurels on Great Cæsar's brow  
Not all the honour Rome to pay him strove,  
Could such a glorious, deathless meed bestow  
As the fair wreath that meek-ey'd Mercy wove.  
Shall murd'rous conquest point the path to fame?  
Shall scenes of ravage still employ the muse?  
And shall not tender mercy have her claim?

The palm to her shall still the song refuse?  
Ah no! the prowess of the hero's sword.

(When but to rapine and to waste confin'd)  
The shouts of triumph can no name afford,

No title like THE FATHER OF MANKIND.

Young Ammon's or the Swedish Charles's fame,

May win the wonder of the unthinking crowd  
But reason's sober voice shall still proclaim,

'The paths to glory are not wet with blood.'

To

To purge an impious, bold, offending race,  
The stagnate, poison-breeding air to cleanse,  
Th' indignant father bids his wrath take place  
A conq'rer now, and now a whirlwind sends.  
Relenting then, he bids the storms assuage,  
And lo! a Titus or a BRUNSWICK reigns:  
Justice and mercy blest the happy age,  
And peace and plenty cheer the smiling plains.

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## Frolicks Unlawful because Dangerous.

### A FATAL ONE RELATED.

**D**URING the hard frost in the year 1740, four young gentlemen of considerable rank, rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to London, at Eleven o'Clock at Night without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses; and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the

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the surprize: they perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat; they discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover; they endeavoured to conciliate his good will, by extravagant commendation of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions; he was however, still cautious, and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage coach, the passenger of which they intended to *hum-bug*, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended by a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions: and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret: having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.



Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for a constable with proper assistants and secure them: but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become intitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command, as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct.

But the host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolick, with infinite satisfaction, beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals, going to execution; and  
enjoyed

enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid the reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses; care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spigot's desire that the adventurers should go far, before they executed their plan; and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed greatly surprised to see, that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn yard; but he supposed they might choose to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would: he determined however, to keep behind them; and, therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to having been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey: the panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had

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hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty; they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not be seen at the distance of twenty yards; every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction, *deliver your money*.

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop; this incident among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk  
down

down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had stopt his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man however who had thus fallen the victim of a frolick, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and by some accident been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprized that we did not sooner reflect, that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lie, which it ~~would have been~~ folly not to believe and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the *Bucks* were entertaining a polite circle at *White's* with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance, and they remained sometime silent looking upon each other mutually accused, reproached, and condemned,

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. "A man," said he, "who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth when the fun was going down; would think himself happy, if a clue should be put into his hand by which he might be led out in safety, he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and if he did, would be in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and danger surround us; but every one may at least secure conscience against the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we are enjoined to abstain even from the appearances of evil."

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AN INTERESTING

*SPANISH STORY.*

**I**T was about eleven o'Clock, on a summer's night, when the moon shone in its full splendour, that a poor old gentleman returned from his walks in the suburbs of Toledo, accompanied by his

his whole family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, (a young girl of sixteen) and a female servant. The gentleman, whose virtue had long stood the test of indigence, was called Don Lewis; his wife Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose mind and person were equally angelic, Leocadia. As this worthy groupe approached the city, they were met by a young Cavalier named Rodolpho; one of those youths of quality, who think that rank and fortune are adequate substitutes for honour and decency. He had just risen from table, and was proceeding on his nocturnal rambles, attended by a number of his companions, all heated with the dangerous fumes of wine; their meeting with Don Lewis and his family, was that of the wolves and the sheep.

These youthful debauchees stopped short, and stared at the women with an air of insolence. One of them kissed the servant; the old gentleman expostulates; they insult him; he draws his sword with a hand that trembles with age; Rodolpho disarms him with a contemptuous sneer; then takes Leocadia in his arms, and escorted by his guilty companions, conveys her in triumph to the city.

While Don Lewis was uttering imprecations against his own weakness, while Donna Maria was  
rending

rending the air with her cries, and the servants calling in vain for assistance, the wretched Leocadia fainted in the arms of Rodolpho; who, having reached his own mansion, dismissed his friends, and opening a private door, carried his victim to his chamber, without a light, and without being seen by any of the servants. Before she could effectually recover her senses, he there perpetrated the most abominable crime, of which intoxication and brutality can render a man guilty.

When Rodolpho had gratified his infamous desires, he remained an instant in a state of suspense, at a loss how to act; and he doubtless experienced sentiments of remorse: but before he could come to any determination, Leocadia recovered; all was silence and darkness around her; she sighed, she trembled, and exclaimed with a feeble voice—  
 “ My mother! Oh! my mother, where are you? — My father!— answer me; where am I?— What bed is this? O God! my God, hast thou forsaken me? Does any one hear me?— Am I in my tomb?— Ah wretch that I am! would to Heaven I were there!”

At that moment, Rodolpho seized her hand; she shrieked aloud, started from him, advanced a few steps, and fell on the floor. Rodolpho approached;

proached; she then rose on her knees and in accents of despair interrupted by frequent sobs, exclaim'd: " O you, whoever you are, who are the author of my misery; you, who have just rendered me the most wretched, the most contemptible of creatures; if in your breast remains one single spark of honour; if your heart be susceptible of the least sense of pity; I beseech you, I conjure you, to put an end to my existence; it is the only possible reparation for the injury you have done me. In the name of heaven, in the name of all that is dear to you, take away my life. You may do it, without incurring the smallest danger; there is no witness here; nobody will know your guilt; the crime will be inferior to that you have already committed: and I think— yes, I think— I can forgive you all that you have done, if you but grant my present prayer, and give me that death which is now my sole resource." As she uttered these words, she embraced the knees of Rodolpho, who immediately left the room without speaking a syllable; and having locked the door after him, went doubtless to see whether there was any body in the house, or in the street, that could oppose the execution of a project he had just conceived.

As soon as he was gone, Leocadia got up, and approached the window, with a design of throwing herself



herself out of it; but she was prevented by a strong shutter, which she was unable to open. Having drawn aside the window curtains, the light of the moon entered the apartment. Leocadia remained motionless, reflecting on the misery of her situation: as she cast her eyes around her, she examined with care the form and size of the room; and having observed the furniture, the pictures, and the tapestry, she discovered a small golden crucifix lying on an *oratory*, which she took up, and hid in her bosom. She then placed the curtains as it was before, and waited in darkness for the barbarian who was to decide on her fate.

It was not long before Rodolpho returned; he was alone and still without a light. He approached Leocadia; and having tied a handkerchief over her eyes, took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, led her into the street, and after taking several turns, stopped at the door of the great church, where he left her, and retired with the utmost precipitation.

It was sometime before Leocadia durst remove the handkerchief from her eyes. At length finding every thing quiet around her, she ventured to untie it; and the church being the first object that presented itself to her sight, her first action was to fall on her knees, and address a fervent prayer to  
Heaven:

Heaven : she then arose, and directed her trembling steps to the house of Don Lewis.

The wretched parents were lamenting the loss of their child, when they heard a knock at the door. Don Lewis ran to open it; and seeing Leocadia, threw his arms round her neck, uttering a loud exclamation of joy, which brought Donna Maria, who, equally surprised and rejoiced, pressed her daughter to her bosom. They both invoked the benedictions of Heaven on their child, whom they called the comfort of their lives, and the sole support of their old age; they bathed her with the tears of affection; and harassed her with such a multiplicity of questions, as effectually precluded the possibility of an answer.

When the first transports were over, the unhappy Leocadia threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes, and blushing countenance, related every thing that had passed, though she had scarcely strength enough to finish the dismal tale. Don Lewis raised her up, and pressing her in his arms, said, " My dearest child, dishonour can only result from the commission of a crime; and thou hast committed none! Interrogate thy conscience; can it find in thy words, actions, or thoughts, the smallest subject for reproach? No,

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my child, thou art still the same, still my good, my virtuous Leocadia ; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, and venerates thee, more perhaps than before thy misfortune."

Leocadia, encouraged by these affectionate expressions shewed her father the crucifix, which she had brought away with her, in the hope that it might one day lead to the discovery of her ravisher. The old man, fixing his eyes on the crucifix, and shedding tears, thus addressed it, " O my God! may your eternal justice deign to discover, deign to present to my sight, the barbarian who has injured my child, my arm shall recover the vigour of youth, and wash away the insult with his guilty blood !"

The transports of Don Lewis augmented the grief of Leocadia ; which her mother endeavoured to soothe by taking the crucifix from her husband ; who, forgetting his anger, when the object that caused it was removed, again returned to console his daughter both by words and caresses.

After some time, wholly devoted to sorrow, the unfortunate Leocadia recovered a small portion of her lost tranquillity ; but she never left the house for a moment, from a conviction that her countenance would betray, to every one she met, the  
cruel

cruel outrage she had suffered.—Alas! she soon found more powerful inducements to keep herself concealed! Not many weeks had elapsed, before she perceived she was pregnant; a discovery which affected her so deeply, that her father and mother had the utmost difficulty to prevail on her to survive it. For several days, she refused all kind of nourishment; and courted death, as the only source from whence she could derive consolation. But affection for her parents, and respect for the new character she was about to assume, overcame, at length, the suggestions of despair, and fortified her mind with sufficient resolution to support the evils she was doomed to experience.

When the time of her delivery approached Don Lewis and his wife hired a small country house, whither they repaired without a single attendant; and Donna Maria herself supplied the place of a midwife. With her assistance Leocadia gave birth to a lovely boy; to whom Don Lewis stood godfather, and bestowed on him his own name. The mother soon recovered; and as she experienced much affection for her child, being never easy when he was out of her sight, her parents resolved to keep him in the house, and to pass him for the son of a near relation. When the health of Leocadia was sufficiently re-established, they all returned to

Toledo, where no one had suspected the true cause of their absence. The adventure of Rodolpho (who soon after it happened, had set out on a journey to Naples) made no noise; and Leocadia, an object of universal respect and esteem, continued to discharge with equal strictness, the sacred duties of a parent and a child.

Young Lewis, in the mean time, advanced in age and beauty, daily acquiring new charms, and exhibiting frequent proofs of an understanding far above his years. One day, when he had just entered his eighth year; there was a grand combat of bulls in the city; and the child placed himself at the door of his mother's house, to see the procession of young noblemen who were to enter the lists with those ferocious animals. Endeavouring to cross the street, in order to obtain a better sight of the procession, he was rode over by one of the troop, whose horse had run away with him, and received a wound in the head, from whence issued a great quantity of blood. A crowd speedily collected around him, as he lay crying on the pavement; and a venerable cavalier who was going to the combat, attended by a number of servants having approached to enquire the cause of the tumult, and seeing the child in that condition, immediately alighted, took him up in his arms, and wiped

ped the blood from his wound; then sending for the best surgeon in the place, pierced the crowd, and carried him to his own house.

During this time, Don Lewis, his wife, and daughter, having been informed of the accident, Leocadia ran into the street, and as the tears streamed from her eyes, called aloud for her son. Her father followed her, and in vain conjured her to be silent; the people joined in their lamentations, and every one was eager to point out the road which the old cavalier had taken. They pursued him with hasty steps; and being arrived at his house, ran up to the apartment where the child lay, under the hand of the surgeon who was dressing his wound. Leocadia folded him in her arms, and anxiously enquired whether the wound was dangerous; and being assured of the contrary, her exclamations of grief were succeeded by demonstrations of joy, equally extravagant. While she was thus giving vent to the effusions of maternal tenderness, Don Lewis and his wife returned thanks to the old cavalier for his kindness and humanity: they told him that the child was the son of a distant relation; and that having had him from his infancy, their daughter had conceived as great an affection for him as if he were her own.

When

When the fears of Leocadia for the safety of her child, had subsided, she set herself down on the bedside, and cast her eyes around the room; but what was her surprise, when she saw the same furniture, and the same pictures, as the light of the moon had once discovered to her sight! she perceived the same *oratory*, from whence she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same; in short, every thing bespoke the fatal apartment in which her chastity had suffered so gross a violation.

The dreadful recollection overpowered her spirits, already exhausted by too violent exertion; the colour forsook her cheeks, and she sunk senseless on the floor. Her parents ran to her assistance, and having by the usual applications, restored her to her senses, immediately conveyed her to their own house. She would fain have taken her child with her; but the old cavalier was so earnest in his entreaties for him to remain where he was, till his health should be perfectly re-established, that they could not resist his solicitations.

As soon as they were alone, Leocadia communicated to her parents the observations she had made, and assured them that the house they had just left, was certainly the residence of her ravisher. Don Lewis instantly went to obtain every species

species of information, which the importance of the subject demanded. The result of the enquiries was this—That the old cavalier's name was Don Diego de Lara ; that he had a son called Rodolpho, who had passed the last seven years at Naples, where his manners had undergone such a total change, that from being the most irregular and unprincipled young man in Toledo, he had become a model of prudence and virtue ; and that the beauty of his person, joined to his mental accomplishments, rendered him the most desirable man for a husband of any in Castile.

Don Lewis and his wife no longer doubted but that Rodolpho was the man who had dishonoured Leocadia. But could they flatter themselves that he would repair the outrage he had committed, by espousing the daughter of a person, who, though he could boast of a noble descent, and a spotless reputation, had the misfortune to be the poorest nobleman in Toledo ? No, he did not encourage such pleasing hopes ; all his thoughts, therefore were bent on revenge. But Leocadia, beseeching him to leave the management of this intricate affair wholly to her, and not to interfere till she should require his interference, he was induced, though not without great reluctance, to comply with her request. She now reflected, therefore,  
on



no the best mode of reconciling the dictates of prudence with the preservation of her honour. Her child still remaining at Don Diego's; and that worthy old man paid him every possible attention. His wound wore a favourable appearance; and his mother, together with Don Lewis and his wife, passed whole days in his room.

One day, as Leocadia was alone with Don Diego, who held her son in his arms, and caressed him with all the fondness, she could not refrain from bursting into tears; when Don Diego pressed her with such friendly anxiety to declare the cause of her grief, that being unable to withstand his solicitations, she related with a heavy heart and dejected countenance, every thing which happened in his house; and, in proof of her assertions, produced the crucifix, which Don Diego immediately recollected. She then threw herself at his feet, and exclaimed—"Though your son has dishonoured me, I cannot refrain from embracing your knees; though your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, I cannot withhold my love from you; I cannot but esteem you as the best of fathers."

The child, seeing his mother cry, wept from sympathy; and Don Diego, unable to resist such an affecting sight, raised up Leocadia, pressing her  
and

and her son, alternately to his bosom, swore that Rodolpho should either marry her, or remain single during his whole life. In consequence of this declaration, he wrote to his son the very next day, commanding him to repair to Toledo without delay, in order to celebrate his marriage with a lady he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. Rodolpho obeyed the summons, and arrived at his father's house; who after the first congratulations were over, began to talk of his approaching nuptials. He expatiated greatly on the riches of his destined bride, but concluded by shewing a hideous picture, which could not fail to excite disgust. Rodolpho, accordingly, shuddered at the idea of marrying such an object of deformity; and attempted to remonstrate with his father on the impossibility of obeying his commands: but Don Diego assuming an air of severity, told him, that fortune was the only point worthy of consideration in a matrimonial connexion. Rodolpho, however, declaimed with great eloquence against a principle so destructive of human felicity; adding, that it had been his constant prayer to Heaven to find a wife, endued with prudence and beauty, whose fortune he might make, in return for the happiness he was sure to derive from her society.

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Don Diego dissembling his joy at the promulgation of sentiments so congenial with his own was proceeding to combat the doctrine advanced by his son, when a servant announced Donna Maria, Leocadia, and her child, who had come to sup with him. Never did Leocadia appear so lovely; it seemed as if the native graces and beauty of her person had received the aid of supernatural embellishments. Her charms dazzled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eagerly asked his father who that divine creature was? Don Diego pretending not to hear him, advanced to the ladies, and was grieved to see a deadly paleness over-spread the face of Leocadia, to feel her hands trembling within his own, and to perceive that the sight of his son had almost deprived her of her senses. Her utmost efforts were inadequate to support her courage on this trying occasion; she fainted, and Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an enthusiastic ardour, that charmed his worthy parent.

At length she recovered and supper was served; during which the eyes of Rodolpho were invariably fixed on Leocadia who scarcely dared look up; she spoke little, but her words were expressive of her sense, and were pronounced in a melancholy tone, which augmented the pleasure Rodolpho experienced in listening to them. Her child was  
seated

seated by the side of his father, and by his insinuating looks and innocent caresses, attracted his attention, and gained his friendship, so far as to extort a remark, that the father of such a child, ought to esteem himself a happy mortal.

After supper, Rodolpho, stricken with the charms of Leocadia, took his father aside, and told him, in a respectful but decisive manner, that nothing should ever induce him to marry the person whose portrait he had shewn him. "You must though," replied the old man—"unless you prefer the young and noble lady, with whom you have just supped.—"O gracious heavens!" exclaimed Rodolpho, "would she but deign to accept my hand, I should be the happiest of men!" "And I the happiest of fathers—if my son, by such an alliance, could atone for the crime which has polluted his honour!"

He then told Rodolpho all he knew; and drawing the golden crucifix from his bosom—"There my son," said he, "there is the witness and judge of that horrible outrage which your blind obedience to a vicious impulse induced you to commit; a judge who will not forgive you, till you shall have obtained the forgiveness of Leocadia." The blush of conscious guilt now tinged the cheek of Rodolpho, who ran to throw himself at Leocadia's

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feet,

fect.—“ I have deserved your hatred and contempt,” exclaimed he; “ but if love the most respectful, if repentance the most sincere, can be deemed worthy of pardon, do not refuse to bestow it on me. Consider that a single word from your lips will either render me the vilest and most wretched of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands.”

Leocadia was silent for an instant, while her eyes, over-flowing with tears, were fixed on Rodolpho; then turning to her son, she took him up in her arms, and delivered him to his father. “ There,” said she with a feeble voice, “ there is my answer! may that child render you as happy as he had made me miserable!

A Priest and two witnesses being immediately sent for, this fortunate nuptials was celebrated that very night; and Rodolpho restored for ever to virtue, experienced this important truth—*That real happiness can only be found in lawful love,*

ON



## O N T H E

*DUTY of IMPROVING OUR MINDS.*

**P**LAC'D on this shore of time's far-stretching  
hourn,

With leave to look at nature and return;

While wave on wave impels the human tide,

And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;

Can *life's* short duties better be discharg'd,

Than when we leave it with a mind *enlarg'd*?

Judg'd not the old philosopher aright,

When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight?

It matters not, my friends, how low or high,

Your little walk of transient life may lie.

Soon will the reign of hope and fear be o'er,

And warring passions militate no more.

And, trust me, he who, having once survey'd

The Good and Fair which nature's wisdom made,

The soonest to his former state retires,

And feels the peace of satisfied desires,

(Let others deem more wisely if they can)

I look on him to be the happiest man.

So thought the sacred sage, in whom I trust,

Because I feel his sentiments are just.

'Twas not in lustrums of long-counted years,

That swell th' alternate reign of hopes and fears.

Not

Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,  
 That wisdom plac'd the dignity of life;  
 To study nature was the task assign'd,  
 And learn from her th' ENLARGEMENT OF THE  
                   MIND;  
 Learn from her works whatever truth admires,  
 And sleep in death with satisfied desires.

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# A N E C D O T E

OF

## Dr. JOHNSON.

**D**R. JOHNSON was exceedingly disposed to the general indulgence of children, and was even scrupulously and ceremoniously attentive not to offend them. He had strongly persuaded himself of the difficulty people always find to erase early impressions either of kindness or resentment, and said, he should never have so loved his mother when a man, had she not given him coffee, she could ill afford, to gratify his appetite when a boy: and being asked, whether, if he had had children, he would have taught them any thing, he replied, that he should willingly have lived on bread and water to obtain instruction for them.

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A N E C D O T E

OF

G I O T T O.

**A**S Cimabue was going one day from Florence to Vespignano, he saw in the fields a shepherd's boy drawing upon a flat stone, with a pointed one, the figure of a sheep: This was Giotto. The good-humoured and discerning artist asked him if he should like to go home with him, and learn to paint. The boy replied, "very willingly, if his father would give him leave." Permission being obtained from the father, Cimabue took Giotto with him to Florence, where he soon excelled his Master, and became one of the founders of the Florentine School.

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A L I and O R A S M I N,  
O R T H E  
E F F E C T S of E N V Y;

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

**W**HEN Muley Mustapha swayed the Ottoman Empire, lived Ali and Orasmin, sons of two most eminent Lords in the court of Amurath his father: they were born on the same day;  
had



had been companions from infancy ; contemplated together the stupendous beauties of Nature ; scrutinized the complicated labyrinths of Knowledge ; cultivated the heroick discipline of War ; and courted the irresistible Graces calculated to meliorate the ruggedness of the soldier, and familiarize the pedantick stiffness of the scholar ; polished the invaluable precepts of Wisdom, and make even Virtue's self more divine. It was determined at their births, by the Genii of Excellence, that Ali should surpass Orasmin in beauty of person, strength of body, and vigour of mind ; and though the latter apparently possessed all the candour and generosity of the former, he was in reality subtle and selfish ; jealous of merit, and impatient of superiority ; yet the sacred zone of friendship was mutually exchanged between them, and they were the sole confidants of each other.

A soil so ungrateful as the breast of Orasmin was little propitious to the seeds of amity ; especially as increasing maturity confirmed proportionately the unkind bias of nature. In all their emulatory exercises, the wreath of victory was the boon of Ali, who wore it with the most conciliating demeanour : but nothing could reconcile Orasmin to repeated disappointment ; continual defeat increased his chagrin ; his friendship daily subsided ;  
he

he had recourse to stratagem for triumph, but the result was ever accumulated mortification; till, at length, envy took possession of his breast, and was by a most important occurrence sublimed into a desire of revenge.

Of Amine, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Vizier Omar, they were both enamoured; and both sought her affections, though unknown to each other: but the talisman of Fortune was in the hand of Ali; and, by consent of the vizier, the cadi drew up the contract of union between them. Orasmin attended the celebration of his friend's nuptials; but, while he prayed aloud that Alla might shower down innumerable blessings on his head, he cursed him in his heart, and from that moment meditated his destruction. But his resentment he veiled under the garb of extreme solicitude; and, while on his lips dwelt the mellifluous accents of disinterested profession, the deadly gall of hatred rankled in his soul. Lo! to the eye, how beautiful appears the serpent of the desert; yet in his mouth is inserted a barbed sting, and under his tongue is collected the dark beverage of death! Orasmin, now stedfast in his hate, waited with the utmost anxiety for a favourable moment to effect his monstrous purposes on his rival, as the tawny lion of Africa watches an  
 I i opportunity

opportunity to spring on his prey : but the hopes of the envious were vain ; the conduct of Ali put Scandal to shame, and bade defiance to the machinations of Malice.

The pure bliss which the new-married couple enjoyed, was in the fullness of time heightened extremely by the birth of a son : but it is written in the ample book of Nature—" That the fairest blossom shall be blighted, and the green leaf shall not last for ever ; and in the unutterable volume of Destiny, that—The aspect of human happiness is deceitful as the complexion of the sky ; and that the exquisite season of enjoyment flees away on the light pinions of impatience." The son of Amine was stolen from his nurse ; and the house of Ali, from being the mansion of supreme felicity, became, on a sudden the dwelling of anguish and the haunt of despair. An hundred moons had revolved, and Ali and Amine heard not of their first-born ; neither did the all-wise Alla think fit to supply his place by another. At length, Ali was dispatched on an expedition against the enemies of the faithful ; and Orasmin had the mortification to serve under him, as second in command. He resolved to thwart him all he could insidiously : and, by a well-concerted stratagem, and most consummate address, made so grand a diversion in favour

your

vour of the foe, that the Mussulmen were not only defeated; but, apparently to the whole army, through the imbecility of the commander in chief, who narrowly escaped being made a prisoner.

The sagacious Ali, however, though he little suspected the treachery of Orasmin, knew well where the blame lay; yet, rather than his friend should suffer, nobly chose to keep silence, and himself bear the whole weight of the Sultan's displeasure. The perfidious Orasmin, internally rejoicing at the effect of his art, with the greatest pleasure received the news, that the generous Ali was banished his sovereign's presence, and had retired to hide his shame far from the royal city. Time, however, and the interest of Omar, once more restored Ali to Mustapha's favour: he was entrusted, in a full divan, with an embassy to the Christian states; and returned, after having concluded his mission in the most honourable manner. But it should seem that the Genii of Prosperity had resigned his destiny to the Spirits of Malediction; the sublime satisfaction he received from the approving smiles of his royal master, were blasted by the intelligence that Amine, the wife of his bosom, was no more! At his departure, she had retired to a house which he possessed by the seashore; and it was her custom every evening to

ramble among the rocks, as if to look for his return: from one of these excursions she never returned; and her attendants concluded that she must have been drowned. Ali was distracted at the information, and flew from society to bury his grief in sympathizing solitude. In the mean time, partly through sorrowing for his daughter, and partly through the dilapidations of time, the venerable Omar resigned his seat of mortality; and Orasmin, by mere intrigue, obtained the post of temporary Vizier; as Mustapha had proclaimed, that no one should be confirmed in it, but he who should perform an action worthy of such a reward.

Orasmin, however, through the most refined artifice, had almost induced the Sultan to perpetuate his claim to the viziership; when Nadar Ismoul, with a formidable army, approached, with all the insolence of a rebel, within two days march of the royal capital. The voice of rebellion pierces the recesses of grief; and Ali, roused from his desponding lethargy by the eminent danger of his country, hastened to court; and throwing himself at the Sultan's feet, entreated leave to march against Nadar, and retrieve his former dishonour. Muley readily complied; and Ali took the field with a less, but a much better disciplined army than that of Nadar: victory strode before him;

him; the deluded forces of the traitor threw down their arms, but it was the will of Alla that their leader should escape.

The acclamations of thousands proclaimed the honourable return of Ali; and Orasmin, making a virtue of necessity, was the first to declare him worthy of the viziership. He at first hesitated to accept it, for the memory of Amine had estranged his heart from society; but, reflecting that man was not made for himself, and he who slights the power of doing good is an enemy to human nature, he received it at the hands of his gracious sovereign with the most zealous and heartfelt professions of gratitude. The torments of Orasmin increased daily; and though he observed the most marked attention to his rival outwardly, the dark projects of revenge continually absorbed his mind. An orphan, who from earliest infancy had been under his protection, loved, and was beloved by his daughter; he had long noticed it, but concealed that knowledge. One day, when the lovers were enjoying, as they thought, the blisses of security, he surprised them, and with a stern frown bid Ibrahim follow him. They entered a private apartment; when Orasmin, seating himself, thus addressed the youth who stood trembling before him—"Ibrahim, when the angel of death de-  
prived

prived thee of thy parents, and the angel of adversity destroyed the fortunes of thine house, thou wast insensible to thy loss. Thy father had been my most intimate friend, and I took thee under my protection. I have been to thee as a father, and thou hast been profuse in professions of gratitude; but it is by deeds alone that we can judge of the sincerity of the heart, and Orasmin now finds it necessary to put thy gratitude to trial." Then giving him a letter, bade him read it; which the terrified Ibrahim, immediately opening, found to contain these words—

" Ali Mahomet, to his esteemed friend, Nadar Iffmoul, greeting, health and happiness. To the tyrant Mustapha, despair and death! The plan of thy defeat was well managed; the credulous Muley is compleatly deceived, and has made me Vizier: he little dreams, that he has put himself into the power of his most implacable enemy. I dispatched this by a trusty messenger; by whom, from time to time, I shall communicate to thee what steps thou art to take. At present, keep still where thou art; and I hope soon to call thee from thy hiding-place, to share with me the empire of the usurping Othmans.

Thine in all the ardour of sincerity,

" Ali Mahomet."

" Among

"Among the talents thou possessed," continued Orasmin, "thou hast that of imitating, beyond the possibility of detection, the most difficult handwriting; transcribe, then, that letter in the characters of Ali our vizier, specimens of which I shall give thee; and, if thou succeedest to my wish, the hand of my daughter Almeria, whom thou lovest, shall be thine." The agitation of surprize which possessed the youthful Ibrahim, left him not words to reply; he stammered a few incoherent words; when Orasmin, drawing his scymitar, cried—"I am not to be trifled with! to the task this moment; or, by the head of Mahomet, thou shalt follow the shade of thy father! But, I again repeat it, if thou pleasest me, Almeria shall be thine to-morrow." Flattered by the hopes of possessing Almeria, but more through fear at the threats of Orasmin, Ibrahim sat down, without a thought of the consequences which might ensue, to imitate the treasonous scroll. The monster who compelled him to the action, was delighted with his performance: and, calling for sherbet, he drank, telling Ibrahim to pledge him, then, bidding him good night with a sarcastical smile, and securing the door when he went, left him in a most painful reverie.

Repairing to the walls of the seraglio, he entered by a private passage, through which the Em-

peror



peror always passed when went to survey the royal city in disguise; and which, by having been vizier, he was well acquainted with: and having, while in office, procured false keys to the various doors, he easily found admision to the secret audience chamber, where none but the vizier can enter, on pain of death, without permission of the Sultan; and, there leaving the letter, he returned to his house exulting in the hope that Mustapha would discover it when he retired there alone, as was his custom every night, to inspect such dispatches as the vizier in the day prepared for his approbation: trusting the success of his plan on the extreme credulity and impetuosity of that monarch, which hurried him into actions that provided him the most severe repentance for his moments of reflection. The event justified his most sanguine expectations; and, before the first watch of the night was passed, a hasty messenger summoned him to a secret audience in the palace. The Sultan presented him with the letter; he read it, and appeared petrified with astonishment: compared the writing with some of Ali's he had purposely brought with him, to satisfy himself of it's identity; then bemoaning the defalcation of his friend, in accents of the most arfully counterfeited grief, and after an apparent struggle between duty and friendship—"Glory," said he, "to God and his prophet; long life to the  
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dungeon; and to-morrow's sun shall behold inflicted on him the reward of his treachery!"——

"Will it please the gracious emblem of Alla," replied Orasmin, "to listen a moment longer, without anger, to his slave; while he offers, as Alla himself can witness, the counsel only dictated by that unshaken attachment ever evinced by his house to the renowned family of the Othmans?"—"Speak on, and not,"—returned Mustapha. Orasmin proceeded—"Thou knowest well, O glory of thy race! that Ali is the idol of the deluded multitude; and should they behold him going forth to execution, what desperate steps may not their blind attachment induce them to take for his preservation. And a commotion once begun, as we know not how far the treason has spread, may encourage hundreds of accomplices in the guilt to come forward; and, led by Nadar, who doubtless is at hand, induce the populace to join the compact of treason, release Ali, and shake perhaps even the foundation of the Ottoman throne? Let policy, then, bid Justice strike this night; so, the root of the confederacy being cut away, the branches shall necessarily wither; and, when to-morrow's sun shall expose the traitor's head, branded with his crime, to the trembling people, thy subjects shall be more firmly fixed in their obedience—taught by the awful lesson, that the  
most

most exalted enemies of Mustapha are the fated victims of destruction!" He ceased. "By Mahomet, I swear," rejoined the Sultan, "thy reasons are just! See him instantly dispatched!" "Be this," presenting his ring, "thy warrant. Be gone!" Orasmin wanted not urging, he seized Ali; but appeared not before him, till he beheld him extended on the floor of a loathsome dungeon, secured by the pondrous manacles of injustice. On entering, having ordered the guard to withdraw—"Mahomet!" said he, "is it my noble friend Ali I am commissioned to guard? Can any wretch have accused thee of a crime meriting such dishonour! thou, whose name scandal had not even dared to prophane? Alas! my friend! where will oppression finish its career!"—"I know not, my dear Orasmin!" replied the injured Ali, half raising himself, "my crime, nor mine accuser: innocence, however, is my support; and, while thou art my gaoler, I shall find pleasure even in a prison!"—"Generous, noble Ali!" rejoined the brute, "what is it I do not feel for thee! Yet it were unkind to keep thee in suspense. Know, then, that the abandoned wretch, who was the occasion of the foul disgrace thou endurest, is no other than thy dear, thy beloved friend, Orasmin!"—"Orasmin! Orasmin!" with an accent of doubting horror, enquired the  
K k 2 victim.

victim. "Yes!" returned the fiend, "thy Orasmin!" Ali sunk down senseless. On his recovering, Orasmin continued—"From the hour that early youth submitted me to the scourgings of a pedagogue, thou hast been my rival, and the name of Orasmin has shrunk before that of Ali. Thinkest thou, that I could have a spirit, and bear it? No! the childish weaknesses of friendship I soon got rid of; and, from the moment thou deprivedst me of all hope of possessing the sorceress Amine, I determined on a revenge—not a common revenge, that was always at hand—I waited, with all the patience of deliberate malignance, for a revenge worthy my hatred, and I have accused thee of treason; and, behold, this ring is my warrant for thy private murder! Murder! I say; for, O it delights my soul to pronounce it—thou art innocent!"—"And must I die innocent?" exclaimed the devoted Ali. "Yet thy will; O Alla! be done. What more have I to wish for on earth? I have lost my friend, my wife, and my child!"—"Friend," interrupted Orasmin, "thou never hadst! Thy wife and child.—But hold!—I came to torment, not to satisfy thee!—"Oh! Orasmin, what a conflict hast thou raised in my bosom! My wife and child! knowest thou any thing of them?" Orasmin smiled contemptuously. "Speak, only say if thou knowest aught of them!"—"I will say nothing,"

nothing," replied he; "uncertainty will ease thy pangs. Prepare for death! Slaves!" The door of the dungeon burst open, and presented to their view Mustapha, Ibrahim, and Amine! "Secure that fiend!" cried the Sultan and instantly Orasmin was loaded with chains. Ali and Amine were lying senseless in each others arms; Orasmin assumed a desperate fullness; the Sultan and Ibrahim surveyed the whole in silence. "Alla! Alla!" repeated the reviving Ali; "thou art merciful! thou art merciful!"—"My dear lord," interrupted Amine, "dreary have been the hours since we parted! O hear my justification! While walking by the sea-side, a band of men, masked, beset me; and, forcing me on a horse, carried me, blindfolded, I knew not where; for, when suffered to remove the bandage, I was alone, in a mean, gloomy apartment the door of which was secured. There have I remained, in vain lamenting my fate; ignorant of my oppressor; and seeing no one, except a slave, who put my food through a lattice daily, but never spoke; till this night I heard the voice of Orasmin in a tone of threatening. I listened; and discovered, that he was compelling that generous youth, Ibrahim, to write a treasonous letter in characters like yours.

When I found Orasmin was gone, I entreated  
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the youth to liberate me: instantly he opened a door into my apartment, so artfully contrived, that I had never before observed it. I told him who I was, and begged him again to deliver me. He was shocked; confirmed what I had over-heard, and promised to protect me. He discovered with indignation, that he himself was also a prisoner. After a long deliberation, and many fruitless attempts to force the door, at the peril of our lives, we escaped by a window into the garden. Here we had fresh difficulties to encounter, and the fourth watch passed before we were quite at liberty.

“ We soon learned that you was imprisoned. Flying to the palace, our gracious Sultan admitted us to an audience, when we convinced him of the villainy of thy false friend.”—“ And, behold me,” interrupted the Sultan, “ ready to do thee justice, Ali; and inflict on that wretch the punishment which he had prepared for thee; for, by Alla’s self I swear, this night is his last!”—My fate is just!” said Orasmin, in a tone of penitence. “ But, before I die, let me make what reparation is in my power to the man I have injured. Behold, Ali, in Ibrahim, I restore thee thy long-lost son!” Extreme was the astonishment of all; and the rapture of Ali and Amine induced them to kneel for a  
pardon

pardon for the culprit. "Ask not a pardon," said Orasmin, "which must soon be repented! I stole thy child solely for the purposes of revenge; though fortune never, till now, gave me an opportunity of making use of him equal to my wishes; and, to make him the source of his father's death, was a stroke worthy the noblest policy of vengeance. Thou hast escaped me; but, to give him thus kindly, were an inequality of soul, poor indeed! No; I have pangs for thee yet in store, the thought of which makes the contemplation of death and tortures pleasant to me. I only revealed him to thee, to make thee feel the curses of lasting separation. The mother once disdained the offer I made of my hand; it was my intention, therefore, to have kept her ignorant of her persecutor, languishing till grief and despair removed her from my reach; but the boy had answered the end I designed him for: I wanted him no more; and, at liberty, he might have betrayed me. For security, I gave him poison in sherbet; and thought, even had he got free, so strong it was, that it would have worked faster than his conscience!"—"The vengeance be on thine own head!" cried Ibrahim; "for it was thyself who drank the poison. I saw thee drop something in the draught intended for me; and, unseen by thee, changed the cups." "I feel it! I feel it!" exclaimed the frantick Orasmin.



"min. Curse on thee, Mahomet! thou hast frustrated all!"—Hence with him!" said Mustapha. And then led Amine and Ibrahim out of the prison. By permission of the Sultan, Ibrahim was united to Almeria; and the participation of her husband's honours, who was restored to his viziership, amply recompenced Amine for all her sorrows. An exemplary instance of gratitude towards Alla and the Sultan—towards the latter, by faithful counsel, and steady attachment to his interest; and, towards the former, by an uniform course of piety, and a conscientious dispensation of justice and benevolence to his fellow subjects, Ali lived long beloved, and happy. As it is written in the sacred tablets of Truth—"The righteous shall dwell in the tents of gladness, and the merciful in the gardens of peace: while the wicked shall be covered with shame; and the envious man shall be consumed in the fire which he kindleth for his neighbour."

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A N E C D O T E

OF

Dr. J O H N S O N.

**T**HE Doctor being called abruptly from a friend's house after dinner, and returning in about three hours, said, he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him for payment within, while the bailiffs beset him without;—that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel, which when finished was to be his whole fortune, but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it for sale. Dr. Johnson, therefore set away the bottle, and went to the Bookseller, recommending the performance, and desiring some immediate relief, which when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment. The Novel was the charming Vicar of Wakefield.

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A PRAYER for BRITAIN.

**G**REAT source of life ! eternal God !  
At whose omnipotent command,

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Th' avenging angel weilds thy rod,  
And spreads destruction through the land :  
Empires, and states, are nothing in thy fight ;  
By thee they rise—or sink in endless night !

Thou dwell'ft retir'd, in awful state !  
Tremendous glories veil thy throne :  
War and disease thy pleasure wait,  
Swift wing'd to make thy anger known.  
While pestilence, and earthquakes, at thy call,  
Dread sons of vengeance ! seize this earthly ball.

When man would raise his feeble arm,  
Against the ruler of the sky ;  
Thy terrors and thy judgments warn  
The wretch who dares, “ Shall surely die ! ”  
Tho' high exalted, on bright Mercy's seat,  
Sins unrepented must with justice meet.

Benignant view this favour'd isle,  
Thy guardian care, supremely blest'd ;  
Avert thy threaten'd wrath, awhile ;  
Here let the olive sweetly rest.  
May mercy shewn and judgment long forborne,  
Teach us, in dust, our num'rous sins to mourn !

But if thy anger we despise,  
And idly mock its long delay ;  
Forth from thy throne stern vengeance flies,  
Eager thy mandates to obey :

While

While famine, war, and elements combine,  
The executioners of wrath divine !

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### SONNET to LOVE.

**T**HOUGH doom'd alas! to shed th' unpiti'd  
tear,

And breathe unheard the sigh that rends my  
breast ;

Though ne'er the seraph voice of Hope I hear,  
Soft whisp'ring to my anguish'd bosom—"Rest!"

Yet dear to me, too dear, O Love! the sighs,  
That with expressive pow'r my sorrows speak ;  
The tear that, stealing from my languid eyes,  
Slow wanders down my rapid fading cheek.

While yet on earth I sadly ling'ring stay,  
The tear, the sigh, by thee inspir'd, be mine ;  
Still from my bosom keep the fiend away,  
Whose sullen influence chills the flame divine ;

Lord of my soul ! I would not give thy woes,  
For the cold, lifeless calm, which Apathy be-  
flows!

*Wisdom & Goodness of Providence*

Display'd in several curious Observations

On FISHES and BIRDS.

**W**HAT abundance of Fish do the waters produce, of every size? But as they devour one another, how can these watery inhabitants subsist? God has provided for it, by multiplying them in a prodigious manner, and making the weak race swifter in their course than the others. They creep into places where the low water will not admit of the larger fish, and it seems as if they had foresight given them in proportion to their weakness and danger. Whence comes it, that the fish live in the midst of waters so loaded with salt, that we cannot bear a drop of them in our mouths, and enjoy there a perfect vigour and health? And how do they preserve in the midst of salt, a flesh that has not the least taste of it?

Why do the best, and such as are most fit for the use of man, draw near the coasts, to offer themselves in a manner to him; whilst a great many others, which are useless to him, affect remoteness from him?

Why

Why do those, who keep themselves in unknown places, whilst they multiply and acquire a certain bulk come in shoals at a particular time to invite the fishermen, and throw themselves in a manner into their nets and boats?

Why do several of them, and of the best kinds, enter the mouths of rivers and run up even to their springs, to communicate the advantages of the sea to such counties as lie at a distance from it? And what hand conducts them with so much care and goodness towards man, but thine, O Lord? though so visible a providence seldom occasions their acknowledgment.

As to Birds, we see a surprizing imitation of reason in several animals, but it no where appears in a more sensible manner than in the industry of these creatures in building their nests.

What master has taught them that they have need of them? Who has taken care to inform them to prepare them in time, and not to suffer themselves to be prevented by necessity? Who has told them how they should build them? What mathematician has given them the figure of them? What architect has taught them to chuse a firm place, and to build upon a solid foundation? What tender mother has advised them to cover  
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the bottom with a soft and delicate substance, such as down and cotton? And, when these matters fail, who has suggested to them that ingenious charity; which leads them to pluck off so many feathers from their own breasts with their beaks, as is requisite for the preparing a cradle for their young?

What wisdom has pointed out to every distinct kind a peculiar manner of building their nests, so as to observe the same precautions, though in a thousand different ways? Who has commanded the swallow, the skilfullest of birds, to draw near to man, and make choice of his house for the building of his nest, within his view, without fear of his knowing it, and seeming rather to invite him to a consideration of his labour? Neither does he build, like other birds with little bits of stick and stubble, but employs cement and mortar, and in so solid a manner, that it requires some pains to demolish its work; and yet in all this it makes use of no other instrument but its beak. Reduce, if it is possible, the ablest architect to the small bulk of a swallow, leave him all his knowledge and only a beak, and see if he will have the same skill, and the like success.

Who

Who has made all the birds comprehend, that they must hatch their eggs by sitting upon them, That this necessity was indispensable? That the father and mother could not leave them at the same time, and that if one went abroad to seek for food, the other must wait till it returns? Who has fixed in the calendar the express number of days this painful diligence is to last? Who has advertised them to assist the young, that are already formed in coming out of the egg, by first breaking the shell? And who has so exactly instructed them in the very moment before which they never come?

Who has given lessons to all the birds upon the care they ought to take of their young, till such a time as they are grown up, and in a condition to provide for themselves? Who has made them to distinguish such things as agree well with one species, but are prejudicial to another? And amongst such as are proper to the parents and unfit for the young, who has made them to distinguish such as are salutary? We know the tenderness of mothers and the carefulness of nurses amongst mankind, but I question whether ever it came up to what we see in these little creatures.

Who has taught several among the birds that marvellous industry of retaining food or water in the gullet, without swallowing either the one or the other,



other, and preserving them for their young, to whom this first preparation serves instead of milk?

Let us now hearken a little to the concert of their music, the first praise which God received from nature, and the first song of thanksgiving which was offered to him before man was formed. All their sounds are different, but all harmonious, and altogether compose a choir, which men have but sorrowfully imitated. One voice, however, more strong and melodious, is distinguished among the rest, and I find upon enquiry, from whence it comes, that it is a very small bird which is the organ of it. This leads me to consider all the rest of the singing tribe, and they also are all small; the great ones being either wholly ignorant of music, or having a disagreeable voice. Thus I every where find, that what seems weak and small, has the best destination, and the most gratitude. Some of these little birds are extremely beautiful, nor can any thing be more rich or variegated than their feathers; but it must be owned that all ornament must give place to the finery of the peacock, upon which God has plentifully bestowed all the riches which set off the rest, and lavished upon it, with gold and azure, all the shades of every other colour. But this most pompous bird of all has a most disagreeable cry, and is a proof, that with a  
shining

shining outside there may be but a sorry substance within, little gratitude, and a great deal of vanity.

In examining the feathers of the rest, I find one thing very singular in those of the swans, and other river fowls; for they are proof against the water, and continue always dry, and yet our eyes do not discover either the artifice or difference of them.

I look upon the feet of the same birds, and observe webs there, which distinctly mark their destination. But I am much astonished to see these birds so sure, that they run no hazard by throwing themselves into the water; whereas others, to whom God has not given the like feathers or feet, are never so rash as to expose themselves to it. Who has told the former that they run no danger, and who keeps back the others from following their example? It is not un-usual to set duck eggs under a hen, which in this case is deceived by her affection, and takes a foreign brood for her natural offspring, that run to the water as soon as they come out of the shell; nor can their pretended mother prevent them by her repeated calls. She stands upon the brink in astonishment at their rashness, and still more at the success of it. She finds herself violently tempted to follow them, and warmly expresses her impatience; but nothing is

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capable

capable of carrying her to an indiscretion which God has prohibited. The spectators are surprized at it; but it is rare that they learn, from this example, that it is necessary to be destined by Providence to discharge the functions of a dangerous state, and to receive from it all that is requisite for our security; and that it is fatal rashness for others to venture upon it, who have neither the same vocation, nor the same talents.

I shall content myself with one observation more, which takes in several others, and relates to birds of passage. They have all their allotted times, which they do not exceed; but this time is not the same for every species. Some wait for the winter, others the spring; some the summer, and others the autumn. There is amongst every sort a public and general rule of government, which guides and retains every single bird in its duty. Before the general edict, there is not one thinks of departing: after its publication, there is no one tarries behind. A kind of council fixes the day, and grants a certain time to prepare for it; after which they all take their flight, and so exact to their discipline, that the next day there is not a straggler or deserter to be found. Now I ask, what news they have received from the countries whither they go, to be assured that they shall  
find

find all things there prepared for their reception? I ask why they do not keep, like other birds, to the country where they have brought up their young which have been so kindly treated in it? By what disposition to travel does this new brood, which knows no other than its native country, conspire all at once to quit it? In what language is the ordinance published, which forbids all, both old and new subjects of the republic, to tarry beyond a certain day? And lastly, by what signs do the principal magistrates know that they should run an extreme hazard in exposing themselves to be prevented by a rigorous season? What other answer can be given to these questions, than that of the prophet,—*O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all!*

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## H O P E,

*The Comforter of our Lives.*

**A**CCURATE observation will most evidently shew, with all the high value which we set on possessions and enjoyments, that Hope is the chief animator, comforter and sweetener of our lives.

Life may not unaptly be compared with the pursuit of an *Ignis fatuus*, or in other words a deception, in what regards this world at least, of perfect happiness or contentment; neither of which was ever found, or at most experienced with long duration. As we gradually tire of every thing, so we at last tire of ourselves; for old age is sure to deprive us of our faculties for rightly judging, or else creates in our minds wishes to be released from its grievous burthens and infirmities.

Trite are the observations, that infants who are eager after toys, soon grow weary of the possession of them, and then with satisfaction destroy what they were so anxious to obtain: that as soon as reason dawn in children, they look forward from a state of confinement to a state of liberty, for happiness; & when years have given them an entire power over themselves, it becomes one of their first views to cherish, if not sacrifice it; from hopes of being made more happy by depending for comforts and enjoyments upon others.

Having been influenced by love to hazard, if not resign, part of that liberty which they had so much wished for as the first of blessings; a new field opens for hope, in the attainment of riches, honours, fame, or a variety of enjoyments in a variety

riety of pleasures; which they really make businesses of, for the sake of killing that time which they think they have no occasion to improve. But in no one state do they appear satisfied with what they are in possession of, but continue to look forward, and find their principal comfort in hoping for something more or better; which faculty leads them on through delusions to the last, and never resigns them but to satiety, despair, or death.

It was a very natural answer that was said to be given by an eminent merchant of the last age, to one who asked him what sum of money a man ought to be contented with? when he replied, "A little more than what he has." For it was founded on this practical truth, that habitual pursuits can have no satisfactory end, as men, long used to busy life, are incapable of happiness in the most affluent state of indolence. Hence it is, that mens minds which have been long habituated to strong pursuits, on the view of quitting them to become most happy, are sure to find in the end, that their greatest happiness depends on never quitting them at all. The man who sets off with contemplative life, may make it as comfortable to him as any one can do his, who plunges into business, or who immerses himself in what he may call pleasures, but what  
another

another will deem toils : and which is indeed the most toilsome life, it may be hard to determine, of the sportsman, the trader, the warrior, the courtier, or the man of science, or studious contemplation. Habit mixes pleasure and principally the pleasure which hope furnishes, with fatigue, vexation, mortification, and occasional disappointment, in every one of these modes of life : but when they are become habitual, there is a great hazard, from changing them, of losing all happiness.

Alexander, when he had conquered the world, is said to have wept at the unhappiness of not having more worlds to conquer. And if Pyrrhus had lived to accomplish that scheme of ambition which was to prepare him for contentment, it is reasonable to imagine he would have found himself full as much unqualified as Alexander did, for the enjoyment of leisure and his bottle. The same habitude in bustle, influences old statesmen to drudge on in business, and old courtiers to dangle under their loads of encumbering finery, in the servilities of office. Traders who quit business often return to it again, or at least find themselves constrained for enjoyment to keep lingering about its scenes : nor has the compleat sportsman any resource, when age disqualifies him for his habitual pursuits,

pursuits, but in the conversations of associates on their field exploits and his own, on those jolly carousals with which he finishes his course ; while the man of painful study continues sequestered in his closet, in pursuit of enquiries which are endless but with life.

Human life like air and water, becomes baneful by being stagnant. There must be action, or employment for its preservation, and that action and employment can only be stimulated by some kind of hope : and as a hope of any acquisition implies an incompleteness of possession, we may truly say, what at one time or another we are all sure to discover, that there is not, nor can be, any perfect happiness, or satisfaction of desires upon earth : and as hope is the last faculty that can possibly leave us, nay is the only faculty that, while we continue with reason, should never desert us, because it naturally ought, must, will, and does extend to another life, it certainly may be pronounced, our most solid enjoyment, and only lasting comfort ; and from a contemplation of the incomprehensible divine nature, our own admirable faculties, so seemingly capable of perfection, its own inseparable adherence to the powers of our minds, and its irresistibly impelling of our views towards another, it may be considered as the  
strongest



strongest natural evidence we can have of our existence in a future and lasting state, in which that perfection of happiness may be found, of which this life is incapable.

Youth is a vigorous and delightful state, full of fond hopes for this life, which barren age, from the long experience of disappointments, convicts us were all vain, except that permanent one, which as it roots in a life consciously well-spent, and a contemplation of the perfections of a divine Being, which are fully evidenced by all his works. Thus does this admirable faculty, in its purest operation, survive all earthly enjoyments and worldly desires. It cherishes us under our afflictions and infirmities, and comforts us even in the awful scene of death. So that however delusive it may be with regard to the imperfect delights and fleeting joys of this world, it is still our last abiding friend, our best promiser, and the surest guide we can have to the fuller enjoyments of a life that must be as compleat in its duration, as it will be in its felicity.



THE

## The MERCENARY LOVER:

### A MORAL TALE.

**W**HEN a woman of fortune happens to look with very favourable eyes (no uncommon case) upon a man much inferior to her, though a gentleman, in his circumstances, she naturally wishes to see an equal degree of inclination in him to be united to her for life; to see her passion for him sincerely returned.—Such a woman, however, is often afraid to give the man to whom her heart is partial, encouragement, from an apprehension that he may be ready to avail himself of her prepossessions in his behalf, merely to improve his affairs, without feeling the slightest personal regard for her. These wishes and these apprehensions are natural; and if the latter are predominant, the removal of them cannot but be desirable, for the accomplishment of the former.

The woman in the above supposed situation certainly acts with prudence, by putting the affection of her lover to the test before she consents to be bound to him with the cords of matrimony. If ever dissimulation is pardonable, it is upon such an occasion; and she who has recourse to it, will rather deserve pity than censure, should her test be attended with disappointment.

understanding. Smart expressions never dropped from her lips, but for sensible ones she had yielded not to the most sensible of her sex. Her manners were winning, her observations were judicious, and her conduct was exemplary.

Emilia was not, it may be imagined, from this sketch of her character, without followers. She had even admirers too. The majority of those, indeed, who paid their addresses to her, were attracted by her fortune: there were some, however, whom she could not rank, as they were in superior circumstances, among the fortune hunting train.

She received all the attentions of those who crowded about her at every public place, with the greatest politeness: but that politeness was general; she gave not one of them reason to imagine, by any particular distinctions, that he had made the smallest impression upon her heart. Her heart, indeed, was not affected by any of the speeches which were addressed to her ears. Thoroughly acquainted, from the extensiveness of her observation, with the precise value of the compliments lavished upon her, she considered them as counters on a card table, serviceable to those who had tricks, but of no intrinsic worth.

In the suite of Emelia's admirers, one man at length appeared, who seemed to be more studious than his competitors to be noticed by her. Of this man she, at first, saw the assiduities with no particular emotions, but she felt herself in a little while so much flattered by them, that she could hardly help shewing in her face what passed in her bosom concerning him. In proportion to the increase of his attention to her, was the increase of her partiality to him; and she began, in a short time, to wish that he would make his addresses to her in form. Fearful of betraying her feelings by her looks, and of being considered by her lover as a woman ready to fall into his hands, without giving him the trouble of putting the previous question to her, she could not bear the idea of having her features translated in that manner, and therefore, did all in her power to suppress sensations which might, she imagined occasion constructions not much to the credit of her understanding, though in no way injurious to her honour.

The man in whose favour Emelia felt her heart a little agitated, was a gentleman by birth, and had been genteely educated; but his fortune not being answerable to his desires, he had been for some time looking out for a woman in a situation to improve it. However, though a lucrative marriage

was

was the chief object of his attention, he was not quite of so mercenary a disposition as to wish to enrich himself with a woman whom he abhorred, with whom he could have no prospect of being tolerably happy in the domestic state. To engage Miss Linton's affections, he was the most solicitous, as he really believed, from the apparent sweetness of her temper, and the goodness of her heart, that he should, by marrying her, with the enlargement of his fortune, gain a considerable addition to his happiness. Animated by all those motives, he redoubled his assiduities, and, having drawn very favourable conclusions, one day, in a conversation with Emilia, gave pretty strong hints that it was in her power to make him the happiest of men.

The hint was not thrown away upon Emilia; but she behaved upon that occasion with the propriety which she had discovered upon every other, and without departing in the least from her character as a woman of fortune, a woman of sense, and a woman of virtue. Fully satisfied—more than satisfied—charmed with her behaviour, he took his leave, and left her not less pleased with the deportment of her lover.

When she came to reflect, however, upon the encouragement which she had given to Boothby, she

she began to think that she had been too hasty, and, in consequence of a retrospect of her behaviour, determined to make use of stratagem, in order to find out if her lover had a sincere personal regard for her, independent of her fortune; or if he only counterfeited a passion which he did not feel, with a view to increase his income.

While Emilia was considering in what manner she should conduct her new scheme, Boothby was enjoying, by anticipation, the splendid style of life in which he was resolv'd to appear, as soon as he became master of the wealth which hung temptingly in his sight, and just within his grasp.

Flushed with the success he had met with, upon the disclosure of his passion for a woman to whom many of his rivals, with better incomes than he had, looked up with a kind of reverential awe, (either deterred by diffidence, occasioned by the disproportion in their circumstances, or a pride which would not let them risk the disgrace,) he triumphed over those rivals, but not with all the decency of a politic conqueror: exhibited too many marks of exaltation, and pushed his raillery so far one day, against the least formidable of them, who had been on the point of breaking through his natural modesty, (having no pride to restrain him,) that he provoked him to return an  
answer

answer not easily to be digested. "What do you mean by that, Sir?" said Boothby. "What do I mean by that, Sir," replied his adversary in a taunting tone!

These interrogations would have, perhaps, produced a duel, had not their swords been kept peaceably in their scabbards by the interposition of their surrounding friends: they even shook hands, and declared themselves perfectly reconciled; but Boothby was not reconciled to his antagonist in his heart; his impertinent doubts, with regard to his marriage with Miss Linton, were painfully remembered.

When Boothby went to his Emelia, to put the last hand to the preparations for their union, he found her weeping over a letter. Struck at the sight of her in so unexpected a situation, he flew to her with all the eagerness of a sympathising lover, and begged to know what had happened to throw her into such a distressful condition.

Instead of returning a verbal answer she gave him the letter. The perusal of it shocked him extremely, by informing him that his mistress, had, by a capital bankruptcy, lost the greatest part of her fortune,

After

After a long pause, (during which Emelia contrived to watch every turn of his countenance without being perceived,) he told her plainly that he could not afford to marry a woman without money, and he should only injure her, as well as himself, by making her his wife. "Mighty well, Sir!" replied she, bursting into a laugh, "you shall never be injured by me."

By this sudden change in Emelia, Boothby was extremely disconcerted: but when he found that the letter was a forged one, merely to try the sincerity of his passion, he was almost ready to hang himself.—Never was there a Mercenary Lover more completely mortified.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

Dr. B R O W N.

**B**ISHOP WARBURTON quarrelled with his great adulator and friend the ingenious Dr. Brown, of Newcastle, because he differed with him in opinion respecting the worship the Old Ægyptians paid to animals. Warburton told a friend of Brown's, that he would gladly see him  
again,



again, and make it up with him, provided he would not mention the subject in dispute between them in conversation. Brown said, that he could not bear to be prevented from conversing upon any proper subject, and never saw him afterwards.

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**“MANY THINGS FALL OUT  
BETWEEN THE  
CUP AND THE LIP.”**

**H**AS been supposed to take its origin from one of Penelope's wooers being shot as he was going to drink. But it arose as Ainsworth has it, thus: “A King of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he, the King, should never taste of the wine produced in it. The king disregarded the prophecy, and when at an entertainment he held the cup full of his own wine, he sent for this slave, and asked him insultingly what he thought of his prophecy now? The slave only answered, “*Multa inter pocula ac labia cadunt.*” Scarce had he spoke, when news was brought that an huge boar was laying his vineyard waste. The King rose in a fury, attacked the boar, and was killed without ever tasting the wine.

*A N E C D O T E*

OF

## EARL SANDWICH &amp; SIR E. HUGHES.

**S**IR Edward, it is known, before his appointment as Commander in Chief on the Indian station, had little money and many debts. He obtained that appointment by the friendship of the Earl of Sandwich.

Upon his return, after many suitable testimonies of respect, he seized one moment of cordiality to extort from the Earl a promise, that whatever he should ask should not be refused, if it could be granted. He asked accordingly a list of his Lordships debts. They amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, which the grateful seaman paid, believing that he had thus made a new man of his patron.

But it was not so. The Earl did not shew all his debts; and what he kept back was enough to begin a fresh list; the inconveniences of which harraressed the latter years of a life, more to be pitied than condemned.

AN

## HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

**L** OVELY, lasting peace of mind,  
 Sweet delight of human kind;  
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,  
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky,  
 With more of happiness below,  
 Than victors in a triumph know;  
 Whither, oh? whither, art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek contented head?  
 What happy regions dost thou please,  
 To make the seat of charms and ease?  
 Ambition searches all its sphere  
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there;  
 Increasing avarice would find  
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd;  
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way  
 Thro' rocks, amidst the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love, and then perceives  
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
 The silent heart, which grief affails,  
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales;  
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks, as I have vainly done,  
 Amusing thought; but learns to know,  
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found  
 In trailing purple on the ground ;  
 Or in a soul, exalted high,  
 To range the circuit of the sky ;  
 Converse with stars above, and know  
 All nature in its forms below.  
 The rest it seeks—in seeking dies,  
 And doubts, at last, for knowledge rise.  
 'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
 I sung my wishes to the wood ;  
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
 The branches whisper'd as they wav'd ;  
 It seem'd as all the quiet place,  
 Confess'd the presence of the grace,  
 When thus she spoke, “ Go, rule thy will,  
 Bid thy wild passions all be still ;  
 Know God, and bring thy heart to know  
 The joys which from religion flow.  
 Then every grace shall prove its guest,  
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.”  
 Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,  
 In my hours of sweet retreat,  
 Might I thus my soul employ,  
 With sense of gratitude and joy ?  
 Rais'd as ancient prophets were  
 In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r ;  
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
 Pleas'd and blest with God alone.

Then

Then while the gardens take my fight,  
With all the colours of delight,  
While silver water glide along,  
To please my ear and court my song,  
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And thee, great source of nature, sing!  
The sun, that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day;  
The moon, that shines with borrow'd light,  
The stars, that glad the gloomy night.  
The seas, that roll unnumber'd waves,  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;  
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasure of the plain;  
All of these, and all I see  
Should be sung, and sung by me;  
They speak their Maker as they can,  
But want, and ask, the tongue of man.  
Go search among your idle dreams,  
Your busy or your vain extremes,  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this.

AN



## ESSAY on INDUSTRY.

*All is the Gift of INDUSTRY, whate'er  
Exalts embellishes, and renders Life delightful.*

THE poet has so remarkably, nay infinitely, set forth the beauties of industry, that it is, perhaps, but a weak attempt to elucidate the subject; but as idleness is named the child of sloth, so industry should prompt men, by the labour of their hands and faculties, to the attainment of a sufficiency, to render their lives as comfortable as possible, through this passage of mortality.

But as man is placed here under the eye of an all-seeing Providence, beneath the inspection of Omniscience itself, he should be extremely careful to obtain nothing but what an honest industry may allot him; whatever methods are pursued, to accomplish lucrative designs, that bear any contrast to this, will, in no wise, render the enjoyment delightful, but sadly embitter, and give a false taste to enjoyment itself.

We should be much upon our guard not to deviate from this principle, if we expect peace at the last; for as the attainments and acquisitions of such an industry as the poet speaks of, may have

a very happy effect in the relish of such good things, which the bountifulness of providence has thus bestowed, in implanting a suitable return of gratitude to the wise giver, and an universal benevolence towards mankind, these are the just and equitable returns of a feeling mind. A mind thus ennobled, thus qualified, must possess very different reflections from such as have by oppression and injustice accumulated to themselves ill - gotten wealth, a sort of riches that carry with them their own sting, and serve but to enhance the remorse of their possessor.

The industrious labourer contented in his humble cot with the fruits of his labour, is happier,—far happier, with a small portion to furnish his table, than the luxurious, where fashion and extravagance decorate the fame.

The industrious man has a sensible, pleasing relish of his labours, which the indolent and inactive cannot possibly partake of. As he knows the fatigues of acquiring, so the pleasures of enjoying must necessarily be his just compensation.

A competency, acquired by industry must be more permanent, and give greater satisfaction than any other, and a little thus got is commonly seen the more lasting.

If

If sentiments of industry were properly cultivated, universally understood, and as happily received, the errors of a bewitching covetousness on the one hand, and its opposite, a luxurious prodigality on the other, would, in a great measure, be avoided, and render a medium of circumstances the most desirable, and the having a sufficiency would learn us to be content.

Industry is a virtue calculated by providence as a fit employ for man, provided it be attended to with due restrictions as not to forget the weightier matters of futurity.

Will it not rather increase and add to our piety and devotion? For he who by intemperance and other follies is rendered unfit for the necessary callings of his daily necessities, perhaps, is an object as unfit and disqualified to render the services and duties required of him to the author of his being.

Many, by adhering to the proper rules of industry, have been happily preserved from dangers and difficulties, which would otherwise befall them, as well as from the distresses of abject poverty. It is not my intention to make any remarks on the different orders of men, which, undoubtedly, are intended for wise purposes, to create an emulation amongst all degrees by industry, that all would remember



member the wife saying, "Go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise." The very insects and creatures innumerable have this instinct of making provision against the hapless and approaching period of want.

Poverty is but too universally known, therefore a picture of its miseries, is superfluous and unnecessary; but, indeed the fate of men is so diversified here, that all are not to enjoy an equality; but how many more might if industry were properly attended to? and a little attained by it "will exalt, embellish, and render life delightful."

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

## W H I S T O N.

THE celebrated Whiston dining with Lady Jekyll, sister to Lord Somers; she asked him why God Almighty made woman out of the rib? Whiston, after reflecting a moment, replied—"Indeed my Lady, I don't know; except it was because the rib is the crookedest part of the body."

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A N E C D O T E

O F

*J O H N II. of P O R T U G A L.*

**T**HE Duke of Viseu, at the head of a discontented party, conspired against the life of John the Second of Portugal. His Majesty having escaped the hand of the assassin three times, sent for the Duke and walked with him in a garden, where he conversed with him on the relative duty of the king and the subject; and at the end put this emphatical question to him. "What wouldst thou do to the man who attempted to take away thy life?" to which the Duke answered, "I would take his first if I could." "Then verily," said the king, "As Nathan said to David, thou art the man," and immediately plunged a dagger into his breast.

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EDWARD and MATILDA.

**A**T the age of twenty-two, Mrs. Falkland being left a widow, with an only daughter, retired into the country, that she might devote her future life to the education of her Matilda; an  
employ

employ she was well qualified to undertake, as she joined to the accomplished lady a well improved mind, and an elegant understanding.

Under the tuition of such a mother, Matilda made a rapid progress in every branch of useful and ornamental knowledge; but unhappily for her, Mrs. Falkland was determined to raise the declining fortunes of her family by a profitable marriage.

The beauty and accomplishments of Matilda, who had now reached her seventeenth year, were the topick of conversation among all the neighbouring gentlemen, and many offered themselves as candidates for her affection. In this number was Edward Stanly, the only son of a gentleman who lived near the mother of Matilda. He possessed a fortune sufficiently above the reach of want; was handsome in figure, and elegant in address. These however, were his least important qualities—his temper was open and generous; his mind well stored with useful learning, and gifted with every virtue that dignifies the nature of man. He had long admired Matilda. There seemed to be, in her, a mind above “the level of the vulgar great.” She had also been an attentive observer of Edward; and discovered, in him, a disposition,

sion, and education much superior to that of any other gentleman. Mr. Stanly was, what every country Gentleman should be, a man of real sense, and sound morals. He had bestowed the greatest care in educating his son, and had the abundant satisfaction to see the blessings of Heaven attend his endeavours. He often admired the great understanding of Mrs. Falkland, and the amiable character of her daughter; as persons possessed of far more sense and accomplishments, than many to whom Providence had given abundance of wealth, and bestowed greater means of improvement. He had commenced an acquaintance with Mrs. Falkland; and it was at these little interviews the flame of love caught the heart of Edward. He was no longer the same; the rose of health, which before bloomed in his countenance, forsook his cheek; he was never happy, but in the company of Matilda. She saw the anguish which distracted his heart, and often the tear of pity stole down her cheek when conversing with him. But she well knew her mother's determination; and reflected that, by encouraging a hopeless attachment, she would only bring misery on both. She revealed to her mother the situation of Edward; and desired, as the only remedy, she might be sent to London, to try whether absence would not obliterate her from his mind.

The

The departure of Matilda was carefully concealed from Edward. After waiting three days, in hopes of seeing her, his anxiety could be no longer sustained. He ventured to enquire whither she was gone; and could ill conceal his agitation, at the information. "To London!" says he; and when will she return?"—"Not these two months," replied Mrs. Falkland. "Two months!" exclaimed Edward, and rushed out of the room.

He begged of his father to let him go to London for a few days. Mr. Stanly would have granted any thing else. "No, my dear Edward," said he; "I cannot consent that you should mix in those scenes of riot and dissipation with which that city abounds, without a proper guide to steer your course. I intend shortly to go thither myself, and you may accompany me." Edward thanked his father with a heavy heart; who never guessed the reason of his son's demand.

Matilda returned; and he embraced the earliest opportunity of paying his respects. She received him with such indifference, as shot a dagger through his heart. He parted from her, nearly in a state of madness; sleep fled his pillow and he passed the night almost bordering on despair.

But

But the ensuing day fully explained the fatal cause of her behaviour. An elegant carriage, with four horses, appeared at Mrs. Falkland's door, accompanied with a proportionable number of attendants in splendid liveries. Lord Oglethorpe was ushered in, as the lover of Matilda.

Edward scarcely believed what he saw. He took particular care to review his Lordship, as he entered his coach, and gave him a look of merited contempt : his Lordship was the very essence of a *modern beau* : too fine to be a man.

During a month, Lord Oglethorpe paid the genteelst attention to Matilda ; he then solicited her hand. Mrs. Falkland elated to the very pinnacle of imaginary bliss, would now hardly own acquaintance with Mr. Stanly ; who foresaw with infinite concern, the ruin of her daughter. But all his friendly cautions were treated with disdain.

At length, the day was fixed ; when Matilda, by marrying a nobleman, would crown the height of her mother's ambition.

Edward had been diligent to gain every information concerning Lord Oglethorpe ; and the arrival of a gentleman from London, who came on a visit to his father, afforded an opportunity.

Mr.

Mr. Melville was the son of an eminent merchant in the city; a youth of a virtuous mind, and liberal education; by him, he learned that his lordship possessed a plentiful portion of riches; and this was all, for he had neither understanding or virtue. Edward perceived, in the mind of Melville, a congeniality of sentiments with his own, and determined to make him the friend of his youth. He related to him the whole of his love for Matilda, and her intended union with Lord Oglethorpe; then asked his advice concerning his future conduct.

Mr. Melville advised him to go some distance from home, during the nuptials, as the spectacle would be too painful for his feelings; but first to obtain an interview with Matilda, and know how far her inclinations were in unison with her intended marriage. If he should find it impossible to see her before he departed, to write a letter which he would engage she should receive.

Edward used every means in his power to gain admission to Matilda. Finding all his efforts vain, he wrote the following letter.

“ I am about to leave my father’s house, to avoid a sight of all others the most dreadful to me. What can you think ! Surely the elegant mind of  
Matilda

Matilda can never be dazzled by the trappings of wealth and splendour! Can you ever esteem a man destitute of every quality that adorns the human mind? or is it the false ambition of a mother, who would barter her daughter's happiness for wealth, and a title? You may never see me more! I have loved you tenderly. But, alas! who could behold such a mind, such a form, and not fall a martyr to their charms! Let the tear of pity solace him, who can never cease to love you.

EDWARD STANLEY."

He left this letter with his friend; who faithfully delivered it to Matilda, the morning preceding their nuptials. The un auspicious morn now arrived, when Matilda was to fall a victim to her mother's power. The ceremony was performed by his lordship's chaplain, at her mother's house; after which, they departed to a house belonging to a relation of Lord Oglethorpe's, some miles farther in the country.

Three weeks passed, with all apparent happiness; when, one morning, his lordship, pretending some urgent business, set off to London, promising a speedy return. A week had elapsed, in the greatest anxiety, when Matilda received the following letter.

" I



" I WILL no longer keep you in suspense— You are not my wife! the person who performed the marriage ceremony was not a clergyman, but hired to fulfil that office. I was astonished that you could believe my intentions serious, or suppose a nobleman would marry a girl whose only portion was her merit. The person at whose house you are, is no relation of mine. If you will consent to live with me *a life of honour*, every advantage love and riches can afford are yours.

" OGLETHORPE."

" O! what a wretch!" said she, after reading the letter; and sunk almost lifeless on the floor. At this moment a servant entered the room, to inform her that a gentleman wished to see her. The notice was scarcely delivered, when Edward appeared. At the sight of him, she shrieked violently—" Merciful Father!" cried Edward, " what disaster is this!" She could make no reply, but gave him the letter. " Infamous villain! his life shall pay the debt of justice, and revenge! Take particular care of that lady," said he, to the servant; " I will reward you."

In a few hours she recovered, sufficiently to proceed to her mother's; but waited at Mr. Stanley's, while Edward unfolded the dreadful scene to Mrs.

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Falkland.

Falkland. " Good God! exclaimed her mother, " Matilda ruined! The crime is mine.

It was my miserable pride has caused this; and the remaining days of life will now be " few and evil!" " But where is my unhappy daughter?"—" Be comforted," replied Edward; " she is at my father's. I will bring her immediately."

The interview was too affecting for words to describe. " Generous youth," said Matilda, " your services I can never repay: if I had loved you as much as your merit demanded, I had never seen this day!"—" You must forget," said Edward, " that there is such a wretch as your seducer in being; he will meet his punishment."

When he returned home, he wrote as follows to Lord Oglethorpe—

" BASE and unmanly wretch! think not that you shall triumph over seduced innocence; or that your elevated rank in life, which only serves to make you more despicable, shall secure you from the arm of justice. I command you to meet me next Thursday, provided with a brace of pistols. The bearer will settle time and place."

" EDWARD STANLEY."

Lord

Lord Ogelthorpe returned the following answer.  
“ Your challenge is accepted, though I despise the giver ; but let this convince you, that I am not so unmanly as you imagine.”

“ OGLETHORPE.”

Edward communicated his design to no one till the challenge was accepted ; then he informed Mr. Melville that he should soon need an equivocal proof of his friendship.

Mr. Melville sincerely regretted the step he had taken ; but, as it was now past recalling, he consented to accompany him.

The Wednesday preceding the duel, was spent in the company of his father and Melville ; and the tear started from his eye, probably, from the reflection, that he might never see another day in the house of a father whom he tenderly loved, but dared not acquaint him with the impending danger.

On the Thursday morning he arose at five, and remained adjusting his little affairs till seven ; about eight, he breakfasted with Matilda and her mother. He appeared serene and cheerful in conversation ; said he was going on a shooting party into the country ; and added, clasping the hand of Matilda—“ I will bring you the laurels my skill may obtain.” He took his farewell.

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It was then that his countenance assumed a mournful aspect. "I fear," said Matilda, "some accident should happen!"—"If it be for your good," said Edward, embracing her: "I shall not repine. This life is uncertain!" At these words he parted; and proceeded, with Melville, to the place agreed on.

They arrived a little before Lord Oglethorpe, who was attended by a gentleman as his second, and two domesticks. The ground being measured, it was agreed that Edward should fire first. He advanced with a firm step and serene countenance. Lord Oglethorpe seemed much agitated, Edward discharged his pistol, but without any effect; but the ball of his antagonist entered his body, and he fell. His lordship mounted his horse, and fled, with his attendants to the continent.

It was some time before Mr. Melville could procure assistance to remove the body of his friend, whose father he dreaded to meet. The intelligence of his son's death had, however, reached his ear, before the arrival of Mr. Melville; for Matilda had followed, soon after their departure, and met the servants of Lord Oglethorpe, who informed her of Edward's unhappy fate. She had just strength to arrive at her mother's, and relate the event to her and Mr. Stanley, who endeavoured

voured to repress his grief at the loss of Edward. "These," said he, "are the mysterious dealings of Omnipotence towards his creatures, and I must submit to his pleasure!—Edward, in thee have I lost a son, who was the ornament and delight of my years: but it is enough! such is the will of God."

Mr. Melville arrived with the corpse of Edward. "Sir," said Mr. Stanley, "why did you not inform me of my son's resolution? I shall never forget, though I may forgive you."

In his room were found three letters; one to his father, begging forgiveness for not acquainting him with the circumstance— "And I hope," added he, "my errors will be buried in my grave;" a second to his friend Melville, thanking him for his kind assistance:— and a third to Matilda, as follows—

"Thursday Morning, Five o'Clock.

DEAR MATILDA,

"After my death, you will receive this letter. That I have ever loved you sincerely, the cause will, I think, put beyond doubt. There is, in my mind, a strong foreboding that I shall fall a victim. I am content! It is for you, it is in defence of injured

jured innocent. Heaven sometimes permits, for ends human reason cannot penetrate, the wicked to escape the punishment they merit in this life. The time is drawing near, when I must part with you; I have resolved to exercise all the composure I can; but I fear, it will be too much. From me, learn this truth—that noble qualities are not confin'd to opulence, but oftener thrive in the soil of sufficiency. Adieu!—for ever!

“ EDWARD STANLEY.”

The pressure of so many calamities was too great for the delicate frame of Matilda. She is now lunatick, but not so as to occasion confinement. A beautiful melancholy is seen in her countenance, and not an evening passes, but she visits his tomb, and sheds the tear of love on his turf; but, chiefly by the pensive light of the moon, she will spend hours at his grave!—sometimes singing extemporaneous verses in the sweetest notes of wildness.

To see her at such a time, you would think her more than mortal. A deep consumption has seized her mother; to which, it is thought, she must soon fall a prey.

Mr. Stanley, with a resignation truly admirable, never repines at the dispensations of heaven, but  
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is thankful for the mercies he has left. His house is now the home of Matilda and her mother, and his time is employed in procuring them every comfort in his power. As for the wretched Oglethorpe, he has at last fallen a victim to his own licentiousness. A letter lately received by Mr. Stanley, from a friend in Portugal, says, " Lord Oglethorpe was stabbed a few nights since, by some hired assassins. An adulterous connection with the wife of a Portuguese, was the occasion of this catastrophe." Thus we see, that although wicked men may for a long time go unpunished, the arm of justice will seldom fail, sooner or later to overtake them.

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*A N E C D O T E.*

**T**HAT as great a variety of fortunes often attend upon obscure characters as are attributed to some of the heroes of romance, the following sketch of the life of one of the few remaining seamen that attended Lord Anson's voyage will partly evince. Born in a sea port in the North, he went from home in a coasting vessel at ten years of age, to which he never returned. At twenty years of Age he became master of a small vessel,

vessel, but being taken by the French, was, after remaining in prison some months, obliged to enter on board a man of war; was retaken by the English; made his voyage with Anson; upon his return took a public house near Tooley-Street, was plundered by his wife, who eloped with a common beggar; gave up his house and went to Ireland; from thence as a servant to America, was sold to a planter in the back settlement of Virginia; eloped and travelled on foot to Charles-Town; after fording several rivers, &c. worked his passage in a vessel to New-York, from thence to England; entered into the East India company's service, in which he continued ten years, where, in assisting a cook to one of the general officers, as he was going to finge a fowl with some old letters given him for that purpose, he discovered that an uncle was dead in England, leaving him a house and legacy of a thousand pounds, returned to England, expended his legacy, &c. and afterwards met with his wife at a lodging house in St. Giles's. His last stage was becoming a waterer of horses at a coach stand near Barbican where a few weeks since, in assisting a gentleman at a public house to pull off his boots, he accidentally heard of another legacy bequeathed him by a distant relation, supposed dead; and he is now, at the age of 65, in possession of forty pounds per annum.

*F I N I S.*







